

NO VINA
A MARDEN

The New

SUCCESS

Marden's Magazine



A MAGAZINE OF OPTIMISM, SELF-HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT

Volume V.

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Number 1

LEADING CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

Cover Design, "Which?"	William Grotz	
A New Year, A New Day, A New Chance	Orison Swett Marden	25
A Voice in the Night (a Story)	Ben Ames Williams	28
Illustrated by Joseph F. Kieran		
The Nation's Cash Drawer	W. A. Lewis	33
The Man Who Said, "I Will!" (Life-story of George F. Lumb)	A. S. Gregg	39
The Hundred-Per-Cent-Home	Orison Swett Marden	43
Then You Never Had a Chance (a Poem)	Rhodes D. Stabley	45
"How Do Y' Get That Way?" (a Story, Part I)	Olin Lyman	47
Illustrated by John R. Neill		
An Interview with David Belasco	Ada Patterson	53
Which Way Are You Facing?	Orison Swett Marden	58
An Interview with Rabindranath Tagore	Stanton A. Coblenz	61
If I Were President	Orison Swett Marden	65
"The Meanest Man in the World." George M. Cohan's New Play	Selma H. Lowenberg	67
Will the Next Vice-President of the United States Be a Woman? A. W. Dunn		72
Birthright (a Poem)	Richard B. Bennett	74
Why Good Clothes Are An Asset in Business	Frank Winslow	75
The Best Rules for Success	Frank A. Vanderlip	79
How Jim Downes Paid Up (Serial Story, Part III)	George William Baker	81
Illustrated by Charles F. Jaeger		
This Means YOU!	Thomas L. Masson	89
"Why Worry?"	Ellis Parker Butler	93
Illustrated by Alton E. Porter		
At the Top (a Poem)	J. A. Edgerton	100
The Great Decision (a Story, Part II)	Alfred E. Winton	101
Making Use of the Hours That Go to Waste	Albert Sidney Gregg	105
Senate Pages Who Became Famous	David S. Barry	109
The New Success Prize Contests		116
Conversation as the Basis of Oratory	H. Burnham Rigby	122

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There is a Master Key

The Lowe Observatory
Edgar Lucien Larkin, Director
 Los Angeles, Calif., Dec. 6, 1916.
 Mr. C. F. Haanel, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Your booklet, "Master-Key," ought to be expanded into a book. Its teachings that Mind is the all-dominating creative force is precisely in line with the wonders of the most recent psychology. All persons having desks should have this pamphlet thereon. And it would be a fitting pocket companion.

EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.
 Author of the *Martian Alter of the Sun*.

First Nautilus Center
 160 Claremont Ave., New York
 New York, Nov. 18, 1916.

I have made a thorough examination of the little booklet which you so appropriately have called the "Master-Key," and can unhesitatingly endorse it and its teachings.

In this pamphlet of only a few pages you have left a hungry world to the threshold, placed in their hands "keys" with which the understanding ones may unlock the gates of "The Secret Places of the Most High," and enjoy the abundance of good to be found therein. With best regards,

GENESE MAE GLASGOW.

THE MASTER MIND
 Annie Rix Miller, Editor.

Los Angeles, Calif.

The "Master-Key" is an excellent book of strong, scientific teaching of the allness of mind, not lacking in spirituality, yet especially appealing to the intellect desiring logical proof of Truth.

Home Life Insurance Company of New York.

James Lee Bost, General Agent
 Washington, D. C., Dec. 29, 1916.
 MR. CHAS. F. HAANEL
 St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Your little booklet, entitled "The Master-Key," has been received and I had great pleasure in studying it carefully. It is very clear and concise, yet forceful presentation of the big subject handled, and shows a very wide study of the absolute teachings and deep understanding of the same. Very truly yours,

JAMES LEE BOST.

The Weltmer Institute of Suggestive Therapeutics
 Nedava, Mo., Dec. 17, 1916.
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The International New Thought Alliance, General Headquarters
 Washington, D. C., Nov. 14, 1916.
 CHAS. F. HAANEL, St. Louis, Mo.

My Dear Mr. Haanel:

I have read your little booklet, "The Master-Key," carefully, and think it very good indeed. I am enclosing stamps for a few more copies, which I wish to give to those whom I know to need just the dynamic message which your book contains.

Yours sincerely,

GRACE WILSON, Sec.

Unity School of Christianity
 Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 14, 1916.

Dear Mr. Haanel:

Your little book, entitled "Master-Key," is a very practical presentation of the power of mind in its various fields of action. It conveys to one the conviction that Mind is All Powerful and All Present. Faithfully,

CHARLES FILLMORE, Pres.

The Day Star Publishing Co.

Topeka, Kansas, Feb. 15, 1917.

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LIDA HALLIE HARDY, Pres.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 21, 1916.

I have just received and read your booklet called "The Master-Key." It is exceedingly thoughtful and in many ways masterful. I thank you for the privilege of reading it and will file it away with my strong presentations of the philosophy of life. I am truly yours,

GRANVILLE LOWTHER.



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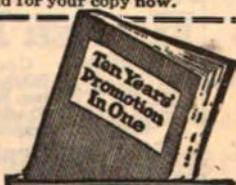
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President Garfield called him "Royal Bob." Mark Twain said of him, "His was a great and beautiful spirit . . . my reverence for him was deep and genuine. I prized his affection for me and returned it with usury." Henry Ward Beecher said, "Robt. G. Ingersoll is the most brilliant speaker of the English language in any land on the globe." Judge Jeremiah S. Black said, "He made a speech before the Supreme Court in Washington which was an absolute whirlwind, and carried away in its restless current that august bench." Another man said, "No man of his ability was ever President of the United States. His life is as striking a chapter in American History as the life of Abraham Lincoln.

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Only One Thing Keeps You From Earning \$5000 a Year!

There have been thousands of articles written about making money. But after all, here is the one sound, safe way to do it.

By M. B. SACKHEIM

If every man and woman working for a living would only stop a minute and try to reason out why they are not getting ahead more rapidly, they would come to one answer! "I don't earn more because I didn't learn more." Some may blame it on "their luck." Others may say that no opportunities came to them. But those who are honest with themselves will admit that they are worth only what they are getting because the work they are doing doesn't pay more money—and they have not qualified for better paid work!

The Law of Big Pay

There is really only one rule by which money is paid. And that rule is SUPPLY and DEMAND. If there are 10 bookkeepers seeking one job, the job pays a good deal less than if there is only ONE bookkeeper for TEN jobs! The question to ask yourself is "How many people are there who could do my work and who would be glad to get my pay?" If you are not earning \$5000 a year the chances are there are many such people. It is so with every kind of poorly paid work—THAT'S EXACTLY WHY THE WORK IS POORLY PAID. The reason \$5000 to \$25,000 salaries are paid is because the DEMAND for such men is GREAT and the SUPPLY of them is SMALL! The way to make big money is to rise out of the crowd—get into the class where there are FEW instead of MANY.

What To Do About It

The reason there are so FEW people qualified to handle the BIG jobs is that only a FEW people have the courage, the ambition and the desire to prepare for important work. The EASIEST thing in the world to do is to PLAY. The HARDEST thing in the world to do is to WORK. To most people, study is WORK. To the few, study is a MEANS TO AN END! They study and attain the end—and then they play. It is simply a question of your willingness to put play off for a little while so that you may play later without worrying about your income or your future. The only thing in the world that keeps you from earning \$5000 a year—or \$10,000—or \$25,000 is your present LACK OF KNOWLEDGE—and that can be remedied by yourself, in part of your spare time, and at trifling cost.

What Interests You Most?

There is one profession into which you could put all your heart, all your energy. It may be Salesmanship, Brokerage, Cost Accounting or Certified Public Ac-

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1921

The NEW SUCCESS

MARDEN'S MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY
MANAGING EDITOR

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1921
VOLUME V. NUMBER 1.

A NEW YEAR, A NEW DAY, A NEW CHANCE

YOUR biggest opportunity this year is not outside of you, not in pulls, in influence, or helps, but right in yourself. You will have three hundred and sixty-five opportunities to make 1921 a record breaker in your career. Each day is a new chance to make good, a glorious chance to make a big dent in what you are trying to do.

Here are a few suggestions for getting the most out of your talents and opportunities this year:

Visualize your desire every day; there is divinity in it. Nurse your vision, daily renew your resolution to make it a reality. Give the whole of yourself to whatever you undertake. Be *all* there. Bring your life into it.

Remember you attract what you expect. It is not enough to ask for what you want; you must *expect* to get it. Learn to expect great things of life; great things of yourself. Hold the conquering thought, the victorious attitude, the victorious consciousness. Beware of hindering peculiarities, weakening idiosyncrasies, offensive habits which neutralize your effort and lessen your chances of success. Think health, think happiness, think success. Never admit the thought of defeat, and *always carry yourself as a conqueror*.

Minimize your difficulties and magnify your blessings this year. Don't get into ruts. Cultivate as many sides of yourself as possible. Remember that self-improvement broadens and enriches life. It is your greatest investment. Don't follow the crowd; blaze your own path. Be original, resourceful, inventive. Dare to think your own thoughts, to make your own creed, to live your own life. Dare to be yourself.

Be a professional at living this year, not a mere amateur. Back up your opportunities with all the energy, determination

and enthusiasm you can muster. Make your life worth while; make it glad, effective, joyous. Put beauty into every day—beautiful thoughts, beautiful deeds, beautiful work. Learn to enjoy things without owning them. Don't postpone life by postponing joys and pleasures to next year. Enjoy as you go along or you never will. Get your fun out of your job.

CLOSE the door to that unhappy past which has already tortured you enough. Draw nothing over the threshold of the New Year which will cause you pain and regret. Don't worry; don't fret; don't anticipate evil; don't fear anything. Remember there is no devil but fear. Let fear and hatred go out of your life with the old year. There is no tragedy like that of trying to "get square" with some one. Practice the philosophy of non-resistance. Forget all real or fancied wrongs. Forget everything that has pained or angered or worried you in the past. Smile over it all and start life anew.

Be sure that your vocation has your unqualified approval, that it calls out your best. Your opportunity for advancement lies in your work. Hold yourself to your task. Your job, if you are made for it, is your best friend. Make the most of it. Don't work for a cheap success. Don't be satisfied with less than your best. Expect and accept nothing from yourself but your best. Remember the best part of your salary is outside your pay envelope—in the chance to make good, to show what is in you. Always put the stamp of a man upon everything you do. Always try to lift better up to best. There is no joy quite like that which comes from the consciousness of a well-done job.

Don't swap your manhood, your character, for wealth or position. Remember there is a success that fails as well as a success that succeeds. Be careful what you part with on your way to a fortune. Don't succeed in business and fail as a man. Don't go after the success that costs too much. Beware of success with a flaw; of a fortune without a man behind it.

BEWARE of the suggestion of inferiority; it is fatal to advancement. Don't be afraid to trust yourself. If you haven't confidence in yourself, then no one else will. Remember that masterfulness is inside of you; that the wealth you carry with you is your greatest wealth. This is the wealth that enriches the life.

Guard your weak point. Remember that, unguarded, the weak point has ruined multitudes of careers. Beware of the "good time" that kills self-respect, that has a bad reaction, that makes you think less of yourself the morning after. Remember that, whether you will or not, you must pay the price for everything you take out of life. Put the best of yourself into every-

thing you do. Keep in tune with the best thing in you and the best of life will come to you.

Don't capitalize your friends. Beware of the paralysis of selfishness and greed. Don't commercialize your integrity. Let everybody know there is something in you that is not for sale. In your efforts to save, don't be too stingy to succeed. Don't jeopardize your health and self-respect by cultivating a nickel-and-dime consciousness, pinching yourself on the necessities of life and dressing like a beggar.

ALWAYS take a pleasant thought to bed with you, because you build character while you sleep. Your dominant thought when you fall asleep will work in your brain during the night, and you will awaken in the morning cheerful, strong, resolute to win out that day; or depressed, weak, negative, hopeless, according to the nature of the thought you took to sleep with you.

Take habit into partnership. Form the habit of radiating sunshine and good cheer. Put sunshine into your business, into your home, into your life. Scatter your flowers as you go along for you will never go over the same road again. Go on with a smile on your lips, in your voice, a smile in your conversation, a smile in your work. Smile when you are down and out; smile when you feel like it; smile when you don't feel like it; smile anyway. Keep sweet this year no matter what comes to you.

Back up your chance with a resolute will, a determination that will brook no defeat. You know that if you had tried with all your might last year, you could have done much better than you did. Make up your mind now to better your last year's record very materially. *Start right and right away.* Be a good advertisement to the thing you are trying to be and do.

DON'T let other people think and decide things for you. Do your own thinking, make your own decisions. Don't be a weakling or a vacillator. Take time to study your problem, but when you have once made your decision let it be final. Burn your bridges behind you and act on your own decision.

Remember that the way you face your life, your work, is the test of your character. It is not what you have done but what you are *capable* of doing that is important to you. Your job is to unfold the bigger man the Creator has infolded in you. Say to yourself, "This is my task." It is a man's job and will take all of your energies, all of your courage, all of your determination and grit. If you go to it like a man, you'll succeed. If you don't—well, then don't whine and curse fate, or luck, or destiny, or anything outside of yourself. The year 1921 will be what you make it.

Oriens Mardon

HF500
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J. S.

The Voice in the Night

Author of "*All the Brothers Were Valiant*," "*The Great Accident*,"

Did You Ever Feel as If Some Unseen Force Was
as the Men of the United States Secret Service

THIS INTERESTING STORY PUTS

THE little flames danced and flickered naughtily above the ripe coals in the grate, and the young man leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, and stared into the fire and quoted bitterly:

"Into this Universe, the Why not knowing
Nor Whence, like Water, willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing."

The old doctor puffed at his singing brier, and smiled gently at the bowed young head. "The Rubaiyat' is strong wine," he murmured.

"Strong wine, but clear—and very fragrant," the young man returned swiftly and whirled to face his companion. "I tell you, Doctor Price, the utter futility of the whole thing makes me sick. How do we know we're on the right track—working and studying and giving ourselves, and plugging along like truck horses, thirty, forty and fifty years?"

The young man was straight and slender and strong; and he rose from his chair before the fire and paced across the room and back again. He turned and paused before the old doctor, and looked down at his friend, his eyes keen with doubt and sorrow. "How do we know there is any Being—any Thing—higher than we, hidden somewhere, who approves or disapproves?"

Doctor Price was a round, ruddy little man. His hair was silver white; and it was abundant, like snow on the roof after a heavy storm. The old physician had weathered many storms, and fierce ones; but save for the snowy whiteness of his hair, they had left no mark upon him. His

eyes lurked beneath great, bristling brows, and twinkled steadily in the face of peril and travail and grief. His lips were gentle, yet firm; and his voice was steady and kind.

"If one does not know, it is a little hard at times," he said quietly.

The young man threw out his hands with an appealing gesture. "I don't want money," he exclaimed. "I do not care whether people ap-



There was no one in sight—and I waited for that cry. It did not come. By and by, I called out: "Halloo! Who is it? Where are you?" Then I listened acutely, concentrating every faculty in my ears. There was no reply.

By Ben Ames Williams

and other novels and stories

Illustrated by Joseph F. Kernan

Watching Over You by Day and by Night, Just Watch Over the President of the United States?

THIS QUESTION UP TO YOU

plaud me or condemn me. But, Doctor Price—I've got to know, in my own heart, that I am right or life isn't worth the fight."

He dropped in his chair again and stared at the dancing little flames. The doctor turned and studied the proud young profile, for a moment, lovingly.

"Did you ever have what men call a narrow escape?" he asked, after a moment.

The young man looked up with quick surprise. "A narrow escape?" he repeated. "Why—I don't know. Probably not. I've not led an adventurous life, you know."



"All lives are adventurous," said the physician gently. "Each minute of continued life is an adventure. You are a physician now, son. You know how little it takes to snuff the candle. Is it not a little wonderful, when men die so easily, that so many of us live?"

The young man's fine brow clouded thoughtfully. "Perhaps," he admitted. "What of that?"

"I have sometimes fancied," explained the old doctor, "that the very fact that a man or a woman is permitted to grow to maturity, threading a precarious way through the infinite and deadly perils that beset the path, is fair proof that that man or that woman is being preserved and guided to a given destiny—saved for the performance of a given task."

"It is mere chance—nothing more," the young man insisted. He quoted again:

"The Eternal Saki from the Bowl has poured Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour."

"If the bubble happens not to burst—that proves nothing," he added.

"But, suppose," the old doctor suggested, "suppose that we imagine that each of us is under the protection of a sort of private secret service—just as the President is guarded wherever he goes. Does that not testify that we are guarded and guided toward a particular task—as he is?"

The young man laughed shortly. "It might—if it were true," he said.

Doctor Price smoked in silence for a little space; and he smiled thoughtfully at the glowing coals, as though at some pleasant memory. By and by, he shifted a little in his chair and turned to the young man. "I visited the State prison ten days ago," he remarked.

"I remember," the young fellow nodded, his interest showing in his eyes. "What about it?"

doubt, however. I laid my wet coat over a chair before her open fire, sat down beside her, and she said abruptly:

"Doctor Price, James is here."

James was the young man, the son of her husband's brother, the dissolute and reckless creature she had determined to disinherit.

"Has he distressed you?" I asked.

"He has frightened me," she said frankly. "He is intoxicated."

"He is—in the house?"

"In his room upstairs," she assented. "We dined together. He had been drinking before that. I reproached him for it."

I nodded, listening in spite of myself for any sound from the young man in the upper room. But the wind was so blustery, and the rain's tattoo on the windows was so constant, that if he made any noise it was instantly smothered in the tumult of the night.

"He jeered at me when I begged him not to drink any more to-night," said the woman, my patient. "He angered me; and I told him—perhaps it was unwise to do so—of the will which you witnessed, Doctor Price, in which he receives only a few dollars."

"That was not wise," I agreed.

"He was furious," she assented. "He cursed me, and he swore he would even the score with me."

Now, while this woman was not ill, her heart was in a serious condition. She had worked very hard in her youth, and the physical effort had weakened her. She was in no immediate danger of death; yet, at the same time, shock or fright might lead to a seizure of the gravest nature. I determined to speak to the young man before leaving the house, and warn him of this danger. The woman seemed to guess what I was thinking.

"He frightened me, and I felt a little sick, Doctor Price," she said. "I told him you had advised me to avoid shock or fright. He laughed outright at that, and said: 'Sooner you go, the better I'm pleased.'"

For a moment, there was no other sound except the trumpeting and thumping of the wind and rain. Then I heard a step on the upper floor and rose quickly. "I'll speak to him," I said.

But she detained me. "Wait, please," she whispered. "There is something else."

I turned back and stood beside her; and she drew from the bosom of her dress a folded paper. I guessed what it was, recognized it as the will she had drawn years before. She handed it to me. I took it, stupidly, and held it in my hands.

"Take it back with you," she whispered. "He knows it is in the house. I told him. He will try to get it."

I thrust the document into my pocket. "I will see that he does not get it," I said. "But I shall stay here with you to-night."

She rose alertly, all the anxiety gone now, proud and erect; and she smiled at me. "Nonsense, Doctor Price," she said. "Take it with you and go. Once it is gone, I have nothing to fear. I am not afraid of a drunken puppy—not for myself. But I do not wish him to destroy that paper."

She was a strong, fine woman; and I saw that it was true. She was no longer afraid. She was more than a match for the young man in everything save physical strength; and she did not fear his strength. There was a compulsion in her eyes and in her voice as she told me to take the will and go, which I could not resist.

"Deliver that, in the morning, to the trustees of the hospital," she said, naming the institution which was to receive the bulk of her estate. "Warn them to preserve it carefully till my death."

"But—I will speak to the young man before I go," I protested.

SHE shook her head. "There is no need," she said. "Once that document is gone, he can do no harm here."

There was nothing for me to do but obey her. She guided me to the door, and I took the lantern which I had brought in with me and bade her good-night. We heard no further sound from the upper floor. I opened the door quickly and slipped out and closed it before the rain could beat in; but she opened it and stood there, silhouetted in the lighted doorway, and watched me find my buggy and start my return journey. As I drove away, she was the last thing I saw; and I never saw her again alive. She died, quite peacefully, in her bed a few weeks later. An old woman who came to the house every morning with eggs, discovered her body.

As I started home that night, it seemed to me the fury of the rain had increased. A winter rain is so much more chill and drenching than a summer tempest. There had been snow on the ground when this downpour began, two days before. But now the snow was gone and the rain still continued.

The wind was blowing colder, however, so that I said to myself as the horse turned into the homeward road, "This is turning to snow—to a blizzard."

The wind had shifted somewhat, during the evening. It had been in my face as I drove to the house. Now, instead of being at my back, it blew straight across the road. The curtains of the buggy sheltered me from its direct as-

saults; but it made little eddies and whirls inside the curtains and brought flying drops that half-blinded me. The force of the wind was so great that, at times, it made the buggy sway dangerously; and I was prepared, more than once, to jump free if the vehicle should overturn.

Our homeward progress was slower than our coming had been; for the horse was weary, and, perhaps, the thick mud was stiffening a little as the wind grew colder. Once or twice something lashed me in the face and tingled there, and I guessed there were a few flying flakes of snow on the wind. The night had become somewhat brighter, either by a dispersing or a lightening of the clouds; and the struggling form of the horse was perceptible, while the fences and the trees along the road could be vaguely discerned.

About a quarter of a mile from the home of my patient, and more than half a mile from any other house, the road dipped into a little hollow at the bottom of which a brook tinkled audibly. This little hollow was wooded; and, as my horse began the descent, leaning back heavily to hold the carriage in the slippery mud, the shadows of the trees closed over us, so that the horse was lost in the darkness, and only the dim ribbon of sky between the foliage overhead was visible.

The brook, at the bottom of the hollow, was swollen by the long rains; but as it was normally merely a thin trickle, its rise had done no harm. Most of the surplus ran safely under the little bridge. The remainder followed a backwater around a boulder beside the road, and flowed across the road a dozen feet from the bridge itself, where the road was lower than the bridge. The feet of my horse splashed into this swift, though shallow, current, and then reached the solid road again; and it was in the comparative lull after the noise of his hoofs in the water that I heard a faint shout from the wooded hollow below the road.

The horse must have heard it as well as I; for he stopped without a command from me, and even though I could not see him, I could almost feel the intensity of his posture as he stood with head turned and ears forward to listen.

FOR myself, though that faint cry had chilled me with an indefinable alarm, I leaned forward to listen for its repetition.

It came again, after a moment. It was curiously muffled, and was almost more a groan than a cry. I could not be sure the word, "Help!" was articulated by the person who cried out; but, certainly, it was an appeal for aid.

For an instant, I did not think of the will in my pocket though I had promised to protect it. Instinctively I threw back the heavy, waterproof

robe, and jumped over the wheel into the mud of the road. I hitched the horse to the bridge railing and halted to listen again; and after a few seconds I heard the cry repeated, more plainly now.

The road on which I stood was not a main thoroughfare. Beyond the home of my patient, it led only to a small village whose inhabitants were unlikely to be abroad on such a night as this. Even if they were on the road, it was difficult to imagine what could have taken any man or woman down the wooded hollow on such a night. These considerations returned to me as I hitched the horse; and, at the same time, I remembered the will in my pocket.

The cry was repeated. I reassured myself. No one had an interest in destroying this will save James Norman, the young man I had left in the house back along the road. No robber would be abroad on such a night as this; or, if he was, he would scarcely choose such an unfrequented road; nor would a robber lurk in the woods and groan when he might as easily halt a passenger in the road itself.

I laughed grimly at my own uneasiness, and when the low cry came again—it seemed, perhaps, fifty yards away, down wind—I turned back to the buggy and took one of the side lamps and lighted it in the shelter of my coat. The lamps had refused to burn, so fierce was the wind, while in their brackets beside the carriage, and I had let them go, trusting to the isolation of the road on which I traveled to preserve me from accident. Now, by sheltering this lamp with my coat, I was able to throw a faint gleam a few feet ahead of me. I crossed the bridge to a little path which led down through the wooded hollow, and started forward, listening, now and then, for the cry which had attracted my attention.

It came as I left the road; and I heard it again, not twenty yards in front of me, a moment later. I pushed on and came into a little open space among the trees and looked about, casting the faint light of my lamp this way and that.

There was no one in sight—and I waited for that cry. It did not come. By and by, I called out:

"Halloo! Who is it? Where are you?"

Then I listened acutely, concentrating every faculty in my ears. There was no reply.

Suddenly and inexplicably, the faint tremors I had experienced left me. I was as bold as a lion. I stood in the middle of the little, open glade, looked about me and cast the light this way and that. There was no one there. I started out and circled through the woods for fifty yards in each direction. There was no one,

(Continued on page 180)



Photograph by
Brown Bros.

Higher and higher they climb, as each new edition is made to the ensemble; until the very deserts and wastes of air have been reclaimed and consecrated to the doing of something worth doing.

The Nation's Cash Drawer

How the Greatest Money Market in All the World Is Operated

By W. A. LEWIS

THE cash drawer of the United States! It is in that tiny peninsula pocket of the Island of Manhattan known as Lower Broadway, New York City.

"Lower Broadway" means from Maiden Lane down to the Battery. It isn't wider than a good-sized farm, nor longer than a fair-sized village. But it holds daily, from ten until four o'clock, a hundred thousand of the biggest, busiest brains in the world.

The financial district, Wall Street, the banking section, the stock exchange, the clearing house, the moneyed center,—call it what you will, everybody in New York has the greatest respect for it, and everybody from everywhere else has the greatest curiosity to see it and go through it.

It is a wondrous place, this little bit of a strip of land with its narrow streets, crooked alleys, sky-scrappers, ponderous structures, hurrying motor-cars, clanging cars, scurrying men, running boys; with the sacred precincts of Trinity Church to hallow it in the memories and traditions of by-gone times, when Lower Broadway was the vital entirety of New York; when what is now the City Hall Plaza was well up in the city; when Canal Street was away up town, and when Fourteenth Street was out in the country.

Still, it isn't the *place* that is so wonderful. It is the people, the occupants, the denizens. This is the countingroom of "the partner of the world" in everything financial, commercial, maritime, mercantile, speculative, progressive. This is the



Photograph by Brown Bros.

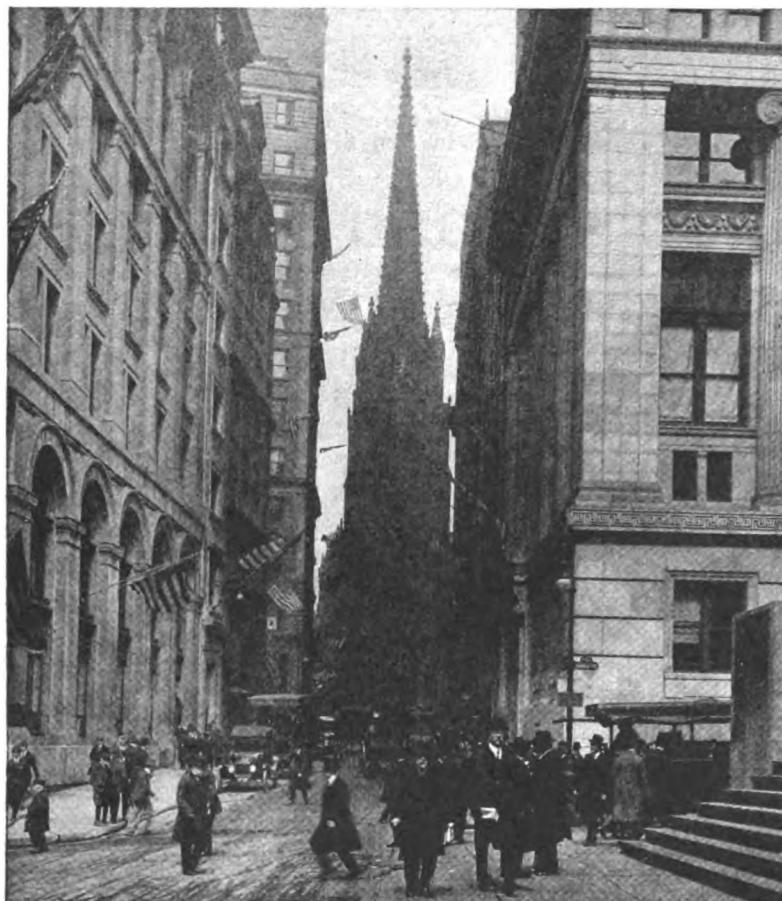
A noonday gathering in the heart of the nation's financial center

cash drawer of the country, the Mecca of the continent, the throne of dictation of the making and unmaking of fortunes.

Throughout the world, the American represents the magnitude of money. Be he a tourist,

he is looked upon as a walking exchequer; be he a purchaser of goods, he is considered equal to dealings of any magnitude; be he a diplomatist, he is acknowledged to have material resources behind him which admit of no contempt, or frivolous disregard. To come from America is to hail from the greatest money supply on earth. To go to America is to enter the precincts which forbid no man, whatever his nationality, to jump into the exciting competition which converts the bread winner of to-day into the opulent capitalist of to-morrow.

Nor is there anything inflated, or unreal, or romantic, appertaining to this gigantic proposition of untold wealth. Nor is there, in the very marrow of fact, anything but what is substantial, solid, permanent, dependable, associated with the stupendous moneyed interests of the American people. Money is the commodity with which and by which the wheels of the world's industries are lubricated.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

This little bit of land is worth more to the world than any other acre anywhere else.

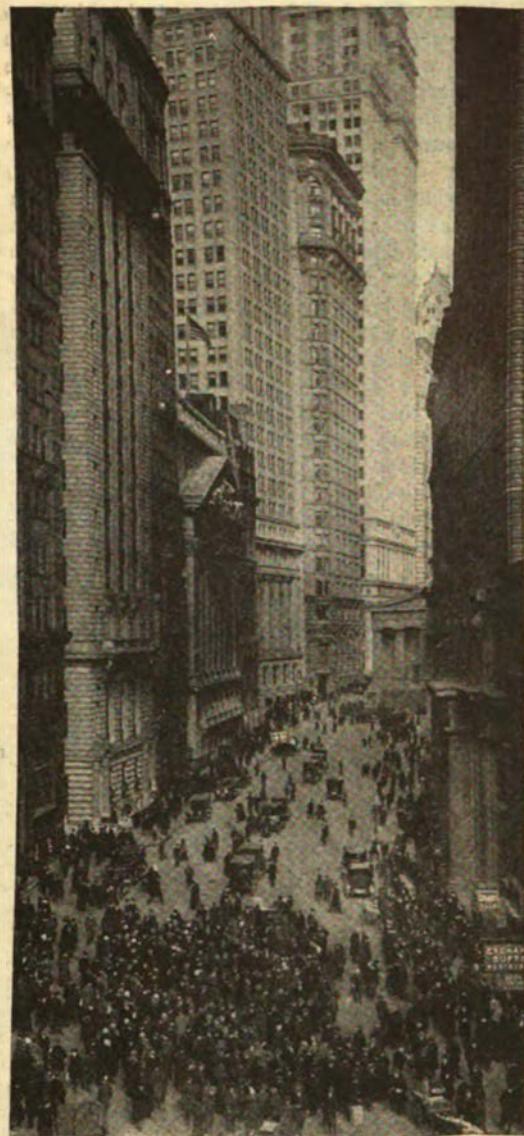
It is bought and sold like wood and coal. It has a value based upon supply and demand. And this petty jet of land; this pointed peninsula; this termination of Manhattan Island is the congested depot for the transaction of this buying and selling of the cash current, wherewith the diversified interests of the entire world conduct their business and pay their bills.

Lower Broadway is more than this. It is the thoroughfare whereon is transacted all the importation and travel Europe-ward and Asia-ward and Africa-ward. It is the valuation market of all agricultural thrift represented by the Produce Exchange, just as much as it is the dispensing market of all the money that changes hands, hourly, momentarily in the Stock Exchange: just as much as it is the clearing house for all the magnificent conceptions of trade that percolate through the channels of the Chamber of Commerce.

THIS little bit of land, with Broadway running directly through it, and Wall Street darting off to the east, barely more than a hedged-in alley, leading into Broad Street, broad in name and broad in import, whereon the noisy rabble of curb-brokers ply their earnest deals in monetary trifles, trifles too small to be admitted inside the walls and under the echoing roof of the Stock Exchange, is worth more to the world of inlet and outlet than any other few acres on the American continent. There is no other spot in the United States like it, or anything else resembling it. Tall marble and granite structures loom up above the concrete pavement; huge edifices, giving no tidings outwardly of the vast transactions conducted within. Higher and higher they climb, as each new addition is made to the *ensemble*; until the very deserts and wastes of air have been reclaimed and consecrated to the doing of something worth while. Beneath the street, rumbles the interborough subway, and, on either side, skirt along the elevated railroads, which girdle the entire island of Manhattan from south to north.

Every eye in the United States is more or less fixed upon this tiny bit of God's earth; this pointed toe of stone that projects into New York Bay; about which swirl the mingling waters of the Hudson and the East Rivers; this flat piece of earth sustaining the weight of the loftiest buildings and accommodating several tunnels through which express trains run at a speed of fifty miles an hour.

It is the brain mart of America! You—no matter what you do for a living,—have some, more or less direct, interest in what happens in the financial section of New York; because it is



Photograph Brown Bros.

Tall marble and granite structures loom up above the concrete pavement; huge edifices, giving no tidings outwardly of the vast transactions conducted within.

the center of money thought for the entire country and for much of other countries, after its own way.

Any time after nine o'clock in the morning you will see the surface cars, the elevated trains and the subway entrances unload thousands of clean-cut, alert, quick-moving, bright-eyed, sanguine, forceful men and young women, who will scatter in all directions, into banks, into brokers' rooms, and into elevators to be hoisted to dizzy

heights in office buildings, there to buckle down to four or five hours of the most intense strain human brain can be subjected to. Here are the main offices of many of the most stupendous corporation, manufacturing, and railroad interests in the country, closely in touch with the money market.

And what is the money market? Perhaps you fancy that it is a place where certain men push up, or push down, as the whim takes them, the values of certain stocks, who loan money to other men in tight quarters at tremendous rates of interest; who, whenever they see fit, make themselves rich and the other fellow poor without conscience, or scruple. There are those who have this idea. But it is a very wrong, a very inaccurate, and a very prejudiced conclusion. In fact there isn't a vestige of reality in such an idea.

The money market is the depot for the reception of orders for the wants of the financiers of the country, and of the world, and the selling place of the moneied means—in whatever shape they wish it, cash, bonds, stocks, or collateral securities of any sort whatever,—to meet and satisfy those orders. Money, the use of money, the ability to command resources to wield large transactions, are ordered just as you order your supplies of your butcher. This may sound plain and blunt; but it is a plain and blunt thing, this dealing in money; so plain and blunt that if you fail to take your order when it is filled for you, or fail to pay what you agree to pay when it is due, or fail to repay it when you promise, you are blacklisted, and can do no further dealing in any of the places which go to make up New York's financial district.

We have elsewhere in this country men with big brains; inventors, manufacturers, builders, miners, engineers, who undertake big tasks, and a multitude of industrial adepts and experts in all branches of activity, but we have not anywhere else in this country, by the acre, the foot, or the inch, as many men with colossal minds, trained thinking powers, skilled judgment, magnificent capacity, as you will find collected on this narrow strip of overbuilt, underbuilt land.

IF an enterprise is contemplated involving a limited capital, say amounting to a few thousands of dollars, the seeker for the money goes to the bank in his city and secures it. But, suppose that the enterprise involves hundreds of thousands, maybe millions? Then he must come to New York; and he must go down into the very locality I have been describing to you; he must meet the financiers whose names are household words—not because they are rich men,

simply, but because they are *authorities* on the money-values of an enterprise, can decide almost instantly if it be feasible, and can sit down and fill out a check for the full amount no matter how big that sum may be. That is what is called being "in the market." It is actually selling the use of the means to the party to enable him to buy the materials he requires to carry out his project.

Who will make the profit? The man who gets the money from these financiers. Why? Because, in normal times, there is so much competition in this busy market where they have money for sale that they must cut down the profit for its use, else somebody else will underbid them. Because those financiers, and others in the field with them, can command the use of the monies of thousands of individuals who have implicit confidence in their judgment in renting out its use to others.

THE average man in this section is a cool, calm, calculating mathematician. They all have to be such, or they would make poor, false, injurious moves. They start into this life when they are young men, and it is not so rackingly tense that they do not grow old in it. I know it looks wondrously complex, this dealing in sums going away up into millions on millions of dollars; but the average individual has no comprehension of what sort of material these big financial authorities are made. In your own town, say, if some one makes a blunder in a money transaction, you may laugh over it and tease him about it, and it passes current as a joke. But the young man who begins his life in the financial district of New York learns, as the very first lesson, that he must have a full equipment of the keenest sense of integrity and *accuracy*, else his fate is sealed before he starts. Blunders don't go in Wall Street.

ERRORS of judgment are rare in New York's financial section. Errors of character are fewer. It is very much like the rarity of accidents in railroading considering the vast amount of travel done. Railroading, like financing, has been brought down to an exact science. Great brainy men are in control. Yet they are men of warm sympathies, big hearts, hearty manners, optimistic views, broad opinions; but they are steel, adamant, iron, granite, when it comes to dealing in their goods,—money. Theirs is the right that wants the last cent if it is theirs, wants you to have it if it is yours, and insists upon your taking it.

You hear a great deal about these big men of big transactions. But you hear little *from* them.

They are not talkers, they don't make speeches, they believe in few words. I saw, recently, a letter, that had been prepared to submit to Mr. Morgan relative to a huge transaction. It cov-

out so that one loses the point as well as the thread trying to worry through the text.

The same is true of every communication going before any of the big, quick thinkers of Wall



Photograph by Brown Bros.

With the sacred precincts of Trinity Church to hallow it in memories and traditions of bygone times

ered just a page and a half of letter paper; but to condense it into that space it had been boiled down from seven pages of penciled foolscap, and four different experts had been four days getting that outline into such shape that Mr. Morgan might grasp it at a glance. Such a man has no time to wade through long communications. Nor are they necessary. They string a thing

Street. They must have the whole story boiled down into the smallest compass, then they can see the entire proposition in a moment, grasp its phases, formulate an opinion, and pass judgment without delay. "Boil it down" is the demand. And, when it is boiled down, the "yes" or the "no" is given without loss of a moment.

What You Can Be

IF I should say to you that you had already done the biggest thing possible to you, that from now on you would begin to decline, that your achievements never again would reach the high-water mark you have already registered, you would feel insulted.

And you would be right, my friend. No one knows better than you do that you haven't yet put forth your biggest effort. There is something in you which tells you that you have not yet measured up to the level of your highest gift; that you have not yet brought out the giant in you.

But what are you waiting for? Why don't you begin to do the big thing you dream of doing some day? Aren't you about tired of letting that little fellow in you, that mediocre man, get your living for you? Aren't you ashamed of the reputation he is making for you, doing such little things when you know perfectly well that there is an infinitely bigger man in you who has power to do infinitely bigger things? Aren't you about tired of going through life tagged by this little fellow who is doing substitute work for the giant that is in you?

That vision which grips your heart, my friend, that longing of your soul to do some thing worth while, that dream of high achievement which haunts your imagination, is not a mere fantasy, a whimsical unreality, it is a prophecy of the big things you can do if you get your higher self to work for you. The thing you see in your dreams is a divine exhibition of the thing that you were intended to do in life, that you are fitted to do.

If you could only be introduced to the man you were intended to be, my friend, the larger, grander man you feel beating beneath the little fellow you have so far developed, you would be amazed at the revelation. I doubt if you would recognize him as your possible self; he would be so much bigger and stronger, so much abler than the weak, insignificant fellow back of your job, that you would say to yourself, "Why, that can't be me, it must be somebody else!"

Now, if you want to realize that vision which haunts you, you must change your mental picture of yourself. You must enlarge and improve your model of yourself. Don't hold the dwarf ideal of yourself any longer in your mind. Every time you visualize yourself, picture the man you would like to be, the man you long to be. Don't picture your defects, your deficiencies, or weaknesses, visualize the man you are *capable* of becoming, the strong, self-confident, able man that matches your vision of your ambition. Say to yourself, "I will bring out that possible me this year; I will put the giant in me to work and I will realize my vision. I will be what I can be."

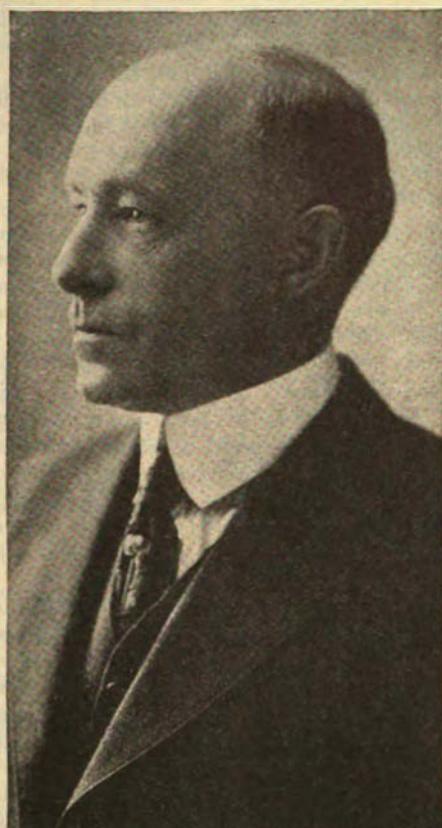
The Man Who Said "I Will"

How George F. Lumb, at the Age of Forty Years, with only Two Years' Education, Was Graduated as a Lawyer

By A. S. GREGG

EDITORS' NOTE

IF your education is limited and your aspirations are high, you will derive inspiration from this unique story of Captain George F. Lumb—philosopher, soldier, lawyer, and gentleman. At forty years of age, with only two years of schooling, he took the required examinations and won the right to practice law before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and in all the courts of that State. Behind that simple statement lies a struggle that is almost tragic. It is a story of set determination that could not be swerved, of self-mastery that never yielded, and of intellectual achievement that commanded unbounded admiration. Mr. Lumb has demonstrated that a man can move mountains of ignorance if he will make up his mind, and is willing to pay the price in *toil and sacrifice*.



GEORGE F. LUMB

GEORGE LUMB'S parents were English. They brought him to America when he was a little fellow six years of age. As they moved about a great deal, he did not have a chance to attend school until he was nine, and then he had to quit and go to work before he was eleven. He sold newspapers, flowers, and soap, ran errands, and took a turn as waiter and truck hand. Finally, he secured a job in a hat factory, in Baltimore, where he worked at blocking hats. A strike threw him out of work when he was eighteen, and a heartless landlord set him in the street, after the strike had been under way for two weeks.

Storing his few belongings with a friendly cigar-dealer, he started down street, not knowing where he would go. His entire fortune amounted to eighteen cents. He turned toward Druid Hill Park in search of a place to pass the night. Not a tie held him to common humanity at that moment. Not a charm or hope called him to where his fellow creatures were. None that saw him had a kind word or a good wish for the homeless boy. He had no relative but mother

nature. He would seek her and find repose. For hours he lay under a great old pin-oak tree, gazed up at the stars, and wrestled with the mystery of life. His devoted mother had told him that everything and everybody had been created for some definite good. But there he was, with the oak leaves falling about him—hungry, friendless, and almost penniless. Then a policeman ordered him to "move along," but Lumb told his story so frankly that the officer allowed him to remain.

After studying the stars for a while, Lumb fell to watching the carriages and equestrians as they passed through the park in a merry procession. Carriage followed carriage with horsemen between.

Then came a lone horseman, mounted on a magnificent animal, prancing along with superb ease. The rider whirled his whip from side to side, and seemed to be enjoying life to the full. As horse and rider poised for a moment, sharply

outlined against the sky-line, Lumb gazed longingly with an additional thrill, for he was an admirer of horses. As he gazed, the word "Cavalry" burst into his mind, and in quick succession there followed: "Why not join the cavalry?"—and then the wide-awake decision: "The cavalry for me! I'll join to-morrow."

Thus the unknown horseman, with his splendid mount, unconsciously, out of the stillness of the night, had determined the destiny of a waif.

Accepted as a Cavalryman

THE following day, Lumb used fifteen cents for a meager breakfast, and invested three cents in a paper collar. Next, he asked a bootblack for permission to use his outfit; and when the bootblack learned that Lumb was going to be a soldier, he readily gave his consent. Thus, with polished shoes, a fresh collar, a "near breakfast," a smile on his face, and a new hope in his heart, Lumb found a recruiting station and offered himself as a cavalryman. He was accepted at once. At noon, he took dinner with the new recruits. He says he will remember that dinner as long as he lives. It began with cantaloupe and ended with rice pudding.

Thus Lumb began a career under the Stars and Stripes which lasted for twelve years and took him through the campaigns in the Philippines, and the invasion of China to quell the Boxer uprising. He served in the cavalry, infantry and artillery; fought through twenty-seven battles and skirmishes and escaped unscathed.

Another big moment came in Lumb's life while he was stationed in Manila after the return from Pekin. He was sitting in the cockpit, which served as quarters, talking seriously with his "bunkie" about the future and when the regiment might expect to go home. His bunkie asked this pertinent question: "If you were in the United States now, and had your discharge in your pocket, what would you rather be than a soldier?"

After musing for a moment, Lumb carefully framed his reply: "I'd like to be a lawyer—not a crook or a shyster—but a clean-cut lawyer who puts service above profits. And I would like to have a home with a little piece of ground, a good wife, and a kiddie or two."

His bunkie laughed, but Lumb did not. The moment he had put the idea into words it became a vision, and he kept that vision before him until it materialized.

During his army life, Lumb persisted in his efforts to make up for his lack of education by private study. When he received an order from an officer he would make a comparison, asking himself, "What has he got on me?" And

the answer was always, "Education." That system of self-testing invariably spurred him forward in his studies.

While in the artillery he was stationed at Fort McHenry, Texas. Realizing that advancement depended on a knowledge of mathematics, he bought a used arithmetic for fifteen cents, and set out to master the science of numbers. Ere long, he took the required examination for a first-class gunner and passed. Some time after this, a general army-order was issued requiring that the ten most illiterate men in each company should attend school, the teachers to be chosen from among the soldiers. This was something of a task, for many of the men could barely write their names. Following this order, Second-Lieutenant Marlborough Churchill informed Lumb that he had been chosen company teacher.

"Why, I am not fit to be a teacher," replied Lumb. "I ought to go to school myself."

"Never mind about that," said the officer. "I am the one to judge of your fitness. You are to do the teaching."

In the Pennsylvania State Police

IT was an order. All that Lumb could do was to obey. His class consisted of forty men. He taught them by keeping one lesson ahead, which he studied the night before. After he had been teaching for a few weeks, he made this announcement:

"An examination for first-class gunner is to be held in a few weeks, and if you fellows will follow me through, I will fit you for that examination."

Out of the forty soldier-pupils, twenty-seven passed the examination, and became first-class gunners.

Lieutenant Churchill, who picked Lumb as teacher, is now Brigadier-General Churchill, and was head of the Military Intelligence Bureau during the World War. His duty was to protect the army from spies and maintain military efficiency.

After his discharge from the army, Lumb enlisted in the newly created State police of Pennsylvania, and gradually rose until he became commander of the entire force. It was while he was deputy superintendent that he took up the study of law and achieved what many people declared impossible.

When Lumb spoke to one of his closer friends about studying for the bar, his friend looked at him in great surprise and exclaimed:

"You could never make it. You haven't the preliminary schooling necessary to pass the entrance examinations. Why, you are going to attempt something that has floored Harvard

graduates. You will butt your head against a wall and not get anywhere."

"Just the same, I am going to tackle it," Lumb replied decisively.

He then obtained a circular from the State Board of Law Examiners, and made a survey of the mental climb he was about to undertake.

"After I had gone over that outline of study," he explained, "I was almost stunned by the enormity of the task. I paced my room and asked myself again and again: 'Can I do it?' At length, I decided that I could make it by a supreme effort of concentration. I was confident that I had the capacity, and that all I needed was time and application."

He Determined to Get Knowledge

FOR a man whose education at his eighteenth year, was so limited that he could barely write his own name and who knew nothing about decimals at thirty, the program of required study was staggering. He could read and write and knew enough about mathematics to train a gun so it would hit a difficult target. Further than that, his mental equipment consisted of a keen mind, hungry for knowledge, and a set determination to get that knowledge.

In the absence of a college training, Lumb was required to take a special course that covered two years, in order to prepare for the entrance examinations. After that, came the study of law for three years.

Lumb tightened his mental belt, and set to work. He figured that by putting in his evenings and other spare time, he could get ready for the preliminary examinations within a year. What he really proposed to do, although he did not realize it at that time, was to "cram" into his head in one year the education that ordinarily consists of a full course in grammar school, high school and college—ten or fifteen years in all, allowing credit for his two years in school and his experience as an army teacher.

It was like starting to climb straight up the face of a cliff to reach a point at the top that other men had gained by walking up a longer route over an easy grade.

During the day he superintended the State police force. At night he studied, often until far after midnight.

His wife—the wife of his vision in the cockpit at Manila—was his chief helper, but not his teacher. She was in keen sympathy with his undertaking and carefully guarded her husband from any interruption or annoyance. She cheerfully gave up social engagements and everything else that might affect her husband's concentration on his supreme purpose. Clubs, theaters, moving pictures, dinner parties—all that make up so much of the joy of living—were rigidly excluded during the time that Lumb was engaged in his studies.

His Learning Like Loose Bricks

WHILE his friends admired his ambition and his native ability, it was the general feeling among them that he could never overcome his educational handicap, and some of them frankly told him so. Lumb only smiled grimly and continued studying.

One close friend asked: "Why do you want to be a lawyer? You have a good job. Isn't that enough?"

"Yes, but the job may not last. I want to be independent."

At the end of the year, he laid away his books and went to Philadelphia for his examinations. And when it was all over, he received a short note from the board of examiners regretting that he had failed to pass. It was a flat turndown. His friends were right, after all. He could not overcome his handicap. So he thought for a moment.

But no, he would try again. He knew that he had made some progress, so he resolved to find out just why he had failed. At the first opportunity, he had a talk with the head examiner.

THEY KEPT ON!

By Strickland Gillilan

THEY on the heights are not the souls
Who never erred nor went astray;
Who trod unswerving toward their goals
Along a smooth, rose-bordered way.
Nay—those who stand where first comes dawn
Are those who stumbled *but went on*.

THEY who have reached the dizzy crags
And not the ones whose paths were peace;
Whose lives nor hunger knew, nor rags;
Who never prayed for want's surcease.
No, they who to the crags have gone
Are those who weakened *but went on*.

WHEN on the silvered clouds you see
A name engraven, as the one
Who has transcended you and me
In that which he has sought and won,
Know this: O'er stony ways he's gone;
But when he stumbled, *he went on*.

"I 'flunked' on my preliminary examination," said Lumb, "and now I wish you would tell me what my trouble is. I have worked hard, and I know what there is in the books."

The examiner was a kindly man, but he was firm in upholding the requirements of the examining board.

"Your replies," he said, "indicate that you have a knowledge of the subjects, but your knowledge is like a lot of bricks thrown in a heap. Until bricks have been built into a wall, they are of little use. So it is with knowledge. Until knowledge has been developed into an orderly system, it is not of very much value. Of all men, a lawyer should have his knowledge organized so it will be instantly available. That is your trouble. You have not organized yourself. What you have done is to accumulate a lot of disconnected facts which lie in your mind without much of an idea on your part as to their relationship. The effective organizing of knowledge is one of the chief objects of higher education, and, because of your lack in schooling, I fear you can never pass this examination. I think you are wasting time to try."

"Thank you for your advice," responded Lumb with new hope; "but I want to say that I am coming back each time until I pass, if it takes me until I am sixty."

About this time, his eyes threatened to fail him. Again he paced the floor of his office—now with agony in his heart. Would he go blind? Would he fail after all? He eased off a little in his studies, and his eyes became better. He consulted an oculist who fitted him with glasses that fully restored his sight.

The following summer, Lumb made another try at the examinations. It was a hot day and he was in a close room with other students, all intent on their work. This time he was almost overcome. He felt himself about to collapse, and with his remaining strength he managed to reach the water-cooler. Under pretense of getting a drink he bathed his wrists and temples with ice water, regained his strength in part, and returned to his papers. This time he passed the examinations, with the conditions that he bring up algebra and Latin.

He felt that he could manage algebra by himself, but Latin was too much for him.

He engaged a Latin teacher connected with the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, schools, to tutor him in Latin at seventy-five cents an hour.

"I want you to help me learn the parts of speech," he explained. "I can translate from Latin into English and back again, but not according to the rules."

At first, the lesson lasted only an hour, but, after that, the teacher became so interested that she kept him after hours to give him a little more instruction. In six lessons, Lumb learned what he wanted and felt qualified for another tussle with the examiners.

This time he took the examinations in December to avoid the extreme heat of midsummer. After writing out his answers, he returned to his home in Harrisburg, but before he received the decision from the board, his health broke and he was taken to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis.

One day while on his cot in the hospital, convalescing as rapidly as possible, his wife visited him—a long envelope in her hand and a happy smile on her face:

"How do you do, Mr. Lawyer," she exclaimed. "You have passed. Here is your letter from the examiners."

Sure enough, there it was. He had won the first and hardest part of the battle. He at once began reading law and progressed without any further hindrance. At the end of the prescribed three years, he took the final examinations, passed, and was admitted to practice in the supreme court, which also gives him the right to practice in any court in the State.

In addition to law, Lumb studied public speaking and became a convincing and entertaining public speaker. Then he took up the study of shorthand.

By this time, he had become superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Police, an organization that patrols the highways of the State to maintain law and order.

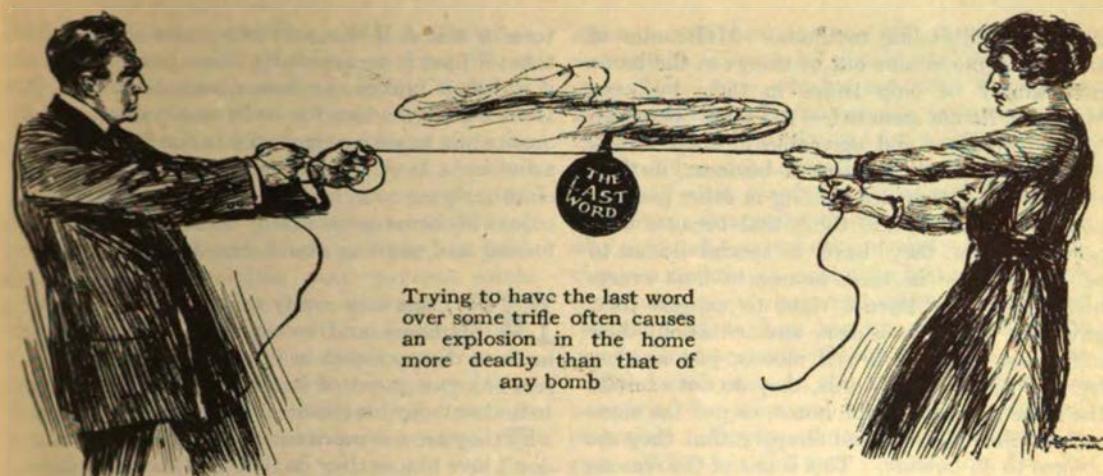
Early in 1920, he resigned this position so he could devote all of his time to the practice of law. When he made this plunge, he let go a salary of \$6,000 a year to face an uncertainty, with a mortgage on his home. To make this change was the supreme test of his courage. To give up a sure thing for a chance at something else, is where many men fail to win the big prize. Lumb expected to have a hard time of it for two years, at least, while he was building up a paying practice.

But how has it worked out! Before his first year was up he had paid off his mortgage, and been engaged, with annual retainers, by the claims department of the Harrisburg Railways and three other of the largest corporations in the city.

In commenting on what he has been able to do, Mr. Lumb remarked:

"My faith is stronger than ever in the eternal principle that you get what you deserve and deserve what you get."

(Continued on page 132)



Trying to have the last word over some trifle often causes an explosion in the home more deadly than that of any bomb

The Hundred-Per-Cent Home

Why So Many American Homes Fail to Measure Up to Their Full Possibilities

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

HERE is nothing that can take the place in your life of your home. If that is not a success, your business or professional success will mean comparatively little to you.

Unfortunately, the great majority of homes are not successful. Instead of getting one hundred per cent of the possibilities of the home and what it should stand for, most of us drop way below fifty per cent.

Did you ever realize, my friend, that it is the little things that make or spoil the home? If you will just stop for a minute and think of what upsets the peace and creates friction in the majority of homes, and what, on the other hand, makes for harmony, for efficiency and happiness in every successful home, you will find that in each case it is the seemingly little things.

You will find that it is the little thoughtful attentions, the little expressions of love and affection, the little intimacies, the spirit of comradeship, the little compliments, the words of praise and appreciation, the little deeds of service,

the kindly little acts of every day that make the ideal home.

ON the other hand, you will find that it is the little dissensions, the little scrapping and faultfinding, the little flings and rudenesses, the twitting one another, the domineering, bossing attitude, the constant bickering, scolding, nagging, especially of the husband, the little disputes over money matters, the little unkindnesses of every day, which cut down its efficiency fifty or seventy-five per cent.

It is a strange thing that a man will dream for years of his ideal of a paradise on earth—his home—and then when, after tremendous effort, he gets it will begin to knock it all to pieces, to ruin its possibilities by trifling things which in a short time destroy the harmony and sweetness of the home.

The majority of men pretty nearly wreck their home possibilities by their bossing, domineering, overbearing, scolding,

THE force that is going to carry you to your goal is coiled up inside of you—in your determination, your energy, your pluck, your grit, your originality, your character, in a strong persistent, tenacious purpose.

nagging, faultfinding methods. Multitudes of men make mountains out of things in the home that would be only trifles in their business. Most men do not seem to feel the same obligation to be courteous and agreeable in their homes that they do in their places of business, in their clubs, or when they are visiting in other people's homes. They seem to think that because they pay the bills they have a special license to be disagreeable in their homes, to boss everybody; that they have a right to express their grouchiness, their peevishness and irritation, their selfishness, all their brutal moods, just as they feel like it. In other words, they do not exercise the same restraint in the home, or put the same curb on their tongues and tempers, that they are obliged to do outside. This is one of the reasons why the home is in so many cases a failure.

THE average man does not realize how much faultfinding about petty things has to do with marring the happiness of the home life. For instance, an acquaintance of mine, a man who has a beautiful home, a charming wife and fine family of boys and girls, is so distressed because he thinks the children and their mother eat too much of this, too much of that, that he takes very little comfort at his meals. He is always watching and reprimanding them for their extravagance and waste in all sorts of ways. He is especially troubled if the children leave any food on their plates—a piece of bread, or meat, a potato or anything else. This he regards as unpardonable waste, and insists that they clean up their plates at every meal. In trying to do this they often eat things they do not want in order to avoid a scolding.

Even when guests are present, this man goes on nagging about some little thing. I have occasionally dined at his home, and he never lost an opportunity to find something wrong with the children or his wife at the table. He reprimanded the children for their bad manners, or found fault with his wife for some detail of the dinner. In fact, he always manages to find something to complain or scold about, and as a result the meal is never the joyful occasion that it ought to be in every home.

RECENTLY I heard another man of this type scold his children unmercifully for not using the little pieces of soap that are left in the bathroom. His wife is almost driven to desperation because he is always harping on such little things. If he sees one of the children wearing his best shoes at home, on ordinary occasions, that child gets a severe lecture and is ordered to change his shoes at once. If the clothing of any of them is

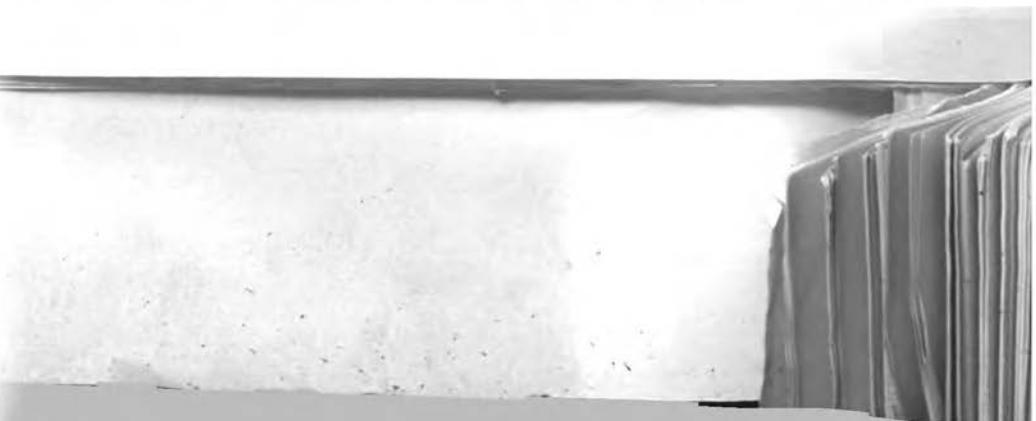
torn or soiled, if the servants make a little mistake, if food is occasionally burned or spoiled, or if a dish is broken, he has a brainstorm over it. He is a great stickler for order and system, and it upsets him to see a newspaper on the floor, a magazine or a book out of place, or an article of clothing lying on a chair or bed. In fact he never enjoys his home or his family because he is always fussing and scolding about some trifle.

NOW, this man really thinks a great deal of his home, and he cannot understand why he is so disappointed in it, why he gets so little real enjoyment out of it. He is always puzzling to find out why his children do not love him more, why they are not more companionable, why they don't love him as they do their mother. He does not realize that they avoid him because instead of a caress, words of love and appreciation, they always expect to get a scolding every time they hear him enter the home. They not only do not love him, but they actually fear and dread him. They despise his little narrow, bickering, faultfinding ways. He would give thousands of dollars for the peace and comfort and sweetness of a happy home, which he might have but for his nagging, faultfinding propensity.

If you want to get the most out of your home, my friend, you must learn not to see too much or hear too much. If a servant drop a dish, or burn food, or make some bad break when you have company, how much better it is to ignore it than to mar the happiness of your family and your guests by calling attention to it and scolding. There are a great many other things that will happen in every home, especially where there are children, which you should never notice. Not because, in their way, they are not important, but because you can't afford to pay the price you would have to pay by indulging in scolding, upbraiding and denouncing. Besides, those little household matters, such as little wastages, breakages, order in the home, etc., belong in your wife's department, not in yours. If you have the right sort of wife she will see to those matters without your interference.

You know that you must have harmony in your business or you cannot work to advantage; you know that if you would get the best results, it is imperative that everything should move smoothly, and still many of you do not have harmony in your homes because you are not willing to forego your natural inclination to run everything, to boss everybody, to have everything your own way to control everybody and make everybody do as you want them to do.

Merely for the sake of having your own way,



of being domineering and dictatorial in your place of business, you wouldn't think of doing things which would be disastrous to your best interests. You wouldn't jump all over your employees for every little mistake they made; criticize them for every little thing that went wrong; you wouldn't make their lives miserable by your nagging, for you would know that very soon you would have no standing either with them or with your business associates, and that your business would surely suffer. But you seem to think that you can be always scrapping over things in your home, things so trifling that you wouldn't even consider them of sufficient importance to pay any attention to in your business, and yet you expect to have one hundred per cent harmony and efficiency in the home!

YOU know very well, my friend, that you cannot build up your business without a lot of setbacks, a lot of unpleasant and unfortunate happenings, hard times, losses, perhaps failures, still you are determined to make the best of things, and you know that out of these disappointments,

setbacks, and hardships, you will come out some way and be successful if you do your best. You expect this. Now, why not expect the same thing in your home? When you are married, make up your mind that you are not going to live on honey and moonbeams all the time. You know very well that inevitably there will be trials, difficulties, disappointments and setbacks, and why not resolve, you husband, and you wife, also, that you are going to make the best of everything that comes, that whatever happens you will pull together and do your best to make your home one-hundred-per-cent efficient and happy.

Try Love's way in the home. Perhaps you have tried the other way long enough—scolding, bickering, whipping, flinging, faultfinding, nagging. What has this ever brought you but discomfort, disagreeable experiences, and unhappiness? It is not the big troubles but the little frets and irritants, the little enemies which destroy the harmony of the home; and without harmony, which is the basis of all good, we never can get the one-hundred-per-cent possibilities of the home.

THEN YOU'VE NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

By R. RHODES STABLEY

IF your skies have been o'ercast with clouds and you've never seen the blue;
If your days were filled with pain and woe, and the blame is *not* on you;
If your heart has aimed at happiness but has hit remorse in lieu—
Then you've never had a chance!

IF you've always done the best you could and they "fired" you for it, too;
If you've sought for Opportunity but it *never* came in view;
If disaster's hand has wrecked your life, though misfortune's not your due—
Then you've never had a chance!

IF the world has kicked you all about and has always done it, too;
If a thousand men have done you wrong, not a single friend been true;
If you've never got a kindly smile for a million smiles from you—
Then you've never had a chance!

I AM—

I AM the open door to a new chance in life, a chance to try again, an opportunity to bring victory out of defeat.

I am the beginner of new things. I blot out the past and open up a new world for king and peasant alike—a world filled with new hope, new inspiration, new promise for the future.

I present you with a new book without blot or blur or blemish in which will appear the record of your chance and what you have done with it.

I have nothing to do with what you write. I give you the materials to make a good record. No page in your new book was ever turned before. No word has yet been written in it. Every word you write therein will speak for or against you.

I am very, very young, but I am the heir of all the ages, richer than Solomon or any potentate or millionaire that ever lived.

I bring great possibilities to all who accept my gifts in the right spirit. But if you treat me lightly or indifferently, if you make no effort to utilize the treasures I bring, you will never be able to make good your loss.

I am no respecter of persons. I show no favoritism—but shower my gifts on old and young, on millionaire and beggar alike.

Resolve that you will no longer squander my gifts, but will put them out to interest, and you may yet be what you long to be.

I mark the succeeding steps of your life and proclaim to all who know you whether you are going up or down in the human scale.

Write to-day on the first page of your new book your ambitions, your desires, your heart longings, your dreams of the future, and then register your vow to make your dreams come true.

I Am The New Year.

—O. S. M.

"How Do Y' Get That Way?"

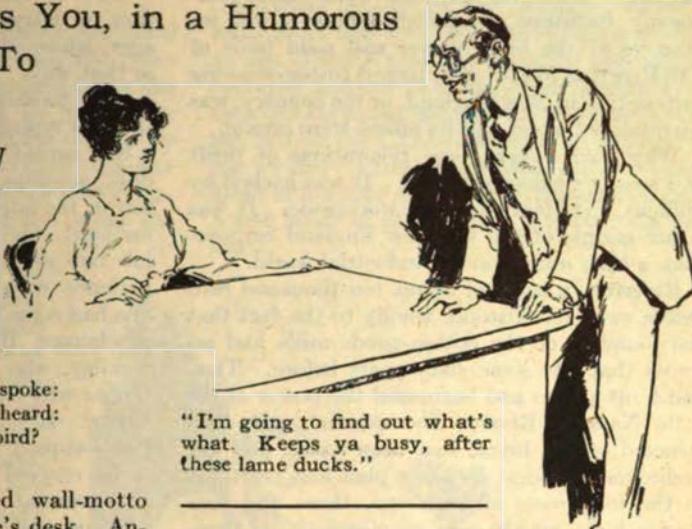
A Story that Shows You, in a Humorous Way, How Not To

By OLIN LYMAN

Illustrated by
John R. Neill

PART I

A wise old owl lived in an oak:
The more he heard, the less he spoke:
The less he spoke, the more he heard:
Why can't we be like that old bird?



"I'm going to find out what's what. Keeps ya busy, after these lame ducks."

LIMMED on wood, the framed wall-motto hung over Mabel Talmadge's desk. Another object was at this moment also hanging over her desk, from the floor upward. He was S. Almon Prout, assistant chief clerk, fuss budget and diary man.

His goggling eyes, of a washed-out blue, were staring at the motto. Loose lips stretched in a derisive smile, then staccatoed words which hurried to their goal, tripping over one another's heels.

"Why d' ya keep that thing? You aren't like that! You can talk a streak if ya want to."

Rather absently Mabel looked toward the sign, thrusting her pencil in the mesh of her auburn hair and leaning back in her chair. She spoke, her low, rich, throbbing contralto in refreshing contrast to Prout's nasal twang.

"Oh, it's only an ideal. We can't reach it, of course; we all talk too much," she conceded, with faint emphasis. "But it's rather nice to think we might be more owlish if we tried. Besides, I like the poetry. There's a *bling* to it!"

"Think so if ya want to," chattered S. Almon. "I can't see anything to it. Logic; that's what it lacks—logic. If you were an owl, now, in an oak, you wouldn't get anywhere. You'd stay in the woods."

Mabel politely tapped rosy fingers against rosier lips to rout an incipient yawn. This Prout did not see. He was not in the least sensitive or self-effacing.

"Say," he rushed on, "what I stopped to ask you—will you go to the grove dance with me, to-night? You've put me off three times now—"

"Four," she corrected.

"Well, four. Will you go?"

She considered for an unflattering interval. But this he minded not at all. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he would have said, and let it go at that.

"Yes, Mr. Prout, I think I'll go: and, thank you," she told him. Her air was of polite indifference. But then, he would have reasoned, she was that way toward all would-be cavaliers. She didn't go about much; she could have had *beaux* all the time. She was home evenings with her mother, mostly. It meant something to be seen in her company. His embryonic soul expanded like a downy puff ball.

"I'll call at eight?" he syllabled eagerly.

"If you please. And now really you must let me get at these letters. Mr. Swinley will be wondering what he's paying me a salary for. And he'll be back from lunch any minute."

"I'll go!" he exclaimed, with a timorous look at the door of the manager's office as he straightened to his five feet, ten, of wispy, crane-legged, narrow-shouldered length. "I've got to get back to my own office. I've got to comb a fellow this afternoon; curry him right!"

"Who?"

"Granger, of course. I'm after him all the time. I'll tell the world he's no good. Mix-up on his columns; he worked most all night and couldn't find it; I'm going to find out what's what. Keeps ya busy, after these lame ducks."

He buzzed away like an unwieldy dragon fly. Mabel Talmadge breathed a fervent sigh before

"Good! I'm going out for a round of golf at the country club. Slam these out. Sign 'em yourself. Mail 'em. And then run away somewhere and play."

Nodding her thanks, the girl entered her office and renewed her staccato attack upon the type-writer keys. In the middle of the first letter she heard the lid of Swinley's desk go bang. He stormed out. In a few moments the purr of his motor-car receded out of the mill yard that was kept fastidiously through the summer by employees hired to shave the lawns and mind the flower plots.

Old man Swinley might be an old bruin but if so he had proved that bears have hearts. He had fought for the innovations of these lawns as savagely as he fought for business in the world's markets. Often he had gone to the mat with the directors in matters of recreation rooms, playgrounds, town groves, free public-libraries, everything to make Riverton "the most contented mill-town on earth," as he expressed it. Always he had won, though more than once he had dangled the threat of his resignation before the dismayed eyes of invested capital in order to have his way.

A hateful and lovable old devil was Swinley, and his men would have entered trenches for him at any time.

By the middle of the afternoon, Mabel, having left the letters ready for the mail collection, tripped out of the office and walked down elm-shaded Main Street, fringed with pretty bungalows beyond the business section to Oak Street. Up this she turned and entered a white cottage where she lived with her widowed mother.

Mrs. Mary Talmadge was a pale, pretty, gray-haired woman, with the resigned air of one whose interests have been always looked after by a stronger nature. For the rest of the afternoon, Mabel busied herself with a lace waist which she was making for her mother, because Mrs. Talmadge plaintively declared that no dressmaker in Riverton—or Boston, for that matter—could do it as well.

It was a Wednesday evening—"prayer meeting night"—an established institution through rural New England, and Mabel saw her mother safely away with a neighbor, after supper, bound for the Baptist church nearby. Then she as-

cended to her room, hung with gay summer chintz, to make ready for the grove dance which she had promised to attend with S. Almon Prout.

Standing finally by the window, dainty in white gown and with the flush of rose-leaf cheeks no less delicate than the sheen of her carefully coiffured auburn hair, her eyes sparkled with anticipation as she gazed toward the grove where the first of the Chinese lanterns were just winking awake. There was reason for her elation. Most of her time was spent in a round of duties. A few hours of pleasure made a welcome interlude.



"No—thanks!" he blurted, in ludicrous horror. "You see," he floundered, "I'm not used to girls—and all that—"

The dusk had deepened; the radiance of moon and stars was growing stronger. She studied the waxing glory of the night. In her absorption, she started at the ringing of the doorbell. Oddly the exaltation died out of her face. Tossing a white silken mantle over her shoulders, she switched off the electric lights and went downstairs. It was the maid's night out.

She found S. Almon Prout waiting, thin and sticklike in his Palm Beach flimsies. He swept off his panama with a flourish; his hawk's face spread in an ingratiating smile.



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She was a tall young woman, but her gaze was called upon to travel upward to rest upon his face. He was a young man of remarkable height and bulk, and distinctly good looking with strong, well-cut features, earnest blue eyes and with a hint of crude force. This attribute was disputed by a queer essence of doubt, almost of trepidation. Whatever virtues lay in the youth's nature, plainly the master lever of self-confidence was not among them.

At the girl's greeting he flushed a little, perceiving her for the first time, and rather awkwardly doffed his straw hat. In his blue serge and glossy linen he was wholesome to look upon. At the same time it was evident that he was something of a recluse, that social whirls were not for him.

"No," he answered, rather uncertainly, "I just came up, about five minutes ago. I thought I'd look on a few minutes."

She gave him a dazzling smile, one that the attenuated Prout had never been able to summon from her red lips. "Aren't you going to dance?"

He glanced down, somewhat bashfully, at his enormous oxfords. "I don't know anything about dancing. I'd be afraid to try it with these gunboats."

"The next is a one-step; just walking," she encouraged. "Maybe I could show you something about it."

"No—thanks!" he blurted, in ludicrous horror. "You see," he floundered, "I'm not used to girls—and all that—"

He stopped abruptly, in dismay. For in an instant her charming smile had changed into another look that shriveled him. Her lips flexed; her silken brows gathered in a frown; her eyes shot fire.

Overwhelmed with contrition for his unintended rudeness, he sought for stumbling words, while he stood on one foot like a crane. But, seeing Prout bearing down upon her, she whirled on the heel of her slipper and joined him, leaving Aleck Granger abject. The big fellow watched her whirling in Prout's arms during the succeeding dance. As it ended he turned, and with downcast gaze made his way down the hill toward his lodgings near the mills.

Granger had been in Riverton but a few months, having come from a town near Boston. Habitually reticent, little was known of him. He had charge of certain stock records, being daily at a high desk in the main office. He was apparently about twenty-three, some three years younger than S. Almon Prout. S. Almon, as fussy assistant to old Sam Pringle, the head clerk in the big room that sheltered forty high desks, before which stood or perched on high stools an

equal number of men, of all ages, had for many weeks singled out Granger as the principal recipient of his slings and arrows.

IT was not that Granger was an especially poor clerk. He was of average caliber in that post, that was all, and he was rather slow. But no error involving any loss or special inconvenience had been chalked against him. However, Prout was continually nagging him.

The reason for this petty persecution was that S. Almon's goggling eyes had perceived the interested glances which Mabel had often given Granger, following his entering the concern's employ. That Granger apparently did not see them made no difference to Mr. Prout. Fairness of mind was not in his equipment. And he was one of those men who, developing enmity toward another, will always prick with a pin instead of swinging a bludgeon or slashing with a sword.

For all that, he was a valuable man in his post. He had entire competence for what was required of him. But he possessed nothing of initiative. He was a trustworthy cog, to be adjusted and directed by others.

As he walked down the hill with Mabel Talmadge after the dance there was a resentment at the back of his brain. It had been occasioned by the sight of the girl smiling and talking with Granger during that interval between dances. He would not dare to speak to her of the occurrence, not yet. But when they were married; she'd learn a thing or two!

Young Prout had not achieved a "line" on the modern "fifty-fifty" marital bond. His ideas of matrimony were somewhat medieval, like those of his Puritan ancestors. The wives of the Prouts had been meek "me-toos."

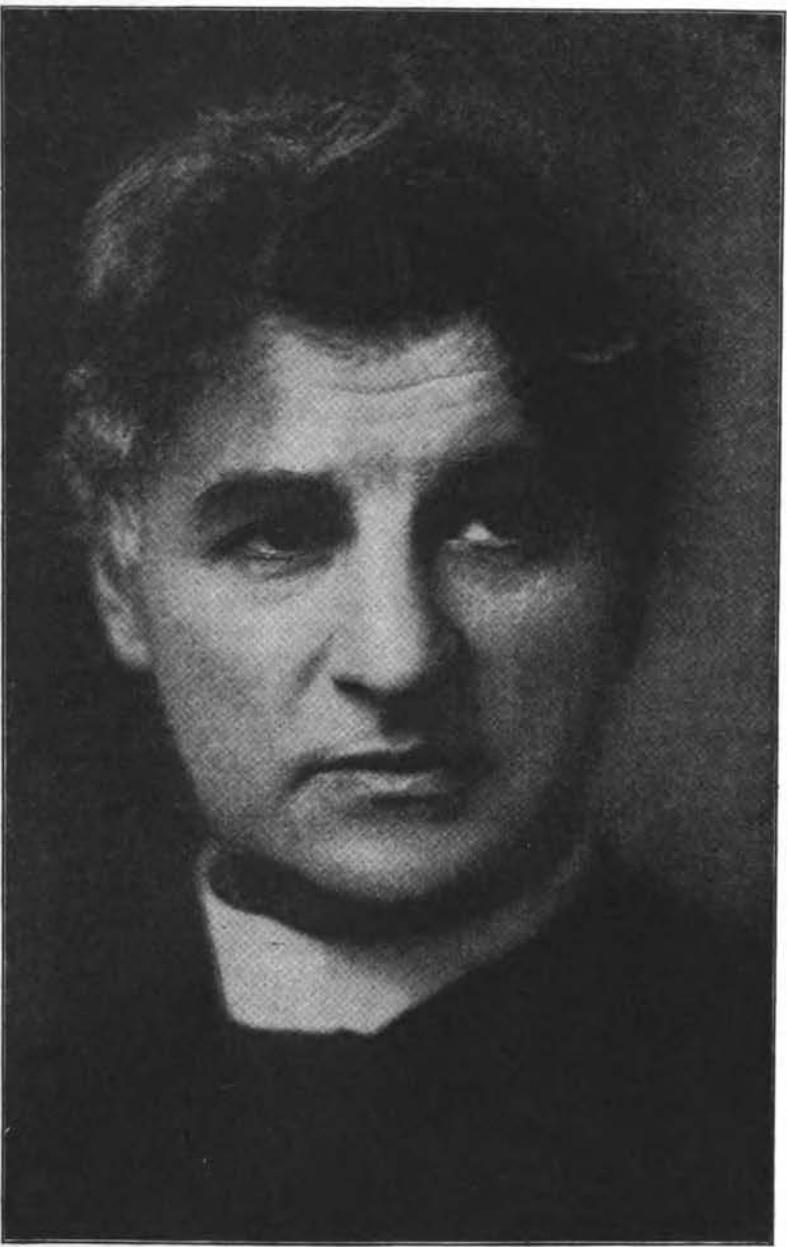
However, he was registering a promise to himself to "take it out" on Granger during the morrow.

There had been something puzzling about that encounter of Mabel with Granger, however. One moment he had seen her laughing and talking with him; at the next she was hastening toward Prout as he approached, and her cheeks had been crimson and a light, as of indignation, had snapped from her eyes. She had been snapish with him, too, for a space, and he had wondered what had roused her.

He was thinking of it again as she suddenly spoke—of the man of whom he had been reflecting.

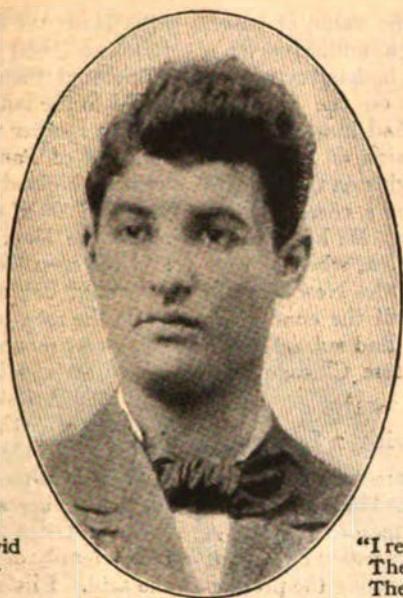
"You say you have a lot of trouble in your office with that man, Aleck Granger? What's the matter with him—just what?"

(Continued on page 134)



DAVID BELASCO

*The Wizard of the Stage Tells in this Interview Why He Always
Wears a Priestly Garb*



From a photograph of David Belasco taken on his twenty-first birthday

"I remember the wharves and the slips,
The Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
The beauty and mystery of the ships."

How the Future Looked to Me When I Was Twenty-one

David Belasco Tells the World Through an Interview with THE NEW SUCCESS

By ADA PATTERSON

DAVID BELASCO is the greatest figure of the theater among English-speaking peoples. His fame is as wide as the world. But he was a waif of the circus, a tiny clown who would have died of fever and privations had not an older clown given his life to save him.

His name casts a long shadow of distinction across the stage of to-day. Yet he is the son of a poor harlequin.

Besides world fame he has acquired wealth, though he was born in a San Francisco cellar.

The folk of the stage call him "maestro." By critics he is hailed as "The Wizard." Yet he was a jack of all trades. He worked as a chore boy in a cigar factory, washing the windows, scrubbing the floors, opening the heavy doors in the morning, locking them at night. He helped in the home, often staying at home from school, to help his mother with the family laundry.

Though so little that he had to stand on a large store box to reach the tub he scrubbed manfully upon the washboard. He picked up a few essential words and sentences from the Indians and acted as interpreter when the men of the imposing circle of feathers and the blankets of rainbow colors came to town to buy simple things from the merchants. He sold newspapers on the streets of San Francisco. He sold political badges during the campaigns for the Presidency. His sale of General Grant buttons, when the warrior was a candidate, enriched the Belasco family by eighty-five dollars. He was permitted to make a few dollars or so a night by giving recitations. He used to earn six dollars a week by copying the parts from plays for the actors.

In his New York theater is a studio where are assembled objects of art, rare laces and pictures

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and velvets and tapestries, the value of which has been estimated at half a million dollars. Yet there were days of which he has keen memory, when as our neighbors on the Southern Continent would say, "He had hunger." He has told me of his first invasion of New York City, when he slept for four nights on the benches of Union Square and lived for a corresponding number of days on doughnuts. He has told me of the retreat after that invasion, when he rode on seventeen different trains from New York to San Francisco because "Not all the conductors were interested in my story," and subsisted the greater part of the journey from Chicago on a bag of doughnuts.

Once a "Super" Carrying a Spear

WHEN he walks any street in New York the passersby whisper, "There goes David Belasco," and greet him with manifest pride. A committee of multi-millionaires called on him at his studio to thank him for directing the production of "The Girl of the Golden West," at the Metropolitan Opera House, when his play was made into an opera by Puccini. Yet there was a time when he walked alone, unrecognized, and the metropolis turned cold eyes on the young unknown. He spent days in composing letters, asking his chance from great men of the theaters. They did not answer his letters. When, by some means, he slipped into their presence their reception was cold, their manner forbidding.

He ranks as the man who never has a failure. Yet in the beginning he had failure after failure. He knew the bitterness of successive defeats. He knew the humiliation of leaving a post where he had been stage manager, to attempt higher flights, and coming back to it as that humblest creature of the theater—a "super" carrying a spear.

Why has he bridged the chasm between that babyhood in the San Francisco cellar and the sunlit heights of supreme success in his art? How has he won his way out of the depths to the heights? Suppose you seek the answers to these questions in his life story as he has told it to me.

Went on Stage when a Baby

HE began in a tender tone, for he was speaking of his mother:

"My mother was a beautiful young woman. She had the deep, dark, limpid eyes of an idealist. Her hair hung about her shoulders in soft, black curls. She and my father were English, but they had sprung of the refugees that fled from Portugal to England at the time of the Moorish invasion. She was twenty and he twenty-one when they were married. Soon

afterwards the stories of the gold fields in California reached them in London. The stories stimulated their youthful imaginations. They sailed to the land of romance.

"My mother was the first woman to cross the Isthmus of Panama. She crossed the isthmus with a shipload of men of all kinds. The majority of them were of the coarsest fiber. She made the long, hard journey uncomplainingly and the men treated her with reverence. They presented her with a mule on which she rode while the men took turns in leading it along the narrowest mountain paths. When she and my father arrived in San Francisco, a great flood that almost destroyed the city was at its height. The day after their arrival, I was born in a house about which the flood centered.

"My first recollection is of my mother holding me in her arms at twilight and telling me stories. Often they were stories of the splendor of the family of Belascus. They were grandees, she said. I listened with the joy and wonder of a child hearing its first fairy stories. It was at that age of my first fairy stories that I made my stage debut. I was the child for whom Charles Kean fought in 'Pizarro.' Edwin Forrest carried me on the stage in the Indian play, 'Metamora,' and I was the child in Julia Dean Haynes's production of 'East Lynne.' This happened in Victoria, British Columbia, where my father and mother moved and where—there being no prospect of his finding any of the gold of the stories he had listened to in London—he had invested what money he had in real estate. It was what is called now a bad buy. Instead of hard times lessening for us they grew worse.

"At this time I met two men who bestowed upon me the joy of hero worship. One was Father Maguire, head of a school for boys in Victoria. So deeply did the personality of this eighty-six-year-old priest impress me that as soon as I was able to choose my own clothes, I ordered a suit made like his. I still wear the high black waistcoat and the round collar buttoned in the back. By so doing I am paying in my own way a tribute to my good friend.

"I loved to mingle with crowds, to be in them and not of them. I wanted to hear men and women talk. I used to haunt the wharves, gazing at the ships and dreaming about the strange lands from which they brought their cargoes. I might have been the original of that boy whom Longfellow pictured:

"I remember the wharves and the slips,
The Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
The beauty and mystery of the ships."

"My father was angry with me for these stroll-



ings. My mother reminded him that I came naturally by my strolling propensities. 'Was I not a harlequin's son? 'Little Wandering Feet,' she called me. Wandering Feet wandered to a circus. He left town with it and became a bareback rider and a miniature clown, imitating the antics of an older clown. It was great fun until I became ill and the circus had to leave me behind in a country town. I would have died but for the clown who remained behind with me. Dear Walter Kingsley! He earned enough to

"And so you may be, Davey," she answered, her hand losing itself among his thick curls

A Recitation and a Riot

OBSERVING his bent she encouraged it. She talked to his school teachers about his talent and asked them to let him recite. They allowed him to recite verses from the school readers. One of the favorite recitations was "The Madman." He appeared on the school platform in rags, dragging chains after him, and



David Belasco when one year old, with his father and mother.

Mr. Belasco's birthplace was the cellar of a ramshackle house in San Francisco.

feed us both by acting the clown in the streets, jesting, tumbling and singing for pennies. He nursed me through the fever. He contracted it from me—and died of it.

"The two heroes of my boyhood were Father Maguire, and a merry clown who gave his life for a runaway boy."

He returned to his home, and, for the time, cured of his wanderings, he listened to more stories by his mother. She told him about his uncle—the man whose first name had been given to him, Davido James. He was an actor.

"And so I should like to be, mother," said young David.

recited with a realism that awed and delighted his school fellows. But their admiration was his temporary undoing.

Having secured his first chance as an actor, a three-line part in "The Lion of Nubia," he walked on the stage to a hubbub created by his admirers. Their shrieks for "Davey!" and "The Madman!" stopped the action of the play. John Woodward, the manager of the theater, discharged young Belasco for causing this disgraceful riot.

Thus early was the child chastened. Snubs were his portion. A beautiful child and an unobtrusive one, his eyes of the dreamer seemed



ENTHUSIASM

By J. Ogden Armour

President of Armour & Company

ENTHUSIASM is the *dynamics* of your personality. Without it, whatever abilities you may possess lie dormant; and it is safe to say that nearly every man has more latent power than he ever learns to use. You may have knowledge, sound judgment, good reasoning faculties; but no one—not even yourself—will know it, until you discover how to put your *heart* into thought and action.

A wonderful thing is this quality which we call enthusiasm. It is too often underrated as so much surplus and useless display of feeling, lacking in real substantiality. This is an enormous mistake. You can't go wrong in applying all the genuine enthusiasm that you can stir up within you; for it is the power that moves the world. There is nothing comparable to it in the things which it can accomplish.

WE can cut through the hardest rocks with a diamond drill and melt steel rails with a flame. We can tunnel through mountains and make our way through any sort of physical obstruction. We can checkmate and divert the very laws of nature, by our *science*. But there is no power in the world that can cut through another man's mental opposition, except *persuasion*. And persuasion is reason plus enthusiasm, with the emphasis on enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is the art of high persuasion. And did you ever stop to think that your progress is commensurate with your ability to move the minds of other people? If you are a salesman this is preëminently so. Even if you are a clerk, it is the zest which you put into your work that enkindles an appreciation in the mind of your employer. You have a good idea—don't think that other people will recognize it at once. Columbus had a good idea, but he didn't get "across" with it without much of this high persuasion.

IF you would like to be a power among men, cultivate enthusiasm. People will like you better for it; you will escape the dull routine of a mechanical existence and you will make headway wherever you are. It cannot be otherwise, for this is the law of human life. Put your soul into your work, and not only will you find it pleasanter every hour of the day, but people will believe in you just as they believe in electricity when they get in touch with a dynamo.

Which Way Are You Facing?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, in his prime, was such a colossal figure that, like Hercules, he conquered without striking a blow. Many younger and smaller pugilists who challenged him were so terrified at the sight of his tremendous physique, his powerful muscles, and his all-conquering air as he entered the ring, that they were beaten before they exchanged a bout with the giant. Without a blow he had conquered them mentally, and, after that, the result was certain, for when a man is conquered mentally his physical conquest is easy.

It is their fear of the giant, Poverty, their expectation of being overcome by it, that saps the strength and nullifies the resisting power of multitudes of people, so that often, without striking a blow or making any serious effort to conquer, they become poverty's slaves.

Before we can be conquered by poverty, we must, first of all, be poor mentally. The majority of poor people remain poor because they are mental paupers to begin with. They don't believe they are ever going to be well off. Fate, conditions, are against them; they were born poor and they are always going to be poor—that is their unvarying trend of thought. Go among the very poor in the slums of a great city, and you will find them always talking poverty, bewailing their fate, their hard luck, the cruelty of society to them. They will tell you that they are ground down by the upper classes, by their employers, by an unjust order of things which they can't change. They think of themselves as victims instead of victors, as conquered instead of conquerors.

NOW, this kind of mental attitude can attract only one thing—that for which it has an affinity—Poverty. The poverty thought, the acceptance of a poverty-stricken environment as an inevitable condition from which you cannot get away, keeps you in the poverty cur-

rent and draws more poverty to you. It is the operation of the same law which attracts good things, a better environment, to those who think abundance, prosperity, who are convinced that they are going to be well off, and work confidently, hopefully, toward that end.

If poor people would only turn about and, instead of facing toward failure and despair, would face toward hope and expectancy of good things to come to them; if they would only have faith in the future, faith in themselves, in their ability to win out; if they would only realize that their opportunity is more in themselves than in conditions, they would very quickly get into a better environment. By constantly thinking down, rolling hard luck stories under their tongues, they are building those models into their lives, erecting a wall between themselves and prosperity. If they would only turn their minds in the right direction they could immediately improve their appearance and their chances without a cent more money.

ONE morning recently, coming in to my office, I sat beside a middle-aged woman, with a very intelligent face, but with a sad, hopeless expression. She was dressed very poorly. Her hat was not only very old-fashioned but all out of shape. Her coat was in a similar condition, old and frayed at the sleeves, and sadly in need of a thorough brushing. Her shoes were very much worn and, in keeping with the rest of her clothing, very much soiled. Her whole appearance expressed not only poverty but discouragement. She appeared to have settled into a state of passivity, of resignation to her poverty-stricken condition, which she evidently felt she could not change. The helpless expression on her face showed that.

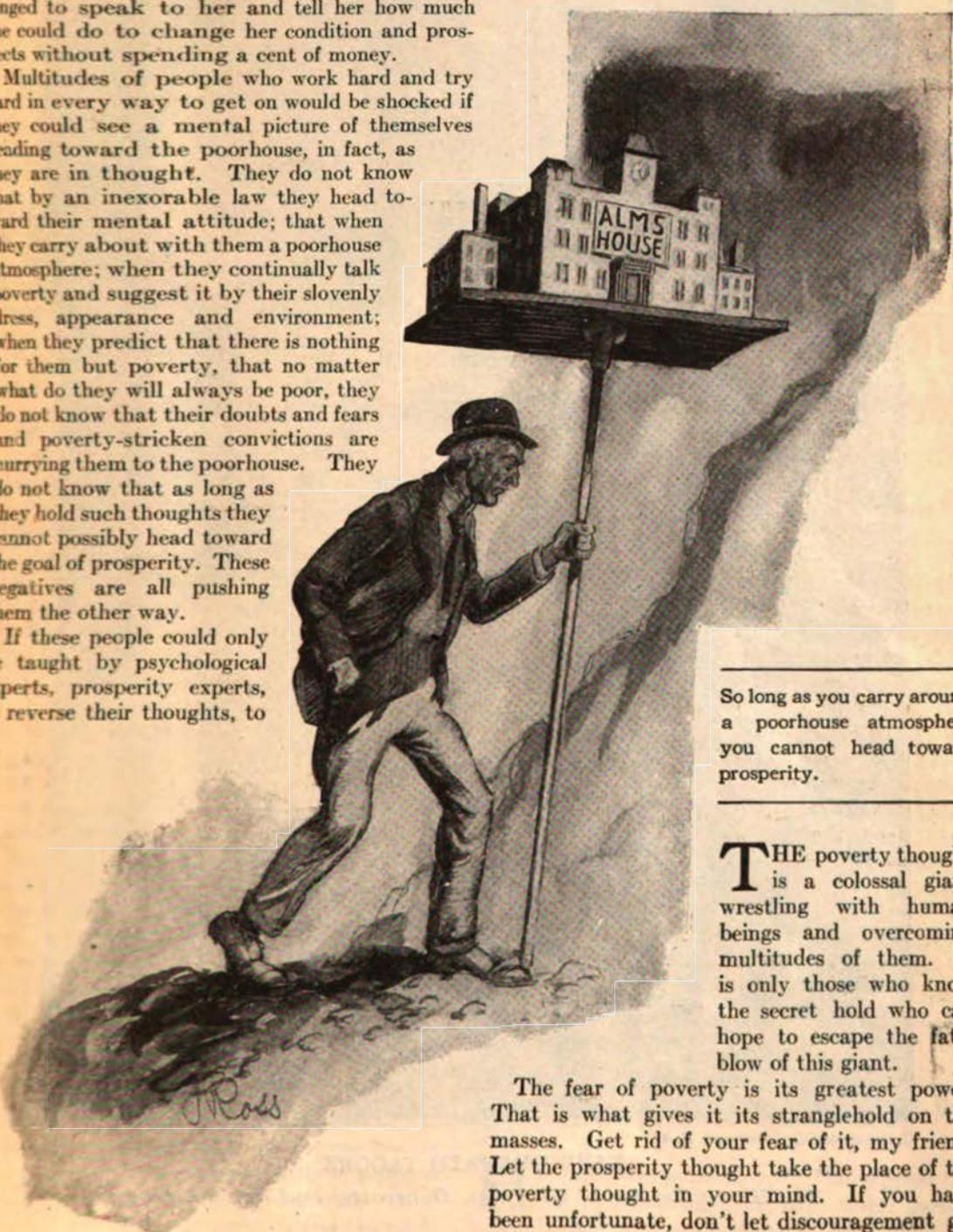
Now I know many women just as poor as she who would make a much better appearance with the very clothes she wore. She certainly could

have pressed her hat back into shape and brushed her coat and shoes, and she could have held herself erect instead of letting her shoulders bend over in a discouraged droop. In fact, a little care, a little more alertness, a little effort to brush up mentally as well as physically would have improved her appearance fifty per cent. I longed to speak to her and tell her how much she could do to change her condition and prospects without spending a cent of money.

Multitudes of people who work hard and try hard in every way to get on would be shocked if they could see a mental picture of themselves heading toward the poorhouse, in fact, as they are in thought. They do not know that by an inexorable law they head toward their mental attitude; that when they carry about with them a poorhouse atmosphere; when they continually talk poverty and suggest it by their slovenly dress, appearance and environment; when they predict that there is nothing for them but poverty, that no matter what do they will always be poor, they do not know that their doubts and fears and poverty-stricken convictions are hurrying them to the poorhouse. They do not know that as long as they hold such thoughts they cannot possibly head toward the goal of prosperity. These negatives are all pushing them the other way.

If these people could only be taught by psychological experts, prosperity experts, to reverse their thoughts, to

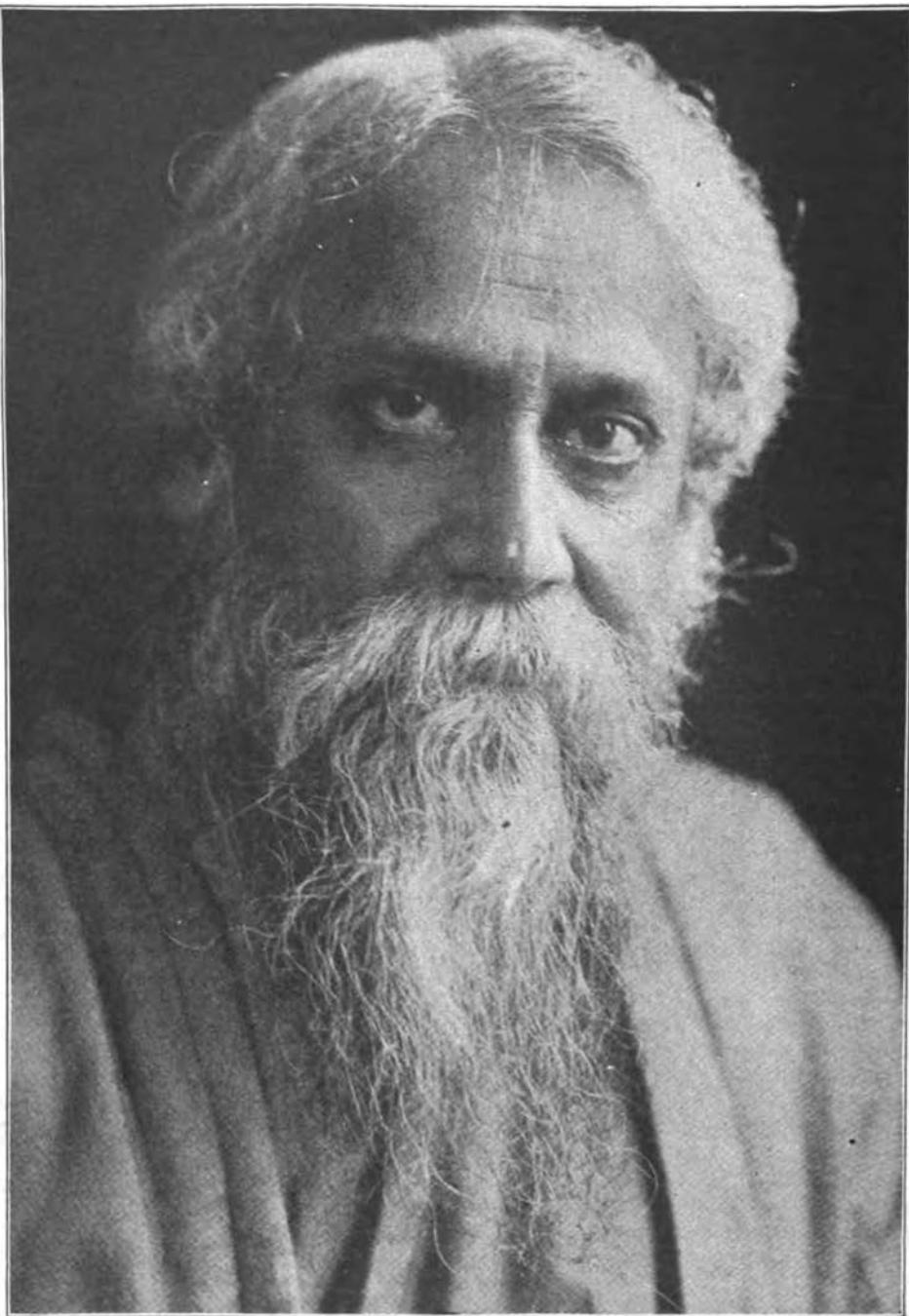
turn about face, mentally, and head toward the prosperity goal, never to allow themselves to talk or think of poverty, and to erase, so far as possible, every poverty suggestion in their dress, in their appearance, in their environment, how quickly their conditions would be revolutionized!



So long as you carry around a poorhouse atmosphere you cannot head toward prosperity.

THE poverty thought is a colossal giant wrestling with human beings and overcoming multitudes of them. It is only those who know the secret hold who can hope to escape the fatal blow of this giant.

The fear of poverty is its greatest power. That is what gives it its stranglehold on the masses. Get rid of your fear of it, my friend. Let the prosperity thought take the place of the poverty thought in your mind. If you have been unfortunate, don't let discouragement get hold of you.



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RABINDRANATH TAGORE

The Hindu Teacher of Kindness, Generosity and Noble Living

Can We Communicate with the Dead?

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

India's Greatest Poet and Philosopher

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, poet and story-writer, philosopher, and the seer of modern India, sat leisurely before a paper-strewn desk in his room in a New York hotel. His loose flowing garment of light lilac hue and his long white beard combined to give him the appearance of one of the patriarchs of old—or at least, the appearance that one would expect of a patriarch. For he has not only the venerable aspect of age, but a singular expression of wisdom combined with benignity. And there was something unusually warm and kindly in his manner as he rose to greet me on my appearance for an interview for THE NEW SUCCESS.

From the first, it was manifest that Mr. Tagore is a poet. His very features are an indication of that fact; his conversation is proof of it. He spoke more in poetry than in prose; his words have an unconscious dignity and beauty; at his poorest, he talked in good free verse. As I listened to him, it was apparent to me that here was, indeed, a rare soul, a nature essentially fervent and religious tempered by a mind of unusual depth and understanding. Had not Mr. Tagore's writings been sufficient proof of his intellectual and spiritual qualities, I should have known the minute I heard him speak that in him were the elements not only of success but of greatness, for he gave evidence of those supreme attributes; greatness of mind and of soul.

The subject of our conversation was the modern trend to spiritism. Mr. Tagore smiled and

EDITORS' NOTE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, the eminent East Indian—one of the greatest thinking men of the age—gives to the world, through this issue of THE NEW SUCCESS, his personal views on the muchly discussed subject of life after death. That Tagore does not hold the same views as Sir Oliver Lodge, Conan Doyle, Thomas A. Edison and other great minds is a matter of considerable interest and importance. What he says here adds further fuel to the flames of this worldwide controversy. The dead, declares Mr. Tagore, "if they have not the use of physical organs such as ours, must perceive things differently; whether more perfectly or imperfectly, we cannot say."

eyed me attentively as I delivered my first question.

"*What is your attitude toward the wave of spiritistic enthusiasm that is sweeping the world?*" I asked. "*Do you or do you not believe it possible to communicate with the dead?*"

"I withhold judgment," he replied, "until the evidence is conclusive. At the present time it is not conclusive; there seems to be no certainty about the

the investigations; I cannot accept spiritism as a fact until it is registered scientifically as a fact should be. There may be a great truth underlying the movement; but if so, that truth has not been made manifest; perhaps some day it will be brought to light in such a clear and undeniable form that the whole world will recognize it with one accord; but that day has not arrived, and the spiritistic results thus far seem to me to have been trivial and unsatisfactory."

Mr. Tagore was speaking fluently, rapidly, with an ease and earnestness bred of perfect knowledge of his subject matter. But he paused for an instant, and I took advantage of the interruption to ask:

"*What is there that you personally find unsatisfactory in the alleged demonstrations of the spiritists?*"

HIS reply was immediate. "They appear to me to lack significance, to be rather unimportant, and too sentimental. They fail to teach anything to mankind; they fail to be of

assistance in a human way; they do not help one iota in the problems of actual life, and they do not even hold out any noble hope for the future. There is nothing attractive in what the spiritists would have us believe to be the lot of the dead; rather, there is something that repels us, a hopelessness and an apparent futility to their existence that may awaken our sympathy but cannot kindle our hopes."

Mr. Tagore paused, and stroked his beard reflectively. It was apparent that the prospect of ever entering the hereafter described by Sir Oliver Lodge did not appeal to him. I must confess that after his remarks such a prospect hardly appealed to me, either.

"Do you see any way of reconciling faith in present-day spiritism with belief in a free and desirable future life?"

AS before, he was ready with a reply. "I have no doubt that it is possible to reconcile the two. For the purpose of argument, let us admit that the results of spiritistic investigations are precisely what the investigators claim. Let us admit that they have entered into communication with departed souls—does it follow, therefore, that those souls had reached their final state of existence? Perhaps there is an intermediate plane of being, a sort of spirit twilight zone, in which the metamorphized soul lingers for a while, poised between the earthly and the Paradisal, preparing to plunge into the free, magnificent realm beyond, where it shall have escaped wholly from the trammels of this world. For some time after death the soul may linger about the body like the glow about a dying fire; for some time the soul may give evidence of the body it left behind, just as for a while after death the limbs of an animal may be convulsed as though with life. But at length, freeing itself of the last vestige of this world, the soul may pass from the transitional into the final stage of its career, and emerge free and complete into that majestic Beyond whither we cannot follow it and whence no echo can filter to us here."

A glittering light was in the poet's eyes, a light which seemed to be that of the seer, the prophet, the seeker after truth, the visionary, and the inspired man. There was a note of exaltation in his words, and he spoke with a dignity that impressed his thoughts deeply upon me. As I listened, there flashed into my mind dazzling visions of an endless series of future lives. "*Is it then your idea that we may have existence after existence, from each of which we die, to be reborn into a better and higher?*" I could not refrain from asking.

THAT impresses me as entirely possible," he admitted. "Of course, it is beyond human power to say how many cycles of being we pass through before we attain the ultimate state, if there be any ultimate state. The whole matter is one of speculation, but the hypothesis that we pass through innumerable lives seems to me as plausible as any other."

"In the light of a theory of an endless succession of lives, how would you interpret the investigations of the spiritists?"

ISHOULD say that they had been communicating with immature spirits, spirits yet so young in the next existence that they cannot properly describe or understand their new lives. We could not expect a child to give an accurate description of this world, or to comprehend even approximately the forces that govern it; in the same way, we are not to suppose that a soul newly initiated into a higher plane of being can immediately grasp its meaning or convey to those who have not seen it an idea of its appearance. And if we are to imagine that the life after this is only a transitional existence in preparation for that which is to follow, we may well postulate that by the time the soul leaves that transitional state it becomes incapable of communication with those left here on the earth two lives behind."

At this point we were interrupted by Mr. Tagore's secretary, who entered to secure some papers from the drawer of a desk. I secretly resented the intrusion, for I had become really interested. After the secretary had left, I asked:

"Do you not believe that spirits in another existence may be able to see and feel things imperceptible to us?"

BY all means. We know that our senses are limited; that we can perceive only in a partial way. This book which I am holding,"—here Mr. Tagore held up a book to the light,—"appears to you and me to be solid, yet we know that actually it is not solid; that it is composed of an almost infinite number of inconceivably small particles, separated by relatively large spaces, so that certain forms of light—the X-ray, for example—can pierce it from cover to cover. Had we eyes like the X-ray, we could see through the book.

"The world to us would then be quite a different thing from what it is to-day; we should be on a higher plane of sense perception. Or, were we able to see what is represented by the ultra-violet and infra-red rays of the spectrum, which at present are invisible to our eyes, we should observe a very different world.

"Again, had we eyes like the bees, with innumerable little facets, it is almost certain that things would look far different to us. In our ignorance of what insects actually perceive, we are inclined to suppose that the world appears to them as it does to us. As a matter of fact, their eyes are constructed so differently that it is almost certain that they behold a different world, a world of which we could not conceive by the furthest stretch of the imagination, because it is different in kind from everything we know. Imagine, then, that a bee should try to convey to a man an idea of the insect world. It would necessarily fail to make itself comprehensible, because there would be no contact, nothing in the world of insects so closely related to anything in the world of men that one could be described in terms of the other. And if such differences are possible between beings living on the same plane, is it not conceivable, even probable, that there should be still greater differences between beings on different planes?"

"That seems reasonable to me," I said, converted to Mr. Tagore's point of view. "Then you think that communications with the dead may be impossible because their perceptions are different from ours?"

PRECISELY. If they have not the use of physical organs of sense such as ours, they must perceive things differently; whether more perfectly or imperfectly, we cannot say. But assuming that their perceptions are different in kind, they must be incapable of conveying to us any idea of their new experiences. If they try to communicate with us, we simply cannot understand, any more than a man born blind can understand color; or a man born deaf, the qualities of sound. It may be that their perception is of a superior sort; whole broad vistas unimagined by us may be opened to them; they may have a cosmic view of things, a cosmic vision and insight; but if so, they are all the further removed from us, and mutual understanding becomes all the more difficult."

"But do you not think that the lack of understanding may be only on our part? If they are on

a higher plane, may it not be that they can perceive all things, while it is we who are partially blind?"

Possibly. Unknown to us, they may even be helping us, though no sign of that has ever reached us. Personally, however, I see no reason to suppose so; now, if ever in the world's history, we are in need of their aid, and not the faintest evidence of that aid is apparent. Of course, as I have said, it may be that we cannot perceive that aid; we are always too much inclined to assume that their perceptions and ours are the same."

"At this point I could not refrain from diverging a little from the subject. "Is not that on the same principle as that by which we form an anthropomorphic conception of God?" I asked.

"The anthropomorphic conception of God," he said, with exceeding gravity, "is the only possible definite conception; we cannot help making God in our own image, for we have only human tools with which to work. Yet that which is human must be a reflection of that which is divine; we are what we are because something far greater than us is what it is, and that something is the divine. And the smallest fragment of the divine must contain the elements of the whole; therefore the divine must find a mansion in the human soul. True, we do not know all of the divine; it is as if we were in a vast palace of which we saw but a small part; but from that small part we might gain an idea of the magnificence of the whole, and the fact that we had not learned the truth about the great halls we had not entered would not prevent us from knowing those smaller rooms we had personally surveyed."

Mr. Tagore was discoursing with great earnestness, and clenched his fist vigorously upon the table as he spoke. We might have continued the discussion indefinitely, had not the secretary at that moment appeared to announce another caller.

As I rose to leave, Mr. Tagore again shook my hand warmly; and the last glimpse that I caught of him, a white-bearded man in a long flowing robe, confirmed my impression that here was indeed a patriarch out of Biblical times.

THE personal equation is the most important factor in a business operation; that the business ability of the man at the head of any business concern, big or little, is usually the factor which fixes the gulf between striking success and hopeless failure. Each man must work for himself and unless he so works, no outside help can avail him.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Bettering Your Best

YOU can make the year 1921 a red-letter year. You can do many of the things you have always left undone—many of the things you have always intended to do some day, some time, at some more convenient season.

You can make yourself more like the ideal man or woman you have secretly hoped to become.

You can put the giant within you to work, instead of the insignificant pygmy who has always done your tasks.

You can make yourself more agreeable, more companionable, more cheerful, more attractive by developing a pleasing, magnetic personality so that you may draw new friends to you and delight your old acquaintances.

You can make a larger place for yourself in the business world, in your social circle, in your community, in whatever sphere of endeavor you choose.

You can, during 1921, realize many of your ambitions, many of your heart desires.

You can enjoy real triumphs, real victories, real conquests, over your old self of last year, and thus advance yourself greatly in personal power, in personal esteem, in self-confidence, in determination, in courage, and in all the success qualities.

You can do these things and more.

But will you?

Will you have the backbone to keep all your good resolves?

The chances are you will *backslide* unless you take THE NEW SUCCESS for your guide. But if you read it every month it will help you over the rough places, it will give you new hope, new strength, new determination, new optimism, new inspiration.

Read THE NEW SUCCESS during 1921, and you will be able to say *I can* and *I will*. It will help you to *better your best*.

"If I Were President!"

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

ON the morning of November 3, 1920, when the press announced the election of Warren G. Harding to the Presidency of the United States, thousands of young men throughout the country were thrilled at the thought of his good fortune, of the marvelous luck that had come to him. They looked toward the White House with longing eyes, and almost envied the man who in a few months would reside there as President of the greatest Republic in the world, the leader of 106,000,000 people.

It certainly is a wonderful thing for a poor boy to climb to such heights, and it emphasizes anew the boundless opportunities open to every American youth. It shows that any ambitious American boy, however humble his station in life, has his chance to reach distinction.

IF you really want to climb to the top notch of your possibilities, you will find it a wonderful help to hold the thought that you have just as good a chance to make good as had Mr. Harding, and that the position you now occupy is just as important to you as his is to him.

President-elect Harding had no more advantages at the start than you have. He began as a poor boy. Indeed, many of you who envy him to-day probably have had infinitely better opportunities to bring out the big man in you than he had; but have you done it? You can bring out your larger self, but will you? There is the point: You can, but will you? It is all up to you, my friend. Mere position cannot do much for a man's development outside of giving him a chance to do his best, and you have that chance where you are. Just dignify your chance in life. Make the most of it, as the President of the United States must make the most of his. That is the way to bring out the possibilities of your job and qualify for the one above you.

Theodore Roosevelt improved marvelously

during his seven years in the White House because he was all that time put right on his metal to do his best. He had to keep in view at all times the dignity of his position as chief executive of a great nation; he had to realize that he was actually on exhibition, as it were; that the eyes of the world were upon him and that he must conduct himself accordingly.

IF you were to hold the same high ideal of the duties and obligations of your job as he did of his; if you were to hold your position in life in any such high esteem, just think what it would do for you; how it would affect your development; how it would affect your reputation, people's judgment of you.

Perhaps you have been contrasting your humble position, your inferior standing, your insignificance, with the great position, the high standing and opportunity and the great importance of Mr. Harding. You may think that you, too, could measure up to his opportunity if it were given you. You may say to yourself, "If I were President of the United States, I would always conduct myself with the dignity becoming a man of such lofty station, wielding such mighty power. I would carry myself in a very manly, very dignified way. I would be very careful in regard to every detail of my personal appearance, because, as President, I would be on exhibition wherever I went and any carelessness on these points would be a reflection on my high office. I would be as particular about my conversation as about my personal appearance, for it would never do for the President of the United States to be cheap and common, slangy and slovenly in his speech."

WHATEVER you do in life, keep in an ambition - arousing atmosphere. Keep close to those who are dead - in - earnest, who are ambitious to do something and be somebody in the world. Keep close to those who are doing big things along the line of your own aspirations.

THIS would be fine. But did you ever stop to think, my friend, that you are just as important to yourself as President-elect Harding is to himself? That you can make your position relatively yield just as much to you as he can make the Presi-

deney yield to him? In other words, just think what it is possible for you to make of your own position if you exercise the same care in regard to conduct and bearing, the same infinite pains in details, in regard to your appearance, to your conversation, to your manner, your bearing, if you are as careful not to make a bad impression, not to make bad breaks, not to exhibit your yellow streak as you would be if you were President! Think, if you were President, how important it would be to cover up your fool streaks, your weak points, to control your moods, emotions, your temper, to maintain the dignity of your office! You know very well that it wouldn't do for a President to fly into a passion over every little thing that goes wrong, the mistakes of a stenographer or a servant, to cheapen and belittle himself before servants or officials at the White House by behaving in an undignified manner.

If you are just as careful, not only for this year,

IT is not enough to try to be somebody; you must try to be somebody with all your might, with the whole weight of your being. You must try to be somebody with all the force of your talents, with all the force of your enthusiasm, your grit, your pep, your determination. This is the only thing that is worthy of your life's sentiments.

but for the next four years, as you think you would be if you were President; if you always try to exercise your best judgment, to use the finest possible discrimination on all important questions, to be just as careful not to make a break, not to show your weaknesses, as the President would be, just think what an effect it would have on your conduct, on your character, on your fortunes! Why you would gain so much in every way that, at the end of the four years, your most intimate friends,

if they had not seen you in the interval, would hardly know you—you would hardly know yourself.

It is possible for you to make as much, perhaps more, of your life during the next four years than Mr. Harding will make of his during his stay in the White House.

The great secret of progress is the daily effort to live up to a great ideal—to have an inspiring slogan. I know of no better slogan for an ambitious young man than, "If I were President!"

Will Levington Comfort's New Story



"TOO MUCH DARK CONTINENT"

*Has Been Secured for the FEBRUARY
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THE NEW SUCCESS

It is a story of real adventure—of the lure that Africa's wilderness holds for the red-blooded man who loves adventure. It is a narrative of native superstition and a curious fatality; of a man's grim determination to overcome this superstition, of his supreme sacrifice and triumph.

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Will Levington Comfort

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

The Meanest Man in the World

As Interpreted by George M. Cohan

Review by Selma H. Lowenberg

Photographs by White, New York



Bart Nash with the daily lunch

and Clark, the struggling young lawyer in the play, is really the philosophy of Mr. Cohan; that happiness is the most important thing in life "and the way to get it is to create it—and the only way to keep it is to spread it around."

This great truth comes to Richard Clark after he has been told he is a failure because he allows his heart to rule in matters of business, and not his head. His friends reproach him for his kindly sentimentalism and advise him to bury his heart if he would be a success. He is a collection lawyer and he simply cannot find it in his heart to turn people out of their homes and businesses because of their inability to meet their bills. He hears their stories and his heart is touched, and so he struggles on for five years to gain a foothold, while his less able friends and classmates harden their hearts and forge ahead.

The story opens in Richard Clark's law

THERE is no such thing as a lucky man. There is no such thing as an unlucky man. It's the stuff that man is made of that puts him where he gets." That is the keynote of Mr. George M. Cohan's latest play, "The Meanest Man in the World," which he has personally produced and in which he plays the leading rôle. The philosophy of Rich-

ard Clark, the struggling young lawyer in the play, is really the philosophy of Bart Nash, his assistant, is informed by the telephone company that service will be discontinued until the bill is paid. Only incoming calls may be received. Bart is in love with Kitty Crockett, the stenographer, and together they discuss their employer's defunct business. They are both loyal and devoted to Clark, but Bart nurses a dryly humorous grouch because he has received but two-week's pay in five weeks. Clark is also indebted to Kitty, but she manages nicely with an income from stenographic work for other tenants in the building. She offers now to lend Bart some money. He is touched, but refuses her kindly. Their conversation is interrupted by the entrance of the janitor who announces



GEORGE M. COHAN AS RICHARD CLARK, THE "MEANEST MAN"

"Friendship is the most essential thing in the business world, or in any other walk of life. And you can't make friends by brow-beating and tearing down and destroying everybody and everything you come in contact with."

that the superintendent of the building wishes to see Mr. Clark the moment he comes in; that unless the rent is paid he is to be dispossessed and another tenant is ready to move in. He tells Kitty that Mr. Mason, a tenant, wants her to take some dictation, and Kitty is about to leave when Mr. Clark enters.

CLARK is a good-looking young man with a kindly, diffident manner, and appears to be not the least bit discouraged. He pulls out a roll of bills. "What's gone now?" asks Bart, and Clark points to the spot on his tie, but lately adorned with a stick-pin, for which he has received forty dollars. He gives ten to Kitty and ten to Bart; then, whistling, he walks over to the telephone to make a call, only to discover that his service has been cut off. Bart tells him of the janitor's call and threat of dispossession, but Clark continues cheerfully to whistle, much to Bart's disgust.

For some time Richard and Bart have been economizing by eating their lunch in the office prepared on an alcohol stove. Bart is given ten dollars to go out and buy pork chops, milk, and bread and stop on the way to deliver a note to, a man who has long owed Richard \$250. "Wait for an answer," admonishes Richard, as he hands Bart the note.

"But what if he says there is no answer?"

"That's an answer, isn't it?"

"Well, what if he says he can't pay?"

"There is nothing more to do about it then."

"That's just it," storms Bart. "You're too easy. You let everyone impose on you."

WHEN Bart is gone, Ned Stephens, an old college mate in love with Richard's sister, and a nephew of Frederick Leggitt, millionaire member of the firm of Montgomery & Leggitt occasional clients of Clark's, comes in. He has an appointment to meet Mrs. Clark and Nellie, and take them to luncheon. Ned inquires how Richard is doing, and is enthusiastically assured that business is wonderful. Ned stops him short and calls his bluff. He has been in the superintendent's office and has overheard that Richard is to be dispossessed, paid the rent himself, and now hands his friend the receipted bill.

Richard is chiefly concerned for fear that Ned will tell his sister of his financial straits and that Nellie will tell his mother, to whom he is devoted, and for whom he has been playing his bluff for five years, comforted in the thought of her pride in his supposed success.

All through his struggles he has been inventing stories of his legal work for Schwab, Wanamaker, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and other prominent

dream clients. He tells Ned that his mother must never know of his failure; it would kill her, and he extracts a promise of secrecy. He explains that his father has left his mother and sister well provided for, and that he has used up all his own inheritance trying to keep up appearances. Ned says that luck has been against him, but Clark replies:

"There is no such thing as an unlucky man. There is no such thing as a lucky man. I've thought that all out too. It's the stuff that a man is made of that puts him where he gets. Perseverance and application are all right but it's ability that counts in the end. Nobody ever tried harder than I have. Nobody has ever given it a tougher fight. I've had the spirit, desire, ambition, and everything that goes with a business equipment, but the main essential wasn't there—ability. That's what I lacked, and I suppose that's why I'm a failure."

THEIR conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Clark and Nellie, and while Richard is trying hard to create an atmosphere of the successful law office, Bart bursts in with the paper bags containing the lunch. Clark turns on his surprised assistant and belabors him for coming in, and hastily explains to his mother and sister that Bart is one of his office boys. Nellie asks to use the phone and is unthinkingly allowed to make an attempt to get "central," when Richard stops her just in time and explains that he has a long-distance call in for Chicago.

Frederick Leggitt, Ned's wealthy uncle, now arrives with a mission for Richard. His own assistant, Carlton Childs, a former classmate of Richard's, has been called to Washington, and Leggitt commissions Clark to collect a troublesome bill of \$850, owed to his firm by J. Hudson & Co., of Hudsonville, Pennsylvania. But more important than the \$850, he is to investigate a certain Hiram Leeds, who is reported to the firm of Montgomery & Leggitt as suspiciously eager to buy up their claim of J. Hudson & Co., in order to obtain certain property which may possibly contain oil. Richard suggests that Leggitt send his nephew, Ned, along to study the possibilities of the oil land, but notwithstanding the fact that Ned is a graduate mining engineer his uncle looks upon him as a joke. Richard suggests that he let Ned come along then just to keep him company.

LEGGITT inquires how Richard has succeeded in collecting rent from his tenant, Trowbridge. Richard attempts to explain why he has failed. It is the same old story. His heart has been

touched by the old man's story and he has granted an extension of time. Leggitt is furious, will listen to no explanations, and withdraws his commission on the Hudson account. He cries out that sympathy and sentiment have no place in business and that when Richard comes to his senses and accepts this dictum then—only then—may he come to him for work. "Maybe—I said, *maybe*—I'll give you a job," he shouts in parting.

But Leggitt has told Clark that Carlton Childs is to call with his railroad ticket and expense money to Hudsonville, and Richard realizes that if he can prevent subsequent communication between Leggitt and Childs after the latter's arrival with the ticket and money he may be able

to make good on the J. Hudson & Co., collection and once more restore himself in Leggit's good graces. As Leggitt angrily departs, Bart enters excitedly to announce the arrival of a seemingly prosperous client. Richard quickly sets

the stage in motion to impress the client with his legal importance and "speaks" loudly with John D. Rockefeller over the telephone. The "client," who turns out to be a collector for the telephone company hugely enjoying the joke. Richard borrows back from Bart in order to pay his telephone bill. Kitty returns and he dictates a letter to Trowbridge enclosing his last five-dollar bill to help the old man out.

CARLTON CHILDS arrives. He is a positive inhuman, money-grabbing man. The old friends greet each other warmly. Childs has not seen Leggitt and is under the impression that previous arrangements are to stand. "Well, here you are, he says. It's a matter of eight hundred and fifty dollars against J. Hudson and Company, of Hudsonville, Pennsylvania. It's one of the hardest collections Montgomery and Leggitt ever had."

CLARK: "Is that so? What's so hard about this?"



"J. Hudson"
after she met
the "Meanest
Man"



"Jane Hudson" informs "Mike O'Brien," the old cobbler, that "Richard Clark" is coming to collect the bill or close her business



"J. Hudson"
before she met
the "Meanest
Man"



George M. Cohan as "Richard Clark" (Pointing): "This isn't a tough world. It's a beautiful world, a peach of a world, if you think right and live right, and find out what is the most important thing in life

CHILDS: What are you thinking about now?

CLARK: My railroad fare and hotel money. I'll need about fifty dollars, I guess. Will you let me have it.

CHILDS (*Very coldly and bluntly*): Why should I let you have fifty dollars?

CLARK: I understood Mr. Leggitt to say you'd attend to that part.

CHILDS: Again I ask: *Why* should I let you have fifty dollars?

CLARK: Oh, well; of course, if you don't want to give it to me, all right.

CHILDS: There you go! You're weakening again. *Don't do that. Demand* it as your right. Don't apologize for what's coming to you. Yell your head off till you get it!

CLARK: Give me fifty dollars!

CHILDS: That's the idea. Change your point of view. Learn to be mean. And the meanner you get, wish you were meaner. (Hands him

money.) Did Leggitt speak to you about a man named Hiram Leeds?

CLARK: Yes, he told me to make some inquiries.

CHILDS: Get all the information you can, especially about the reason he has for trying to buy that account against J. Hudson and Company. Leeds is a big man in that part of the country. He's got a lot of money, too. Make his acquaintance. Have a talk with him. Find out what the old geezer is up to, understand?

CLARK: I think so.

CHILDS: Don't say you think so. Say *you know*. Be positive. Be positive about everything. Now, remember, this means a whole lot to you, so, when you go in to collect this bill, don't fall for any hard-luck stories. Breeze right in full of determination. Keep gritting your teeth and be dead cold to everything and

(Continued on page 140)

Will the Next Vice-President of the United States Be a Woman?

Why an Absurdity of 1916 May Be a Reality of 1924

By **ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN**

Author of "How Presidents Are Made"

WHEN Senator Warren G. Harding, President-elect of the United States, in one of his campaign speeches, suggested that a woman in the Cabinet was one of the probabilities of the future he did not make a wild prediction but one that is very likely to be fulfilled during the next presidential term. But the senator might have gone further, for woman suffrage throughout the nation means women in politics with all the rights and privileges of men. In the pre-convention period of the next presidential campaign, women are going to figure very prominently and, in my opinion, one or both of the major political parties, and certainly all of the minor parties, will name a woman for Vice-President.

Do you realize what that means? If the ticket is successful it will mean a woman in the Senate as its presiding officer; a woman attending the Senate's secret sessions; a woman casting the deciding vote when the senators are equally divided on any important matter, and it is only on the most important matters that the Senate is thus divided.

Of course, it is a rapid pace that our newly enfranchised voters are setting, but this is the time of swift movement. Four years seems but a short time between emancipation and the second office in the land with only one life between the woman and the Presidency, but we must recollect that progress in these days goes by leaps and bounds. Furthermore, since the last two amendments to the Constitution, prohibition and woman suffrage, nothing is impossible under the political sun. Four years ago a person who would have predicted that, in 1920, the United States would be bone-dry and women could vote for President in all the States, would have been called a fantastic dreamer. And yet, how quick-

ly the two amendments were adopted. Now that women have come into power—for the ballot is the power in this country—it will not be strange if they should demand equal recognition in politics. A vice-presidential nomination is near equality because it is in direct line to the highest office, with only a human life between the Vice-Presidency and the Presidency.

Mr. Harding May Place a Woman in His Cabinet

IT is very natural to expect that a woman will be in the Cabinet. In all probability a new department will be created for the purpose, although there are women capable of holding present cabinet positions. In this matter of equality, it is absurd to say that women can vote, but are unequal to men in other respects. There was a time when the anti-suffragist, driven to the last ditch in argument, would bring forth the supposed clinching argument that women could not be soldiers, consequently women should not vote; that is, in the last analysis, the voting power had to be backed up by force, and force meant men bearing arms. But even that fallacy has been disrupted in the last four years—a most wonderful period.

There was the Woman's "Battalion of Death" in the World War, not to speak of the various corps and numerous positions they filled with great satisfaction in connection with the Allied Armies. Besides, there are the Girl Scouts. Boy scouts are embryo soldiers and girl scouts may become soldiers in the future. While it is unlikely that a woman will be selected as Secretary of either the State, Treasury, War, Navy, Justice, or Commerce departments, there is no valid reason why a competent and equipped woman should not be at the head of the Post-

office Department, the Agricultural Department, or the Labor Department.

She May Be Secretary of Public Welfare

IN all probability, however, a Department of Welfare will be created for the first woman cabinet-officer. The preamble of the organic law recites that the Constitution was formed for a number of things, among them to "promote the general welfare." Senator Harding suggested such a department and, no doubt, an energetic woman would find sufficient to do in a department of this kind to keep her as busy as the average cabinet member. Quite a number of existing bureaus could be transferred from other departments to a welfare department where they would be more properly administered.

Women will fill many places in the government from this time forward. With the power of one half of the votes they can assert their claims in a convincing manner. It is true that thousands and thousands of women are now employed by the government, but only a few in managerial and high-salaried positions. That is going to be changed and with a great deal of rapidity. There are a great many places to be filled when the new administration comes into possession of the government, and there are women who feel competent to fill all of them. At least, they cannot be put aside with the statement, "It's no place for a woman." Because any official place, now that women can vote, is not an unfit place for a woman. The women will have another strong argument for demanding federal positions.

Not Practical for These Offices

IN the nature of things it is not practical for women to be Army or Navy officers. These officers have to undergo a long period of training and it will take some time to send girls through West Point and Annapolis and graduate them as lieutenants and ensigns for the future service. Of course, it is only a question of time when both these military training academies will become co-educational, and women, in time, will have commands in the fighting forces of the country. But that will take years, for officers have to be educated for military duty. At the same time, women can point to the thousands of men holding Army and Navy positions and say that the only way the matter can be equalized is by giving women a large share of the nonmilitary places.

What Women Can Do in 1924

IN both of the national conventions of the major parties in 1924, women will receive votes for the presidential nomination. That is inevitable when women can vote and take part

in the preliminary contests in all the States. And as to the Vice-Presidency, the women will be able to name a candidate if they exert their power. It is a simple matter. In the first place, it rarely happens that any canvass is made for the Vice-Presidential nomination. It is generally left for determination after the head of the ticket has been named, and if the nominee for President is from the West, an eastern man is named for second place and vice versa. It is true that men do announce themselves as candidates for Vice-President and seek delegates in the primaries, but I never heard of any one of them being nominated.

But how would it be were a woman, a popular woman with women voters, to announce herself as a candidate for Vice-President and seek the nomination in the primaries? She could have her name placed on the ballots by petition and the women could vote for her. In that way, it would not be at all difficult for a woman to go into the convention with a majority of the delegates instructed for her. In one convention, a majority nominates; in the other, it takes two-thirds. But any candidate, man or woman, who goes to a convention with a majority of the delegates, is almost sure to be nominated. In showing how simple it is to get instructions in primaries for Vice-President, I recall instances where—the whole interest centering on first place—unknown men have had their names placed upon the ballot for Vice-President and secured delegations by nominal default. It is because this opportunity is open for women that some woman will embrace it and perhaps successfully.

What Was Foolish in 1916 Will Be Popular 1924

NO complaint can be made if there is a canvass by women for the Vice-Presidency. It is the second place in the government. Five Vice-Presidents have been promoted to the higher office after the death of the incumbents. It has always been asserted that as much care should be exercised in choosing a person for second place as for first, because of the contingency that only one life stands in the way of succession. If it is proper for vigorous campaigns to be made for the highest office, why not for the second place?

I know it has been considered absurd for a man to go out and seek a Vice-Presidential nomination, but times have changed. The Nineteenth Amendment has made a mighty change in the politics of the nation. What was absurd in 1916 and 1920, will be the fashion in 1924. Besides, what person who has any hope of future political preferment will say that a woman is making her-

self ridiculous? What women do will not be considered ridiculous and ridicule will not stop them.

Women were said to be ridiculous when they picketed the White House, but they forced the President to change his mind and got what they wanted. They were called unscrupulous because they card indexed all the Senators and Representatives, but they forced their bitter opponents to vote for their amendment and won. It is not going to do any good to call women either ridiculous or unscrupulous in politics. They know what it means in the long fight they have made for the ballot. And so, no woman will be deterred from seeking the Vice-Presidential nomination on any such frivolous grounds.

Here is the point: If a popular woman goes

out for the Vice-Presidential nomination in either or both parties, she is going to land it. Of course, if there are many women candidates—if a dozen States have favorite daughters, that would complicate matters somewhat, but it will not alter the fact that there has been a general demand for a woman for Vice-President. And in these times, when women vote in every State, delegates to national conventions will hesitate a long time before they reject a demand that has been clearly voiced by the people, even if expressed in primary elections. For that reason we may very well look forward to the prospect of seeing a woman's name on the ticket nominated by one or both of the major political parties in the next Presidential election.

BIRTHRIGHT

By Richard B. Bennett

IN the dim gray hour of pregnant morn;
In a cot and a palace, babes were born,
And I saw the Fates as they came to bring
To each his birthright offering.

FOR one were wealth and lineage spread,
And aloed silks hung around his bed.
"How blest!" I heard his nurses croon;
They said, "He is born with a golden spoon."

THE other came to a cabin bare,
Dearth and poverty harbored there,
And only a toiler's hollowed maul,
With ax and wedge, lay against the wall.

BUT had I choice of a weapon strong
To hew life's way through the battle throng—
God wot, I'd rather the pauper's boon
Of maul and ax, than a golden spoon.

Why Good Clothes Are an Asset in Business

Old Jeremiah Harrington, of The Harrington Industrial Corporation, Says Some Pointed Things on this Important Subject

By FRANK WINSLOW

THIS is the fourth article in the Jeremiah Harrington series on business efficiency. It is well to keep in touch with the entire series, for old Jeremiah Harrington is one of those plain, blunt, philosophical American business men, with a very keen sense of humor, who won his way to the top by his own efforts. He knows how to say pertinent things in terse, right-to-the-point sentences. He is a business philosopher and analyst—and if your business is in need of tuning up, don't miss these articles. The next article will appear in an early number.—THE EDITORS.

OLD Jeremiah Harrington sat in the luxurious, mahogany-finished office of the Harrington Industrial Corporation, in New York, and stared out across the great seething city that lay far below the window of the gigantic skyscraper. His secretary entered and announced that Rufus Barton was outside.

"Send him in," snapped Harrington, and smiled as he recalled the father of his visitor. Rufus Barton, senior, had been a schoolmate of Harrington's, and when he had recently learned of his old chum's death, he made some characteristic inquiries regarding the status of his family. It was none too rosy; so Harrington, desiring to be helpful, dispatched a letter suggesting that young Rufus come to New York in order that Harrington might start him out on the road to a lucrative career.

The basis of his action was loyalty to his life-long friend; but, kindly and charitable as he was, Harrington's chief delight in life was to make men—to mold, develop, and not only get the most out of them, but show them the way to get the most out of themselves.

Now, as a shy, timid young man stepped half fearfully into the room, Harrington's brow clouded. The frown seemed to terrify the visitor who stood there, speechless, twirling a

battered felt hat in his nervous hands. Harrington said never a word but looked the young man up and down with a keenly analytical eye. The verdict was evidently adverse to young Rufus, who seemed to sense the fact, which only added to his discomfiture.

"Sit down, son," said Harrington not unkindly, and the boy did so with something of a sense of relief.

"Where on earth did you get those clothes?" he asked in a tone of censure.

THE youth flushed. "I bought them specially to come to New York," he confessed.

"Well, the tailor who made them, ought to be drawn and quartered!" said Harrington. "And you ought to be horsewhipped for wearing them. They remind me of those advertisements that offer a fine stylish suit with a pound of tea. It's a good thing you came here at my invitation or you never would have passed the office boy. That boy can tell just what a man is, and whether or not I want to see him just by looking at his clothes."

"Father always said that clothes don't make the man," protested young Rufus.

"He was right," said Harrington. "They don't—but they do make a big impression and

DO not go through life doing little things painfully, when you were made to do great things grandly, happily.

nine times out of ten, they reflect a man's character to a T. Clothes are the most expressive thing about a man—or a woman. You can tell as much from a man's dress as you can from his features—sometimes more. Son, before we go any further, let me tell you that no man can afford to neglect giving thought to his clothes.

"The world is apt to take folks at their face value, and, by face value, I don't mean the lines of their faces. The world looks at your suit, your shoes, your hat, and your necktie, and decides what type of person you are. It will set you down for a clergyman or a plain-clothes man, a banker or a crook, just because of the cut of your clothes. Don't forget it. Every young man should study himself, decide what sort of a rôle he is going to play in life and then dress the part.

"Judging from the outfit you have on, I'm not sure just what part you've cut out for yourself, but that raiment would shame a three-turn-a-day vaudeville comedian."

"I rather liked it," confessed Rufus, in disappointment.

"I'm sorry," Harrington said with an amused chuckle. "I thought better of you than that."

"Clothes never interested me," the boy went on in stout protest. "I never cared to dress up; but I thought I'd have to if I came to New York, so I bought this outfit."

"Well," mused Harrington, "no one has assassinated you yet, and, evidently, the policemen were busy with the traffic, otherwise they'd probably have taken you in charge. But, seriously, it's mighty important for a young man to give thought to his dress. We're told not to paint the lily, but it's wise to consider it. The Bible says that 'Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these'—and," he added with a chuckle, "was he arrayed like you!"

YOUNG Rufus flushed and showed just a trace of anger at Harrington's quip, but he held his peace and his father's friend continued:

"The lily's usefulness ceases after a due amount of consideration, however. As we are told, the lily 'toils not, neither does it spin,' and from those standpoints, it sets a bad example to young men. But the lily accomplishes its mission in the world without the need of doing these things. The lily's job is to inspire folks with its beauty, to suggest to us all that we can make our lives beautiful, that we can cheer the sick and make the world brighter and happier for those about us. But, to do so, we mortals must toil and spin.

"So you see, son, while we can take a hint from the lily and make ourselves presentable and attractive, we must remember that we were not

put on earth for the sole purpose of delighting other folks eyes and making ourselves beautiful."

"I'm no shirker when it comes to work, but I don't think I'll ever be strong for dolling myself up like a dude," protested Rufus.

"Naturally not," snapped Harrington rising. "Do I look like a dude?" He stood there, a magnificent figure of a middle-aged man, his strong, manly frame perfectly tailored in a freshly pressed suit that reflected adequately the good taste and the standing of its wearer. From the tips of his polished shoes to his carefully tied cravat, Jeremiah Harrington looked what he was—a successful captain of industry.

"Of course not, sir," apologized Rufus, a little timidly.

AND nobody needs to look like a dude," Harrington went on. "In the first place, clothes were invented to keep men comfortable. But gradually, as there came to be more and more people in the world, certain distinctions in dress were made—not because of individual fancy—but in order that folk of a certain type might be identified by their dress. It's the same to-day. You can tell a soldier or a sailor by his uniform, and if you know enough about the markings on them you can tell what branch of the service each man is in, as well as his rank. It's the same in civil life and in business. If you are observing, you can tell by a business man's dress just what his standing is and what measure of man he may be."

"I think I understand," Rufus replied. "I'll get some more suitable clothes at once."

"Don't be in a hurry," Harrington advised. "Let's see what sort of a uniform you're going to need. A man doesn't wear a cutaway coat and a standing collar if he's going to shovel coal, and he doesn't wear overalls to church. The first thing to do is to decide what sort of a job you're going to fill. Then get yourself rigged out so that people will look at you with respect and decide at the first sight of you that you must be a pretty good man in your job."

"I'd never thought of my togs in that light before," said Rufus.

"Well, begin thinking that way now," advised Harrington. "I once knew a young fellow who was a clerk in a downtown retail furnishing store. He got so sick of selling things to wear that he never thought of his own appearance at all. He wore his suits until they were shiny and out of press, and his ties were as frayed and ragged as his cuffs. But he was a genuine mogul for work and faithful as a Saint Bernard. His employer thought well of him, but not well enough to give him a raise more frequently than was necessary

in order to keep the fellow from starving to death.

"Well, gradually, this young chap, whom I'll call Smith, although that is not his name, got so valuable that he practically ran his employer's business and soon the profits began to pile up. But no one ever took Smith seriously. He was just a poor down-at-the-heel clerk and always would be one, folks said as they observed him in the store.

"But in time, the boss decided to move up-town and take a shop on the avenue. He was after a smarter class of trade, and, to lure them into his new shop, he had it fitted out more like the anteroom of a fashionable club than a furnishing store. To match the trimmings, the boss togged himself out in clothes as fine as those of his customers. Well, naturally, Smith didn't belong in that picture. The customers didn't seem to notice him and no one wanted him to wait on them. It seemed obvious that a man so negligent of his own appearance would be of little use in helping them select their wardrobes.

"The boss got onto the fact and got mad. 'Smith,' he said one night, 'I think you've been here too long. You don't mix well with our new trade. You're fired.'

PERHAPS it was brutal and, perhaps, it was good business; but, in any event, Smith was fired, and as he was leaving the store he realized the reason why. Then came a complete change. Getting fired was the best thing that ever happened to Smith. He took a tumble to himself and, two days later, he gave his old suit to the janitor and threw his shirts and ties into the wastebasket. He had a hunch from the lily. With the money he had saved by skimping and scraping, he purchased a wardrobe a millionaire would have envied. He was barbecued, manicured and turned out as well-groomed as a Chesterfield. Then he proceeded to look for a job.

"Men who passed him on the street began to nod pleasantly. 'I guess Smith is doing pretty well these days,' they'd remark. 'He looks quite prosperous.' And, one day, not long after, he encountered his job. It came when he met Sam Dalton and learned that he was just opening a new furnishing shop not far from that of Smith's old boss.

"Wish I were as fortunate as your employer," said Dalton.

"Why?" asked Smith.

"Because he has you and your long intimate knowledge of the business. Evidently, you have made money as the business grew," Dalton went on, appraising Smith's attire with critical approval.

"Smith was a trifle embarrassed, but he merely

answered 'I've severed my connection with the old firm. I'm living a life of leisure now.'

"It was true, but it suggested a situation different from the actual one, and Smith knew it. But, it may have been a justifiable deception. In any event, over the luncheon table at a nearby club, Smith entered the employ of Dalton at a salary he had dreamed of but never hoped to earn.

THE moral of that story is—clothes. Some people overdo clothes, and some underdo them—but clothes, rightly used, are as important to a man as brains. Only idiots dress a part they can't play, and the world soon learns that they haven't the brains and ability to back up their attire. The world seldom looks for a successful man in a shabby suit. Only geniuses and multi-millionaires can afford to neglect their appearances, and it's mighty seldom that those who can afford to look shabby do so."

"I've been wondering what part I want to play in the business world," Rufus mused as Harrington ceased speaking. "I've been reading so much in the papers lately about the unsettled conditions and the misunderstandings between capital and labor that I haven't been able to come to any conclusion as to which field I want to enter."

"Forget about capital and labor and give a thought to work!" Harrington exclaimed. "If all the howlers about unrest would work so hard that they'd need a rest, the world would be better off. There's altogether too much talking and too little doing."

"A successful business man doesn't necessarily have to be a crook, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred he isn't one. The great trouble with this age is that everybody questions everything. We are all asking ourselves whether this or that isn't wrong, instead of working to find out what is right."

THREE was a day when everyone was questioning religion and asking the world which was the best form to adhere to. With the day of criticism over, religion is stronger and freer from doubt. The world has found out that it isn't how religion is conducted that matters, so long as we have it and are earnest about it. And it's the same way with work. Never mind squabbling about how we shall work, how hard and how long. Let's work—then things will adjust themselves.

"The business development of this country and the growth of our great industries has been so marvelous that there are bound to be adjustments as time goes on. But those adjust-

ments must work themselves out through practice, and doubting and criticizing isn't going to solve the problem. Naturally, some big corporations have been to blame for present conditions. No one is perfect. Some firms and some men have seemed to prosper out of proportion to their worth, while others have appeared to toil beyond the limit of their strength to earn less than a decent living.

"But as a result of criticizing these conditions, public opinion has jumped at conclusions. People seem convinced that men engaged in great affairs are all selfish and greedy and conscienceless—that they are not to be trusted. Other folks think that the whole business system is not moral and cannot be condemned too strongly.

"Then you'll find the group that deceives themselves by trying to believe that work is a curse to mankind, that working hours should be as short as possible, or, if possible, some scheme

should be worked out by which labor could be abolished. These folks want to get rich at once—to get something for nothing—they believe that the world owes them a living. But they forget that the world is notoriously remiss in paying debts of that nature!"

"What would you suggest my doing?" Rufus asked him.

"Find yourself," said Harrington. "Go out to the Sellersville plant and tell the foreman I sent you. There's more work around there than an army will have time to do in twenty years. Pitch into it—make your own job—and *work*. Stick on the job and you'll find it'll grow. All good healthy jobs are hand raised. Don't spend your time in front of the looking-glass admiring the new suit you're going to buy, but don't forget to buy one and get a suit that will make folks think you're about the best, cleanest-cut individual who ever held the job you're on!"

What Do You Think of THE NEW SUCCESS?

*We want You to Answer Fully and Freely the Questions We Ask,
and Give Us any Other Criticism, Favorable or Otherwise,
that Seems to You Just and Fair.*

THE editors of "The New Success" desire to take its readers into consultation.

We want criticism on what we are doing, suggestions of ways by which improvements can be made, and new ideas of all kinds which will tend to make "The New Success" more nearly fulfill its mission. So far, our friends have been good enough to send us only words of praise and commendation. These have been pleasant to hear, and we appreciate the kindly spirit which has prompted them; but what we want more than anything else is honest criticism even to the verge of faultfinding. Self-satisfaction is a dangerous vice, of which we have never been guilty. We want to grow,—and in the direction which will best satisfy our readers.

We ask you, therefore, kind friend, whether old or young, to give a small part of your valuable time to the task of writing us a letter,—a thoughtful, suggestive letter, which it will do us good to receive, and which will make you feel that you have performed a pleasant duty in helping us and your fellow readers of "The New Success" with your best judgment as to how our magazine can be improved. Write us fully, freely, and in absolute candor, knowing that we shall take no offense at anything which may be said. We will welcome all suggestions.

Here are a few of the many questions which we would like to have answered:—

- 1—Why do you read "The New Success?"
- 2—How did you become interested in "The New Success?"

3—What class of articles please you the most? What articles, for example, in recent numbers have

you read with the greatest interest and profit to yourself?

3—What articles do not interest you—and why? What articles, in your mind could best be eliminated from the magazine.

4—Do you think that we print too many inspirational articles?

5—Do the life-stories of successful people interest you? Do you like our stories of efficiency and help? Are they inspiring and do you want such articles continued?

6—What articles or features do you positively dislike and think should not appear in "The New Success?"

7—What class of articles do you fail to find in "The New Success" which, you think, should be there?

8—What new departments would be of use to you?

9—Do you like fiction? Do you like the fiction stories we have published? Which stories have you liked; which have you disliked?

10—What criticism have you to make of "The New Success" cover designs? Specify the cover designs that have pleased you the most?

Any criticism regarding the magazine not suggested by the foregoing questions, that you care to make, will be cheerfully accepted. We want your honest, straight-from-the-shoulder criticism. We are not thin-skinned. We will welcome the brickbats with the bouquets.

Address: Suggestion Editor, "The New Success"
1133 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.



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Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, the eminent financier, and his family. Reading from the left: Miss Virginia Vanderlip, Kelvin Vanderlip, Mr. Vanderlip, Mrs. Vanderlip, Miss Charlotte Vanderlip

The Best Rules for Success

By FRANK A. VANDERLIP

ALMOST as many rules are suggested for success in business as there are people willing to suggest them. However, it is readily apparent to any one who gives careful thought to the matter, that no formula, no combination of rules will in itself insure success. It is impossible to place before any one, who wishes to succeed, a set of regulations and say:

If you follow these you will succeed in business. Rules are necessary and are a great aid in attaining success; but after all, the only value rules have is that they serve to direct and give expression to one's natural ability.

There are unquestionably many habits that a man must cultivate in order to begin to achieve success. These habits not only help in achiev-

ing success, the lack of them is a serious stumbling block in a man's path. Three of these habits seem to me to be of great importance, and the rules on which they are founded are very easy to adopt and carry out.

KEEP in good physical condition. Much of one's success depends upon his energy and his energy is dependent to a great extent on his physical condition. If he is blessed with good physique, he has a great advantage, but he is not necessarily at a great disadvantage if he is not strong physically. Theodore Roosevelt, as a boy, was a weakling, but he became a man of powerful physique. So, if a young man has a strong physique, he must keep it strong. If he is not fortunate enough to have a strong body he must begin to build it up.

HE must have care for his personal appearance. This may seem superficial, but it must be remembered that when a boy seeks employment, practically all that the prospective employer has to judge by is his personal appearance. You may have the finest of mental and moral qualities, but these qualities may be nullified, in the mind of another who does not know you, simply because you present a slouchy appearance. If you had started in business and your employer realized your real worth, that is no reason why you should neglect your personal appearance. The first impression you make is a lasting one.

BE thrifty. It is not a mere act of putting away money for future use which makes the habit of thrift so valuable; it is the other characteristics which this habit involves. A man who thinks far enough ahead to set aside a small part of his weekly pay as insurance against the uncertainty of the future, is at the same time cultivating in his own mind powers of self-control, foresight, orderly thinking and business acumen. These qualities furnish a direct road to business success.

These three rules alone will not lead to success in business, but they are strong helps, and, in

these days of keen competition for every worth while position in the business world, no helpful hints should be regarded lightly. The man who does not care need not pay attention to them, but the man who does care ought to follow them.

How F. A. Vanderlip Personifies Initiative

By FRANK WINSLOW

MOST people think of Frank Arthur Vanderlip as a power in finance. This assumption is natural—since that is exactly what he is. But he is more. He personifies initiative. Few people realize that Vanderlip started at a salary which a modern office boy would scorn, that he has risen to a position which is allotted to very few men. His early life is interesting and his progress is inspiring.

Fifty-six years ago, he first saw the light in Aurora, Illinois. His father was a blacksmith, who, by dint of striving, made himself the foreman of a wagon factory. In 1878, he died, leaving young Frank Vanderlip, then aged fourteen, as the eldest of the supporting family.

The present financial wizard worked on the farm and attended a district school between his labors where he acquired the foundation of his future financial ability.

His first job paid him \$12 for a whole summer's work. Look over his attainments. Frank A. Vanderlip has been successively assistant secretary of the Treasury, vice-president of the National City Bank, of New York, and, later, its president—was one of those far-sighted men who devised the Federal Reserve System and was a prime mover in the successful conduct of the Liberty Loans.

Mr. Vanderlip is a typical example of what may be done in America to-day—if the will to do is behind the ambition to succeed and if the brain is capable of inhaling and absorbing the lessons which are learned from hard work.

DO not dwell on your disappointments, your unfortunate surroundings or harbor black pictures in your mind. Do not dwell upon what you call your peculiarities. Hold to the belief that the Creator made you in His own image, a perfectly normal, healthy, happy and sensible human being, and that any other condition is the result of your abnormal thinking.

Third Installment of the Gripping Serial of Achievement, Adventure and Detective Skill

How Jim Downes Paid Up

By GEORGE WILLIAM BAKER

Illustrated by Charles F. Jaeger

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

MRS. ETHAN DOWNES who has spent the years of her long married life on her New England farm where her two children, Jim and Mary, now grown, were born, and where her husband died two years before, is told by Miles Humphreys that he holds a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage on the old homestead. He agrees to give her eighteen months in which to meet it. Realizing the impossibility of securing such an amount from the farm itself, Jim Downes decides to accept an offer from his

friend, Ronald MacGregor, a corporal in the Northwest Mounted Police, to join him in Canada and journey to the new gold country north of the Fraser River district. Jim leaves his sister, Mary, to care for their mother, and departs on his quest, intending to mine sufficient gold to satisfy Humphreys's demands. Meanwhile, Humphreys, who is unscrupulous, secures the assistance of Caleb Waters to gain the affection of Mary Downes and to persuade her to sell the farm.

CHAPTER XVII

WHEN Jim Downes departed from Tony Lajoie's, late that night, and aroused the slumbering Tonetah, snoring in the depths of the blankets that filled the dog sled, Corporal MacGregor had disappeared. But Tonetah had not forgotten the officer's remark about hoping that he would not have to arrest Jimmy. Tonetah again made sure his knife was ready for use, and smiled to himself as he thought of the difficulty the big policeman would encounter in carrying out that task.

"Are you going back with me?" Jimmy asked the Indian, but the guide shook his head. "Tonetah stay here for night; come out early in morning," he replied, and as Jimmy cracked the whip over the restive dogs, and the sled shot out into the frosty air of the bitter night, Tonetah made his way into the heavy air of the saloon.

Apparently preoccupied, he made his way to a vacant chair close to the elbow of Caleb Waters and threw himself into it, calling to the waiter to bring him a hot drink. Waters and Thurston paid no attention to the Indian, and both men, now considerably the worse for liquor, were talking together in tones none too low.

"How did you manage it?" Waters was asking his companion, and the apparently dozing Indian pricked up his ears.

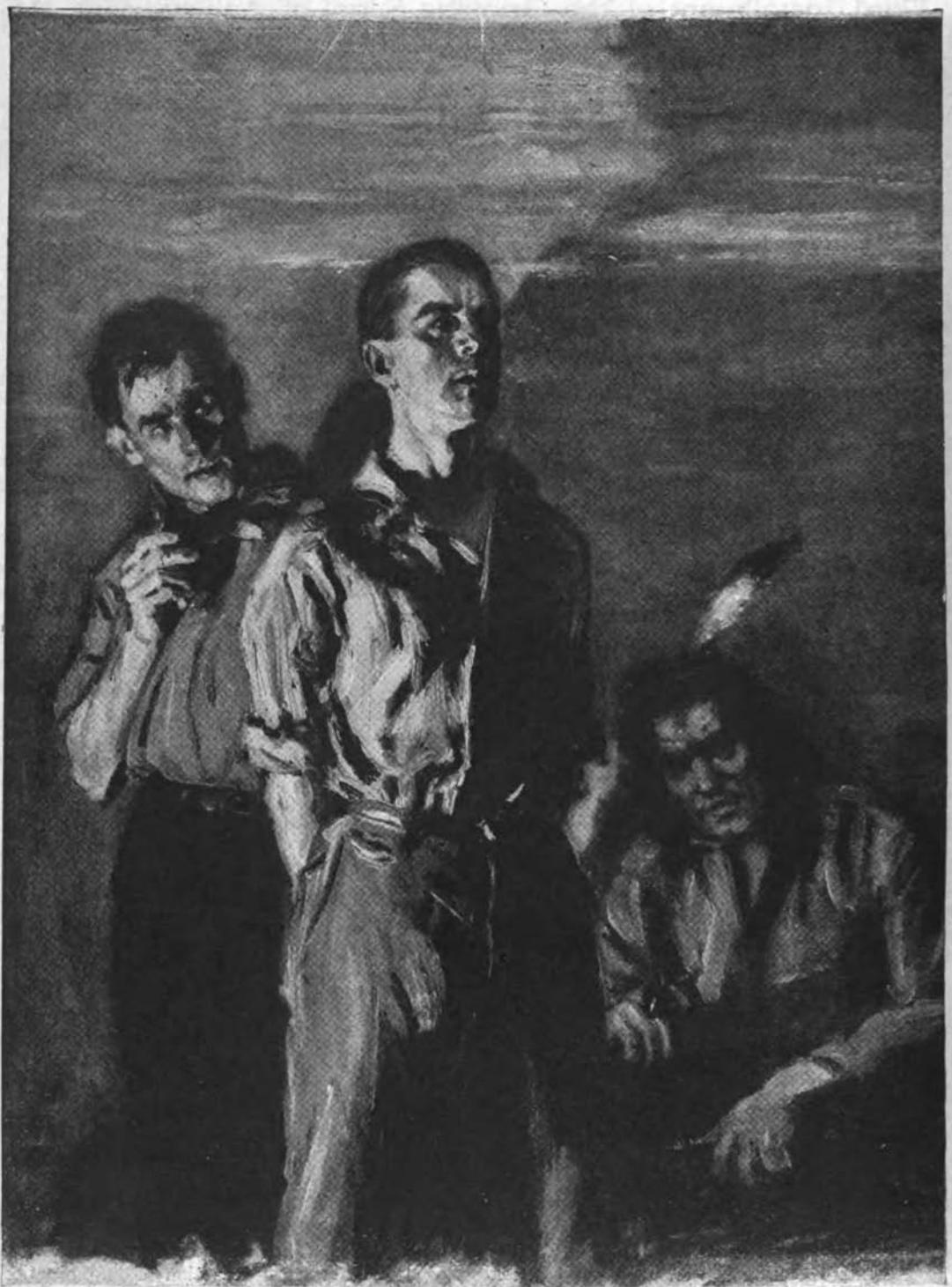
"There was a rip in the lining of his mackinaw," Thurston explained. "When he was not looking, I slipped in the package of bonds and he went away with them and is now none the wiser."

Waters laughed. "Well, you couldn't have them in a safer hiding-place. The chances are he'll never suspect they're there. Then, in good time, we can run out there, get the bonds back and travel on our way. We may also be able to turn a few honest dollars by helping him work the claim."

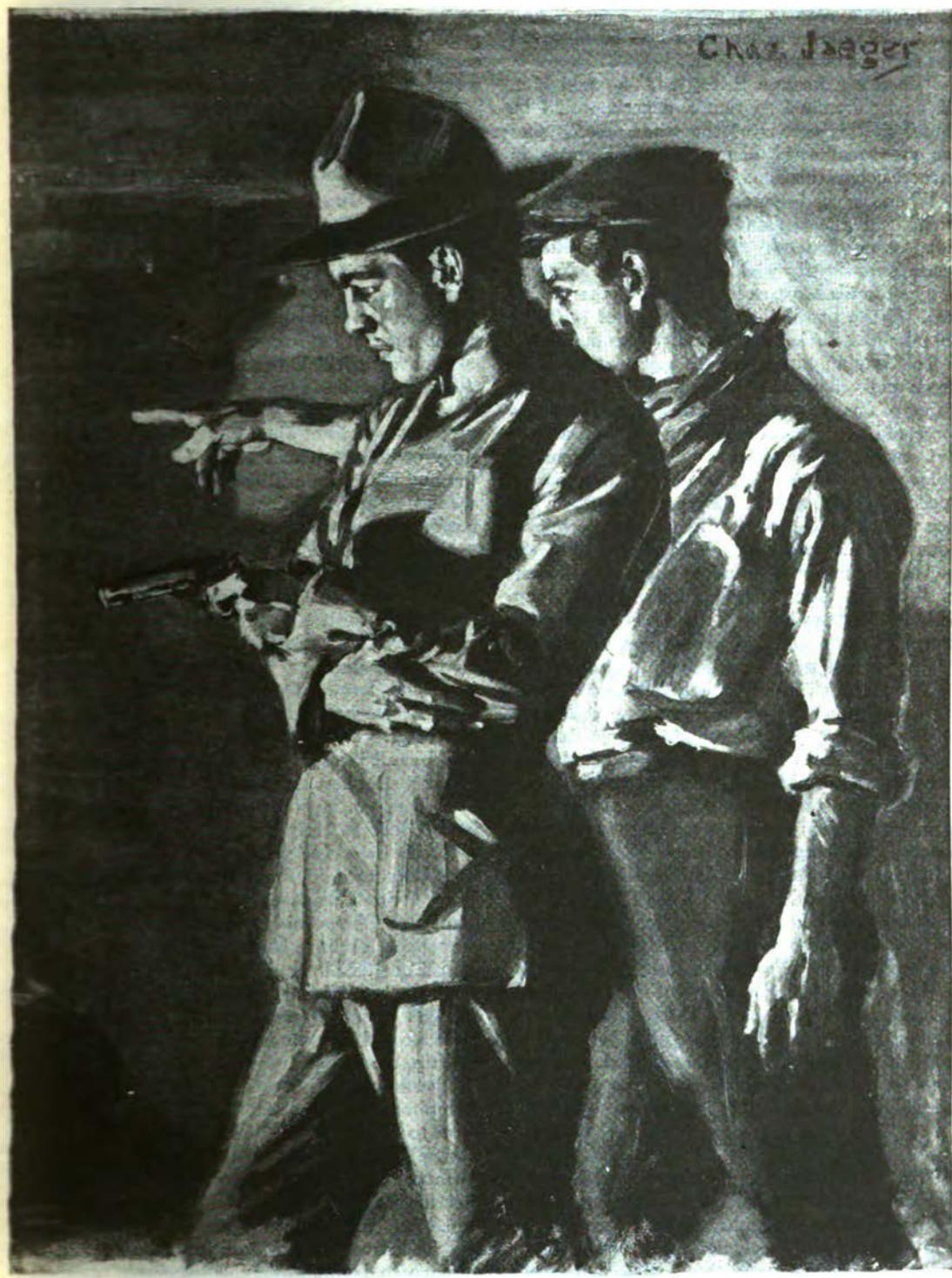
"I hadn't thought of that," Thurston mused, "but it might not be a bad idea at that. If we were both seen working for Downes, it would give us a reason for being in these parts. You would be able to keep an eye on him as you came up to do, and the police would not think of questioning my being here. If they do—well—our friend, Downes, will be in possession of the bonds and I sha'n't know anything about them."

So it happened that, when spring came, Waters and Thurston were working side by side with Downes and Tonetah—working the newly found vein. Overhead there were flocks of wild geese, flying in their V-shaped formation, and robins, swallows, and black-headed chickadees were fast returning after their winter stay in warmer climes. The last remaining patches of snow were disappearing, and the ice in the river was slowly melting under the warming sun of softer weather.

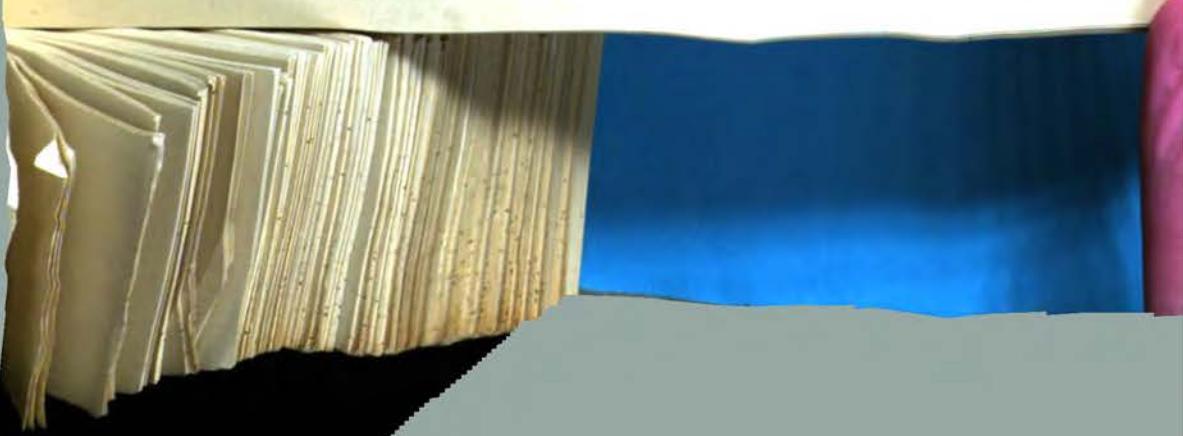
Jim Downes worked with a song in his heart, a happiness that echoed in his letters to the folks back in West Rockland. For now there was no need for the gentle deception he had practiced throughout the winter, rather than discourage his mother and sister. Old Simon Duroc, the dean of the northwest prospectors, had come out



Thurston did so with a bored air which plainly showed that he felt the officer was wasting time; but he gladly submitted because the absence of the bonds among his effects would substantiate his charge in a measure.



"That'll do!" he cautioned. "You are making accusations you may have to prove in court. I don't know much about you two; but I know Jim Downes, and I'm going to see that he gets a square deal."



at Jimmy's request to inspect his find. And even the veteran miner gasped as he observed the richness of Jimmy's vein.

"There's a fortune there, lad," he told him. "I never dreamed so rich a deposit would be found in this corner of the wilderness." And his great calloused hand clasped Jimmy's in earnest congratulation.

When he had gone, Waters and Thurston exchanged glances, and their expressions were not lost on Tonetah. But the Indian held his peace and silently wielded his pickax. Yet he laughed in his heart as he thought of the amazement of the two if they had known of the little *coup* he had carried out several weeks before.

To Tonetah bonds were a mystery, and the green-and-yellow certificates he had found in the lining of Jimmy's coat were meaningless to him. He could not read the lettering on them and he did not think the pictures particularly remarkable; yet he knew that, somehow, these papers spelled danger to his employer. At first, he had been tempted to destroy them; but the knowledge that they were valuable deterred him. So he had stuffed some old newspapers into the rent in the coat lining and carefully sewed it up. Then, taking the bonds, he had secreted them in a crevice in the bark of an old beech tree.

Jimmy had never suspected the presence of the bonds, and, after Tonetah's action, Thurston, wishing to make sure they were still there, felt Jimmy's coat one day. He noticed that the tear in the lining had been mended and, also realized with satisfaction the presence inside of a crackly substance. Smilingly he told Waters how the tear had apparently been mended without any discovery being made.

Jimmy began to think more and more of the calendar as the days went by. The time was drawing near when he would feel safer if the money to pay the mortgage were on deposit in the local bank in West Rockland. He began to plan his return—the journey that meant so much to himself, his mother, and sister. For days he thought it over, and, finally, went to Waters and asked him of his plans. "Do you want to go back with me, or will you stay here and work the claim?" he inquired.

CHAPTER XVIII

IT was the first inkling Waters had of Jimmy's intended journey, and it took him unawares. He had written Humphreys the week before, telling him of the success of the Downes claim, and was even then awaiting instructions from his employer. "I—I think I'll stay here," Waters said after a slight hesitation. "We three can keep on working while you are away."

"I'm glad you feel that way, Caleb," Jim said genuinely. "I like this chap, Thurston; but, somehow, I'll feel better if you remain. I wouldn't exactly care to leave him here alone."

"That's a nice way to feel about your prospective brother-in-law!" Caleb laughed, without stopping to think. But, a moment later, he could have bitten off his tongue for that remark.

Instantly, Jim Downes was alert. "What do you mean—my prospective brother-in-law?" he demanded of Caleb.

"I—I thought you knew," Waters said lamely, flushing to the roots of his hair. "I supposed Thurston had told you, or that Mary had written about him."

"Out with it!" Downes said firmly, catching the man by the arm. "Tell me all that you know—and be quick about it!"

A little afraid of Jimmy, Waters told him the story of Thurston and Mary—told how Thurston had made the mistake which now made him a fugitive from justice—but he shrewdly said nothing about the presence of the bonds.

Jim Downes sat on the edge of a boulder and thought for a while in silence.

Caleb watched him anxiously and, at length, said, "You can't turn him over to the authorities—for Mary's sake. "You wouldn't do that, would you, Jim?"

"I don't know," Downes said. "If the man is a thief, Mary wouldn't have him, and she'd be better off without him, anyway. Still, as you say, I can't bring myself to inform on him—but he can't stay here any longer."

"Where can he go then?" asked Waters craftily. "He hasn't any money."

"He'll have his wages for what he's done here," Jimmy said, "and I shall be liberal with him. I don't want to talk to him. You tell him what I have said; and when I return from the village, I'll have his money for him."

Half an hour later, Downes started off in the direction of Paquinnaus, and hardly was he out of sight when Waters, alone in the absence of Tonetah and Thurston who were off on a hunting trip, made a dash for the railway station by another route. Using the code name he and Humphreys had devised, Waters sent this telegram to the landlord: "Charles planning to return. Has plenty of funds. Wire instructions."

He then hastened back to the camp, gratified that he had not encountered Jimmy in the village. But he might not have been so happy had he known that in addition to sending the message to Humphreys, the telegraph operator also sent it to the headquarters of the Northwest Mounted Police, supplementing the message with a report of his own which, shortly

thereafter, found its way into the hands of Corporal MacGregor.

Tonetah and Thurston were at the camp when Waters returned. At the first opportunity, Waters told Thurston all that had occurred. Tonetah was resting quietly in the shade of the cabin, squatted on his haunches and smoking his pipe. The two other men went inside and held a hasty consultation.

"Your best plan is to go as he wishes you to," Waters advised. "I don't know what old Humphreys will wire me; but after Jim has gone, we can do as we see fit. This stupid guide hasn't any suspicions, and, if he has—well, we can get rid of him easily enough. With Jim out of the way, we can dig a small fortune in a few weeks, cash in the dirt down at Beaujeau and then make tracks for other parts."

"But we'd better get those bonds before we go," said Thurston. Acting on his thought, he walked to the rude closet where Jimmy kept his things, and, opening the door, searched for Downes's heavy mackinaw. Rudely he ripped open the lining. A cry of amazed anger escaped him as he drew out the bundle of folded newspapers.

Waters stared at him unbelievingly. An oath from Thurston indicated the other's rage. "The crafty crook!" Thurston exclaimed. "He wants to turn me out because I'm a thief, and all the while he's made off with my bonds! Nice virtue, that! No wonder he wants to get rid of me!"

CHAPTER XIX

BUT Waters was smiling despite the dark look on his companion's countenance. "Don't get so excited," he said. "The bonds only amounted to twenty thousand dollars. Let him have them. We can get much more than that out of the claim, and I can make a hit with Humphreys by having the sheriff from Paquinnaus arrest Jim Downes."

Thurston stared at him in wonder. "What do you mean?" he demanded suspiciously. "How can you have him arrested?"

"By announcing that *he* has the bonds which you stole. He hadn't left New England at the time you took them. Naturally, you know where they came from and what they were. We'll prefer charges against him and say that you came up here purposely to locate him. Then, when he's safely in jail—" Waters paused and, kissing his hand into the air, made a mock bow of triumph to the surprised Thurston.

Thurston laughed. "It's rather a daring game," he said cautiously, "but worth trying. Of course, I can't substantiate the charge, and

Downes can undoubtedly prove an alibi that he was nowhere near the place where the bonds originally were and that he couldn't have stolen them—"

"Not originally," laughed Waters; "but if he is found to have them in his possession, it will be hard for him to explain just why such is the case."

"That's true," Thurston agreed, "but it will mean 'good night' to me from Mary Downes if she ever learns the truth!"

"Then you are keen on marrying Mary?" Waters asked him.

"Yes," admitted Thurston. "She's the only decent element that's ever come into my life despite the fact that my family were rich and influential. I've been a natural-born black sheep and I thought—when it was too late—that she might prove the incentive to change me. However, I guess I'm in the thing too deep now, to back down. I'll stay here and you go on down to the village and announce that Downes—"

He stopped abruptly as the door opened, and Tonetah walked leisurely into the room. The Indian gave a grunt as he observed them. He proceeded to prepare the evening meal. With consummate skill he started a rabbit stew, and the two men, taking advantage of the guide's preoccupation, slipped outside the cabin.

"Downes will be back shortly," Thurston said when they were alone. "Hurry up, for he will undoubtedly pack up his nuggets, to-night, and be starting in the morning."

"On thinking it over," Waters said, "I don't quite see how I can file the charges against Downes. I never owned any bonds—there is no reason why I should be in possession of them. Hadn't you better go to the sheriff?"

Thurston thought for a moment. "Perhaps you're right," he decided finally. "I'm putting myself in danger, but I can undoubtedly make a better case against him than you can, so I'll go."

"Stop at the telegraph office and find out if there's anything there for me." Waters asked, as Thurston made ready for the journey. The sun was setting over the western treetops, gloriously coloring the wild northwestern scene, as Thurston started away in the direction of Paquinnaus.

He had scarcely gone when Jim Downes appeared at the opening which led out of the forest. He waved one hand to Caleb. The other held a yellow envelope containing a telegram. As he approached, he tossed it to Waters, who seized it eagerly, and, with a guilty flush, tore the message open.

"Do anything to prevent Charles return.
(Continued on page 150)

When Your Life Bark Runs into Snags and Shallows

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WHEN a man of courage starts out for himself he knows perfectly well that he is going to have all sorts of difficulties, almost insurmountable obstacles to contend with. No matter what line of business he enters, he knows that hard times will come every little while; that business panics may overtake him; that sickness and accidents are liable at any time to cripple him, but he doesn't hesitate to move on; he doesn't visualize all sorts of obstacles and snags ahead and hold back for fear of them. If he did he would never get anywhere.

He simply makes up his mind that, in spite of obstacles, setbacks and difficulties, he will hold steadfastly to his course. He knows that there is a power within him that will carry him to his goal. He believes he can succeed in his life purpose. He makes up his mind that he will, and no power on earth can hold him back.

THE worst kind of obstacle is the one that has no reality at all, that exists only in the mind of the coward and the weakling. As John Locke, the philosopher, says: "The ideas and images in men's minds are the things that govern them and to them they all universally pay a ready consent."

The man of courage and grit, refusing to be frightened by the obstacles in his path, holds, even in the darkest hour, a bright vision of success just ahead. The weak, spineless man reverses this mental process. In addition to the real obstacles to be overcome, his frightened imagination conjures innumerable others that have no reality but what he gives them. From the moment he begins to steer his life bark for himself he sees nothing but snags ahead. His strained eyes, looking beyond the needs of to-day, see only disaster and failure in the future. Doubt, Fear, Despair and their numerous relatives, rise in front of him and all around, threatening to swamp him. Such a man is defeated before he ever encounters a real obstacle.

HOW do you face the voyage of life, my friend? How do you approach snags, real obstacles? What do you do when you can't see the way ahead of you, when it is black and threatening and everything in the direction of your goal is enveloped in gloom? Do you weaken? Do you show the white feather—give up and turn back? Or do the very obstacles that confront you stiffen your backbone and make you all the more determined to win out?

It is in such a supreme crisis that the man of courage, sustained by the light of his inward vision, rises to the height of his divine manhood and sweeps on past all obstacles to find victory.

A great scientist said that when he encountered what seemed an unconquerable obstacle, he invariably found himself upon the brink of some important discovery.

Every significant victory, every great achievement in the lives of men and nations, is the fruit of courage in facing and conquering difficulties. The discovery of our own country is one of the most splendid examples of this. No accumulation of obstacles, though they were piled mountain high, could discourage Columbus or turn him from his purpose. Dismissed as a fool from one European court after another, he continued to push his suit in the face of a mocking, incredulous world, until finally King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, won by his earnestness, helped him equip his little fleet. Ease, pleasure, position, life itself if need be, must be sacrificed to the attainment of his object. Fresh disasters, new obstacles, storms, leaky vessels, mutiny of sailors—nothing could shake his purpose or turn him aside from his goal.

But for such indomitable souls there would be no such world as we live in to-day. Even though he may be temporarily defeated again and again, the man who defies obstacles and in spite of everything keeps pushing ahead is always a victor in life's battles. And his heroic example lives on through the ages to spur to their highest endeavor millions who come after him.

CENTURIES after the death of Scotland's great hero, the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, struggling for his country's independence, said in an address: "You know the story often related of Robert Bruce. Defeated and hunted down by his enemies, fleeing before them, concealed in a rock cave, he saw a spider climbing up the uneven wall, to reach the spot where it was to spread its net. Six times it fell from the rocky surface, but the seventh time it reached its goal. This was a lesson for the despondent Bruce. The spider taught him one word—*again* and ever *again*—and he freed his country. And *again* and ever *again* is our motto, too."

When your life bark runs into snags and shallows; when obstacles loom like mountains ahead of you; when storms break and you are in danger of being engulfed by the waves; when you are almost overwhelmed by some crushing defeat, then is the time to hold fast to your courage and determination; then is the time to say with Robert Bruce, with George Washington, with Grant, with Foch, with every great soul who has plucked victory from defeat, "Again and ever again."

It is easy to push ahead, to be cheerful and buoyant, when everything is encouraging, when there is a hopeful outlook; but when there is no light above the

perate circumstances, great poverty and hardships have ever developed the giants of the race.

How do you think George Washington, or Ben Franklin, or Abe Lincoln or Christopher Columbus, or Robert Bruce would have regarded the barriers which you, perhaps right now, are thinking impassable? Why, they would have laughed at them. It is doubtful whether they would have noticed them at all. Compared with the obstacles which they pushed out of their way on their march to victory they are nothing. You will never make much headway in your career until you realize that the only obstacles than can bar you from success are bogies of your own creation—Doubt, Fear, Despair.



This is the time to say,
Again and never again!"

horizon; when disaster seems imminent; when one is smarting under defeat; when doubt, discouragement and despair are struggling for mastery, then to hold one's faith, one's courage, without complaining, to push ahead at such a time with cheerfulness and zest, this is a triumph, indeed,—this is the victory of man over all human weakness. Men and women who do this are made of the sort of material in honor of which the world builds its monuments. They are the men and women who help the world along.

The man or woman who has not had to overcome obstacles, who does not bear the scar of desperate conflict, has never been heard of. Opposition, hard conditions, des-

Health—the Everlasting Reality

TO nothing else touching his life can the aphorism "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he" be more fittingly applied than to a man's health.

Health can be established only by thinking health, just as disease is established by thinking disease. Just as you must think success, expect it, visualize it, make your mind a huge success magnet to attract it if you are to attain it, so if you want to be healthy, you must think health, you must expect it, you must visualize it, you must attract it by making your mind a huge health magnet to attract more health, abundant health. As long as physical defects, weaknesses, or diseased conditions exist in the imagination, as long as the mind is filled with visions of ill health the body must correspond, because our bodies are but an extension of our thoughts, our minds objectified.

Health is based upon the ideal of the body's perfection and the absolute denial of disease, the denial of everything *but* the ideal condition; upon the idea that only that which is good for us can be real in the highest sense of the word; that all physical discords are only the absence of harmony, not the reality of our being, the truth of us. Health is the everlasting reality, disease is the absence of reality. It is only seeming.

In proportion to the physician's ability to suggest perfect soundness of body to his patient, to visualize him as physically perfect; in proportion to his power to see and to impress upon the mind of his patient the image of the ideal, instead of that of the diseased, discordant, suffering individual, will he be able to help him.

This Means YOU!



By THOMAS L. MASSON
(Managing Editor of "Life")

THE thing known as "The World" is the kind of a thing that most men hang around their necks, and it goes bobbing around them, as they walk along, getting very much in their way, and causing them considerable inconvenience and pain. It appears to be fastened to them so insecurely, that they cannot keep it from thus bobbing about, yet all attempts to get rid of it are unavailing. And so they stumble on, cursing their luck, and wondering why they were ever fastened to such an unpleasant obstacle.

They keep trying over and over again to tame it, to get it into some orderly manner of procedure, but it is always surprising them, knocking them down with the back impact and they never seem to get the best of it.

Some of them, indeed, endeavor to go so fast that the world drags on after them—for a time. But it always catches up, and swings them off their feet. They resemble in this respect the ancient Sisyphus, who was condemned to roll a boulder up a hill, but no sooner did he get it up, than it rolled down and he had to begin all over again. We are always beginning all over again with our individual worlds, and never quite get over the top of the hill.

The world of course, is the thing that a man makes himself, as he goes along. It is a small

EDITOR'S NOTE

THOMAS L. MASSON, the author of this article, is the Managing Editor of LIFE. While Mr. Masson has made a national reputation as a humorist and is, perhaps, the most prolific producer of jokes in the world, he is also a keen philosopher and sees the serious side of life from a practical angle. You will enjoy his article because it is the work of a man who is alive to the philosophy of success. Mr. Masson holds that every man is his own Sisyphus. Now, Sisyphus was the crafty and avaricious king of Corinth which city his father, Eolus, founded. Sisyphus was condemned in Hades forever to roll to the top of a steep hill a huge stone which constantly rolled back again, making his task incessant.

world at first, but it gradually gets bigger. It gets more interesting for a lot of folks, while at the same time it gets more burdensome. Some of them succeed in smoothing it off a bit, so that its edges are not quite so jagged. Some of them learn, by very hard practice, to cajole it a little, to dodge it a little, to keep it a little under control. But the effort is very likely to exhaust them in the end.

The singular part about all this is that they think there is only one world that they are pulling along. But in fact, there are as many worlds as there are people. Each one of us is carrying along a world of his own.

"This is your world and my world" you are apt to say, but it isn't at all. My world is mine and yours is yours, but there is no big world for all, there is only one world apiece for each one of us.

If you will stop and think a moment you will see that this must be so. The world you think that you share in common with others, is only your world after all. When you go out, your world goes out, and all the other worlds that others are carrying along are just their individual worlds. To realize that, to feel it, is to begin to get somewhere.

FOR you immediately begin to get somewhere, when you see that you alone are responsible for your particular world, and that nobody else has anything to do with it. This is rather a large thought I'll admit, and will raise immediate objections from everybody. If you doubt that I am right, all you need do is to question any two men you meet about this curious world that you think is all one. You will find that each one of them differs from the other about what it is.

They may seem to agree in some particulars, but press them hard, and you will see that the world of one is not the world of the other. Why all the others that we see about us are only parts of our world. You are entirely alone, if you did but know it. The subtle and illusive thing that makes you feel you are surrounded by others, is only the reaction you experience from contact with your own thoughts. And your own thoughts are the result of your own sensations, and your sensations certainly belong to you. You say that these sensations are produced by something outside of you. And you term that reality. On the contrary, it is unreality. The one thing that we are searching for all the time is reality, and that is the one thing that we never seem to achieve.

You earn a thousand dollars, go to the bank and get the money, place it firmly in your hand and you say that is reality. You exchange it for clothes and food, and you then say that is reality. And the clothes and the food disappear and then where is your reality? It now lies somewhere in the heart of the next thousand dollars. And you go through the same thing over again.

THREE is only one reality and that is You. This world of yours is constantly getting in your way and trying to make you believe that reality is something else.

So the thing that you want to deal with is always You. And a voice breaks in right here and says:

"Dear me, I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be safe. If I should think about myself all the time, I should get introspective, and morbid and would be no use to anybody."

And so the great majority of people never break through the barriers of You, because they are afraid. That is why one sees so many playing cards, and going to the movies and doing almost anything to get away from themselves because they are afraid of that YOU.

Now, let us consider, for a brief moment, what the philosophers term the objective world. The objective world is the thing we are all of us up against. And we are up against it hard. If you haven't believed so far anything I have written, you will all agree to that. ("Hear, hear!" you say.)

AND, considering human beings just as they are (or as we think they are), they divide themselves into two groups, each one of which has some of the characteristic qualities of the other.

The first group is materialistic: that is, it comprises the vast mass of human beings who regard everything they see and touch as being quite real, and who try to get as much out of it as they go along as they can. Some of them apparently succeed remarkably well. They break off great wads of money, and seem to have everything pretty much their own way. The only trouble with them is that they are never satisfied, because in each instance the thing they banked on as being real, they discovered when they got it, wasn't real at all. And then they begin all over again rolling their boulder up the hill like our old friend, Sisyphus.

The other and much smaller group are the human beings who begin to suspect, quite early in the game, that things are not so real as they-seem, and this leads them to question themselves. Pretty soon they are likely to discover that they get more satisfaction from giving up rather than from grabbing everything in sight. It is always a hard matter to give up—at first—but after a while these people perceive that the very act of giving up brings in on them, from

wholly unexpected sources, a lot of things that they never even asked for and didn't know they wanted them until they came.

Thus we see an old man of this group who has apparently nothing; yet everybody comes to him for advice. And when he opens his mouth, everybody listens.

The instinctive homage of the great mass of unthinking people is always given to the great moral leader. Think that over.

LEAVE me put it to you in this way—in a way that you will quite understand, because you will know it when I tell you about it. You yourself are surrounded by a set of conditions that you don't like—to put it mildly.

You didn't make them—you say this to yourself.

You are not responsible for them. How can you be, if you didn't make them?

You have tried to change them; but the harder you tried, the more impossible they seemed to get.

Furthermore, you have a sneaking, humiliating feeling that you are being blamed for them. This only makes you feel worse. You have done your best to get rid of them, but they are working against you, are stronger than you are. At times you are able to forget them temporarily, by sheer exhaustion. Then the thought of them comes over you once more, you wriggle and squirm, and during these dark moments you feel like—well, making an end of it.

The worst of it is that you can talk to nobody about it. You have tried, and have always failed. Your closest friend, during these shameful moments of confidence, goes back on you. You see he isn't interested. He dismisses your confession with mock solemnity. Or he tells you that you are not well. You ought to go away. You don't exercise enough. You need rest. It's your liver.

Then—if you have any sporting blood in you, as most of us have—you get mad. You may not show it outwardly, but your back is up against the wall, and you curse aloud, like Job.

And then you feel better—for a time.

IN the meantime, there is that set of conditions, steadily—so it seems to you—getting worse. You have braced up, and the relief was only temporary. What to do then?

This:

First, you must remember that it takes time to accomplish anything that is worth while. The man who endures to the end is the man who wins. Why did the Allies whip Germany? Do you remember that message of Joffre, in which he said that the Germans were getting into Paris? Do you recall that despairing utterance of Haig, when he said that they simply couldn't hold out any longer? Have you ever sent such a message back of your lines? Sure you have.

The first rule then, is patience.

The next rule is never to think of what is going to happen. Lincoln said he got through with the Civil War by taking only one thing at a time—as it came up. It takes practice to do this. And practice takes time, and time means patience.

The third rule is, perhaps, the most important. Always face the condition as it presses upon you and face the details of it one by one, as they strike upon your consciousness. Don't think about them, don't dwell upon them. Just face them. Make no effort to overcome them.

It is you that must change, and not they. And face them mentally. Look at them, steadily, and mentally. Don't move forward. Be passive. But hold on. You will be astonished at the power that will gradually come to you.

If you are afraid of a thing, always look at it mentally. It will begin to recede of its own accord. That is because it isn't real. You are the only reality, and nothing can touch you if you look at it calmly and steadily.

Beginning with the February Number a New and Important Department will be Inaugurated in

THE NEW SUCCESS “Who’s Who in the World”

Being a Monthly Record and Editorial Comment on the People Who Are Responsible for the Current Events that Are Making History, and Their Achievements.

Keep in Touch with This Department Monthly and You Will Be in Touch with all that Is Important in the World. It Will Be Illustrated with Fine Photographs.

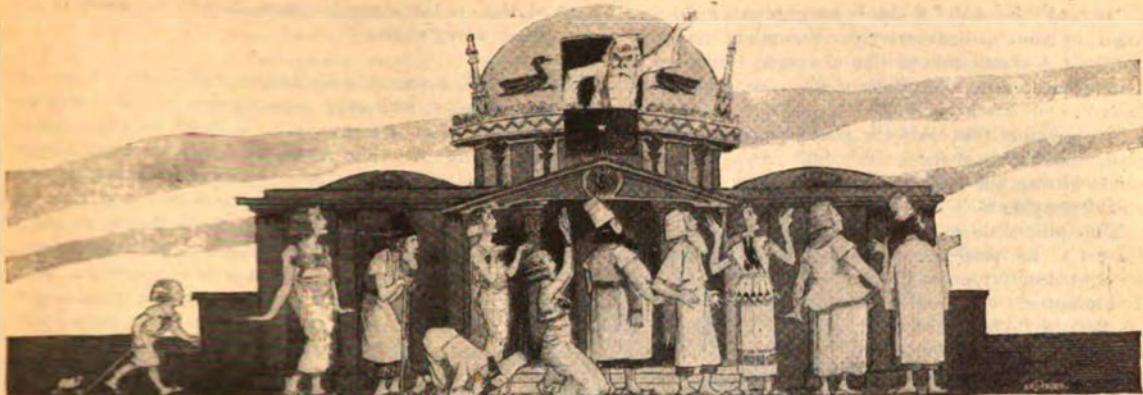
Also in February: “Famous People I Have Tried to Interview for THE NEW SUCCESS,” by John T. Drayton, European Correspondent.

What Thought Force Has Done

HAVE you, who are beating against the iron bars of poverty, ever stopped to think what marvelous things the Creator has everywhere provided for us, His children? Just imagine the entire universe, the great cosmic ocean of creative intelligence, packed with all the riches, all the glorious things, the magnificent possibilities the human mind can conceive, and then try to picture what it would mean to you and to all who are complaining of lack and want if by some magic they could call out of this universal supply of creative intelligence anything which would match their desires, their heart longings.

Imagine this vast universe, this ocean of creative energy, packed with possibilities from which human beings could draw everything which the wildest imagination could conceive, everything they desire in life, everything they need for comfort and convenience, even luxuries—also cities, railroads, telegraphs and all sorts of wonderful inventions and discoveries.

Every discovery, every invention, every improvement, every facility, every home, every building, every city, every railroad, every ship, everything that man has created for our use and benefit he has fashioned out of this vast invisible cosmic ocean of intelligence by thought force. Everything we use, everything we have, every achievement of man is preceded by a mental vision, a plan. Everything man has accomplished on this earth is a result of a desire, has been preceded by a mental picture of it. Everything he has produced on this plane of existence has been drawn out of this invisible ocean of divine intelligence by his thought force. His imagination first pictured the thing he wanted to do; he kept visualizing this mental conception, never stopped thinking, creating, until his efforts to match his visions with their realities drew to him the thing on which he had concentrated.



WHY WORRY?

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs"

Illustrated by Alton E. Porter

ABOUT 7,256 years ago a solemn-looking old gentleman named Menes K. Ptch, High Priest of Astrological Astronomy of the temple of Ptah Ptut, Upper Egypt, stuck his head out of his window and said he had just observed a comet. Old Menes K. Ptch had the general appearance of a beardless goat, but he stood high in the Astrological Astronomical circles of his day, and when he stuck his head out of his window and uttered words someone was always on hand to listen.

"Behold and take notice!" he chanted. "I, Menes K. Ptch, seventh son of a bald grandfather, do speak. And, behold, I have discovered a new comet in the skies, the said comet being large and juicy, like unto an overripe cantaloupe, of a circumference of ten million versts, with a density of approximately seventeen kilowatts. And, behold, it hath a tail seventy-five million Sabbath-day's journeys in longness. Whoop la!"

When they heard this news, those who listened looked at the sky and they saw the comet. It seemed about the size of a pin head and about as brilliant as a dead lightning bug.

"My gracious!" they exclaimed, but Professor Menes K. Ptch was chanting again.

"And, behold," he sang out, "the comet approaches the earth apace, or, I may even say, a couple of apaces.

EDITORS' NOTE

ACCORDING to the genial Mr. Butler, he has made worrying a life work, and, during the fifty years of his life, has encountered quite a number of one-hundred-per-cent worrying opportunities. In fact, he claims he has worried ever since he was a babe in the cradle. When you read this article and realize just what all this worrying did for Mr. Butler, pray stop and go over your own case. Then ask yourself if, in the long run, whatever worries you may have had were not, like Mr. Butler's, just soap bubbles that burst the moment the sunlight struck them.

She is some comet, if I did discover her myself. She cometh onward with studding sails set, a tank chock full of gasoline and a clean hock action."

His hearers gasped.

"Behold," said Professor Menes K. Ptch, "I calculate her speed to be seven billion numidian litres per heckogram, or even more or less."

This caused tremendous excitement. A vast wave of fear swept over his hearers.

"And—did you say she would hit the earth?" one asked tremulously.

"Behold, I have not said," replied the wise old professor.

Just then a reporter for the *Upper Egypt Lily Pad* and *Papyrus Leaf* pushed into the crowd with his pencil and notebook in his hand. He was a brisk young man and hungry for news.

"Now, look here!" he said smartly. "Just cut out about half a dozen of those 'behold' things and come down to brass tacks. You have discovered a comet. It is pointed at the earth. Just what chance is there that the comet will hit the earth, break the earth into eight million pieces and, after setting the pieces afire, consume them utterly? That's what the *Upper Egypt Lily Pad* and *Papyrus Leaf* wants to know. What are the chances?"

When he was asked this, Professor Menes K. Ptch looked extremely solemn.

'Behold' he said, 'if this is for publication be sure to get my name spelled correctly. You might also mention that it is pronounced like a sneeze, but more as a man sneezes in a draft than when he has the hay fever.'

'Never mind that, said the young reporter. 'How about the chances of the comet hitting the earth and destroying it?'

Thus pinned down to facts the professor thought deeply for several minutes.

'Behold,' he said then, 'I have given thought to your question. The chance of the comet hitting the earth is clearly expressed by the following formula, namely, to wit: Seven times eight, less the square root of the length of the Nile, divided by the desultory circumnavigation of the primitive isosceles as compared with the in hoc signes of 8762, as last seen on Friday the thirteenth.'

When he had said this, Professor Menes K. Ptch coughed gently and drew in his head.

'The professor says,' wrote the reporter in his note-book, 'that the comet will hit the earth and set it on fire on Friday the thirteenth; labor troubles, strikes and storms will not be permitted to interfere.'

As soon as this news was printed and spread broadcast, the people of Upper Egypt began to worry about the comet and the end that was coming to the earth on Friday the 13th. It was no mean worry either. None of the Egyptians, then alive, had ever died through a comet striking the earth, and they began some first-class worrying.

Looking back across the long period of time their worrying seems rather silly to us, but it was just as important to them then as your worrying and my worrying are to us now. Life was precious to them and they knew that if the end of the world came and killed them they would be dead. So they worried.

The records show that 74 worried to such an extent that they dropped dead of heart disease; 862 worried themselves insane and drowned themselves in the Nile; 408 fretted so over the prospect that they hung themselves. And then Friday the 13th, went by and nothing unusual happened. It was a beautiful calm day, with a gentle cool breeze and onions sold at six kopeks per cubit less than the day before.

And that is the general outcome of most of the things we worry about.

LAST April, I was on a lecture tour and I had to travel light, with only one pair of day trousers and one pair of dress trousers. I had to skip around like a flea on a hot griddle to keep my engagements and several days before my date at Grand Rapids, I began to worry about the knees of my trousers. I am a first-class worrier. Ever since I was a small boy, I have been one of the most noted worriers north of the Mason and Dixon line and able to worry about more things in a given length of time than any man I ever knew. I have also large, virile knee-joints, like a horse with spavin.

When I was down in Arkansas, early in March, I began to worry about the afternoon speaking date at Grand Rapids. A man can't wear evening trousers in the afternoon, and, riding on a train is bad for trouser knees. It bags them as nothing else can.

Again and again, I consulted my route list, hoping I could find some way of beating the trains so I could have time to get my day trousers pressed at Grand Rapids before I had to stand up before that audience of ladies, but I could not see how I could do it.

I worried all through Arkansas, Tennessee, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana and down into Ohio. Night after night, I dreamed of standing before the elite of Grand Rapids, in trousers that looked like the hind legs of an elephant, and I would awake in a cold sweat and groan.

By the time I reached Akron, Ohio, I was almost a nervous wreck, and I feared the worst for Grand Rapids. There was one chance in a million that I could find time to have the bags taken out of my knees in Akron, and when I got there I found that chance gone. I did not have a minute to attend to pressing. There was a luncheon for me; and, although only men were present, I felt it best to wear my trousers, for I do not wish to be thought eccentric—even in Akron.

I LEFT Akron at 11:30 p.m., in my dress suit, for Grand Rapids, my worry still sparkling on all six cylinders, and got off the train at Orrville to change cars. This gave me plenty of time to worry about my baggy knees. I sat in the station there and waited and worried and did some of the most thorough and workmanlike worrying I had ever done, and about 2:10 a.m., when the train was due, I began to worry



I dreamed of standing before the elite of Grand Rapids, in trousers that looked like the hind legs of an elephant

s about the train, because it was late, having been held up in the Pittsburgh yards by the "outlaw" strike.

For an industrious and eager worrier, no better combination of circumstances could be planned, and I made the most of it, doing some of the finest double-barreled worrying I have ever done.

The one thing a lecturer must do is to arrive in time to keep his engagement, and I saw that if this train was much late I could not get to Detroit in time to catch the train for Grand Rapids. Then I would be too late to keep my engagement there that afternoon. I was thusable to worry lest I could not get to Grand Rapids in time and, also, because I might get there in time. I can't think of any much finer opportunity for a whole-souled worrier than I had right there, as I sat handsomely garbed in a hard-front white shirt and evening clothes at two o'clock in the morning in the Orrville station, the snores of the other transfer passengers beating regularly like the rumble of distant thunder.

Men who have given their souls to worrying and have made it, so to speak, a life work, are usually satisfied with a fifty-fifty worrying chance, but I had a hundred-per-cent worrying opportunity. I, therefore, felt my white bow tie to see that it was neat and tidy and gave my whole mind to the worrying job I had on hand. Eight new lines of care developed on my face and, in the silence between the snores of my fellow waiters, I could hear my few remaining brownish hairs turning gray with a sharp click.

NOW and then, I got up and looked at the clock. On an average, I looked at the clock every fourteen seconds. Wellington, praying for night, or Blucher, at Waterloo, did not fret half as much as I did. Some day they can put a brass tablet in the Orrville station reading, "Here E. P. Butler spent fifty miserable years one night in April, 1920." I had plenty to worry about. If the train came in time to make my connection, it was baggy knees; if it did not come in time, it was a break in my lecture engagement. Nothing but the worst could happen either way.

The result—aside from the wear and tear on my mental machinery—was that Grand Rapids postponed my engagement, when I telegraphed, until the evening. Then I was able to wear my evening trousers, and the lecture was a perfect success. I never looked handsomer or less baggy at the knees, and the lecture room was crowded.

And that is about all worry amounts to.

SINCE the time of old Menes K. Ptch, the astronomers have been discovering new comets every fifty years or so and letting fall idle hints that if the comet hits the earth

the Stock Exchange will close for several billion years and every life-insurance company go broke paying death losses, but no comet has yet lived up to any such specifications. The end of the world continues to be postponed indefinitely. The world and the worries have gone right on doing business at the old stand.

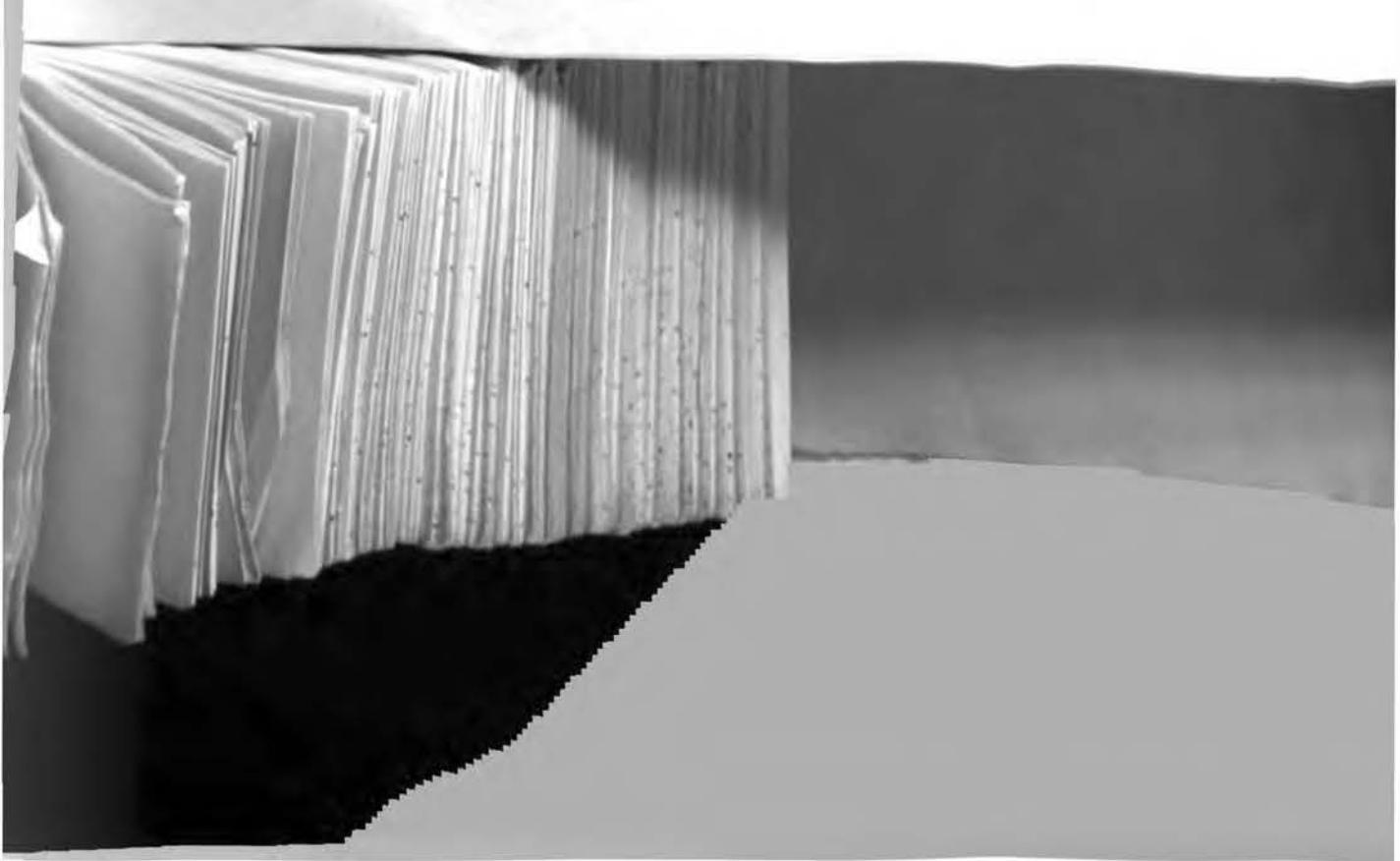
Foresight is one thing but worry is something else. Foresight is preparing sanely for some event that is reasonably liable to occur. Worry is throwing mental fits about something we can't prevent and that very likely will never happen anyway. Ordering my coal in the spring is foresight, but getting all worked up and disturbed because there is only enough unmined coal in the United States to last 7000 years is worry. Before 7000 years have fled into the past, someone may invent a furnace that will consume asparagus tips or cod liver oil, for all I know. Indeed, such a furnace may be invented in 2000 years or 3000 years.

And, anyway, I'll not be much interested in the fuel question 7000 years from now. In my day, I have worried about nearly everything, but I refuse to worry about the fuel supply of 8920 A. D. In 8920 A. D., my descendants may be Esquimaux and burn seal fat, or, Brazilians and bask in the solar heat. I certainly am a fool if I sit up all night in dress suit and white tie to worry about the fuel supply of 8920 A. D.

Or, about the fuel supply of 1961 A. D., either. I am now fifty years old and I figure that, if I avoid useless worry, I may possibly live forty years longer, which would bring my interesting career to a close in 1960. I shall not, therefore, worry about the coal that may not be in my bin in 1961. I am absolutely convinced that a man is foolish to worry over the condition in which the interior of his coal-bin may be twelve months after the floral pillow and the rose-beiset anchor have wilted. He might better worry for fear his halo will be a $7\frac{1}{8}$ size when his head measures only $6\frac{7}{8}$ at its halo altitude. A man would look like a guy, strutting around with a halo that slipped down over his ears and clung around his neck. I have never heard of any one worrying about the fit of his halo, but there would be more sense in worrying about that than in worryin' about most of the things we do worry about.

Strutting around with a halo that slipped down over his ears

I AM glad to be a to say that I do worry over the cond of my coal-bin in



I honestly believe, would death be shown to result from what the eager worrier dreaded. Such a table would read like this:

NAME	<i>Worried for years because he was sure he would die of.</i>	<i>Actual cause of death:</i>
James P. Goozicks	Tuberculosis	Tile fell off a roof and broke his head
Susan Higgles	Kidneys	Bumped off by an automobile
William C. Fizzrige	Stomach trouble	Drowned in the Caspian Sea
Captain Oleander Butz	Drowning	Died of thirst in Sahara Desert
Jane Dubbins	Germs	Struck by lightning
Samuel Hupp	Automobile accident	Ingrown toenail

All my life I have been one of the most consistent worriers and I have deserved to have my name in large type on page 1 of the "Worrier's Year Book," ever since I was old enough to take the good old rubber nipple between my gums and imbibe the good old milk. Looking back over my career of worrying, I believe I must have worried in my cradle. I probably worried because the bottle of milk I was consuming might be the last I would ever have; because the cradle might tip over and spill me under the stove; and because safety pins were not yet invented.

It is to be remarked that I did not get out of the cradle and hustle up more milk, or saw off the cradle rockers or invent the safety pin. It is not on record that worry ever led a man to do anything useful. To say so is like saying a man can prevent his house from burning to the ground by looking at an advertisement of a fire-insurance company. The full-fledged worrier is like a man who does not want his house to burn, because he loves his house, and, also, because it is not insured, and who happens on to a billboard with a fire-extinguisher advertisement painted on it. He does not then, as foresight would suggest, go and buy fire extinguishers and have his house insured. No, he borrows a camp chair and plants himself before the fire-extinguisher billboard and sits there, day and night, making himself miserable and irritable thinking of his house in flames, his wife and children perishing miserably, of himself, perhaps, arrested, through some chain of circumstantial evidence for arson and murder. That is the worrier. That is the sanity of the mental processes.

When I was young, I used to worry about parties. I worried because I might arrive too early and because I might be too late and because my pockets were so



Another doctor looked grave over the way his heart sparked, and advised him to give up blueberry pie

inconveniently situated that I would be unable to get my feet into them when my feet became the cynosure of all eyes, as I was sure they would. I was always miserable for days before a party; and when I finally reached the party, I found I had wasted all that worry. Usually I had such a delightful time that some grown-up had to come to me and say gently, "You must remember, Ellis, that we are all trying to be little gentlemen and ladies here. Give Annie her hairbow this instant."

After I went home, the party-giving family held a consultation to decide whether the furniture could be mended or if a new set was necessary.

If you take a day off sometime, and check up your worries of the past year, or month, you will be surprised to see how few—probably not one—had any sane basis of fact. I wish I had a book in which I had written down, as they accrued, all the worriments that I let grab hold of me in the last twenty-five years. I wish I could have a glance at such a record left by you. If you are a first-class worrier, you have worried over the coming end of the world, death, bankruptcy, starvation, coal, what Johnnie will be when he grows up, the pain in your left leg, next month's bills, the slice in your drive, the Bolsheviks, whether you put out the cat, the state of your business affairs and several thousand other things that turned out right in the end. And the worrying you did had nothing whatever to do with bringing about a satisfactory state of things. It merely beclouded your intellect; put sand in your year case.

(Continued on page 154)

Say the Encouraging, Appreciative Word

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

MANY employers have not yet learned the psychology of discouragement. Instead of praising their employees when they do well, they discourage them when they are not doing their best, or when they make a mistake. This is most depressing. Employees will not do their best under such conditions. Praise your employees when they work earnestly and well; show them that you appreciate them and their efforts. Most employees will do anything in the world to please a man when they find he has the right spirit and does not blame or scold them for every little slip-up or mistake.

You surely know yourself, Mr. Employer, how difficult it is for you to work under mental depression, under discouraging conditions, and yet you are much wiser, probably, than many of the people who work for you because you have had much greater experience. Employees, especially those who are not well educated or well trained are very susceptible to discouragement. They easily lose heart and say, "What's the use?" and their work shows the effect of their attitude.

IF more employers only knew the magic of praise and appreciation they could get very much better work in greater quantity from those in their employ. The secret is in right treatment, in kindness, in encouragement, appreciation and praise; in giving those who work for us a motive, in treating them fairly and squarely, and in trusting them.

Hope is the great leader of human beings. When hope is blotted out, when employees cannot see anything attractive in the future they are not going to give up their best in return. The motive is everything.

I KNOW a manager of a large concern who is always discouraging employees under him who are trying to do a little better than usual. On one occasion, an employee, having tried especially hard to please him, called attention to his work, thinking he would surely say, "Well done, that's fine!" Instead, the man said, "Pshaw, boy, you ought to have done twice that much." This man is always dampening enthusiasm, in fact killing it, and as a result most of

the employees do just as little for him as they are obliged to do.

This is not the way to bring the best out of any one. If the man had said to the boy, "That's fine, my good fellow, keep it up," or something to that effect, it would have been a tonic to him and have encouraged him greatly. Instead of that he discouraged him from trying to do better.

BE loyal to your employees and they will be loyal to you. If you are mean with them, they will be mean with you. That is the law. Like attracts like everywhere; you will bring out of your employees the qualities to which you appeal. They will see through your motives very quickly; they will know whether you are driving a hard bargain with them, a selfish, greedy, grasping bargain. They know whether you sympathize with them or whether you do not care. They know whether it is a cold-blooded business proposition with you, or whether there is a real man on your side of the contract and that you are trying to be fair and square with them, to look out for their interests as well as your own.

A word of appreciation and encouragement may mean much to a disheartened soul, not only in the office or shop but in the home and elsewhere.

WHEN your wife, Mr. Business Man, makes a special effort to please you, to have things nice and comfortable when you reach home at night, tell her you appreciate her efforts. Don't take things for granted. Praise and appreciation will go a long way with your wife as well as with your business associates.

When your husband, Mrs. Busy Housewife, works hard to provide you with the comforts of life, show him you appreciate his efforts even if he is not able to give you an automobile.

When your mother, Miss Fun-Loving Daughter, is making all sorts of sacrifices for you, doing without many little comforts, staying at home so you can go out, giving up her little pleasures so you can enjoy more, tell her that you appreciate her sacrifice; that it is dear and sweet of her, and try to repay her. Tell her so, some-

THREE, without words. Give her something for her personal use which you know she will enjoy.

If a servant is trying hard to please you, to do her work unusually well, and is kind, pleasant and agreeable, do not discourage her by finding fault if any little thing goes wrong; this is not the way to get the best out of any one. Blame, scolding, nagging are tremendous depressants.

When a clerk takes unusual pains to wait on you, to please you, don't be afraid of letting him know that you appreciate his efforts. When a footblack tries to give you an unusually good

polish or brush off, show that you appreciate it. Tell him so. When a waiter is trying very hard to serve you quickly and well let him see you appreciate his good work. When a porter in a hotel takes special pains to wait upon you, to carry your heavy luggage, a mere tip is not enough, accompany it with a smile and word of appreciation.

In thus giving cheer and encouragement you will find that you are not only helping others but you are bringing greater happiness and satisfaction into your own life.

The Time Will Come—

WHEN everybody will know that selfishness always defeats itself.

When to get rich by making others poorer or injuring their getting-on-chance will be considered a disgrace.

When the Golden Rule will be regarded as the soundest business philosophy.

When the same standard of morality will be demanded of men as of women.

When all true happiness will be found in doing the right.

When the business man will know that his best interests will be the best interests of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When all hatred, revenge, and jealousy will be regarded as boomerangs which inflict upon the thrower the injury intended for others.

When a man who seeks amusement by causing pain or taking the life of innocent dumb creatures will be considered a barbarian.

When every man will be his own physician, and will carry his own remedy with him—when mind, not medicine, will be the great panacea.

When men will realize that there can be no real pleasure in wrongdoing because the sting and pain that follow more than outweigh the apparent pleasure.

When it will be found that repression and punishment are not reformative, and our prisons will be transformed into great man-building and woman-building institutions.

When it will be found that physical and chemical forces were intended to release man from physical drudgery, and emancipation from the burden of living-getting, so that he can make a life.

When no man will be allowed to say that the world owes him a living, since the world owes him nothing that he should not pay for. It owes a living only to cripples, invalids, children and all others who can not help themselves.

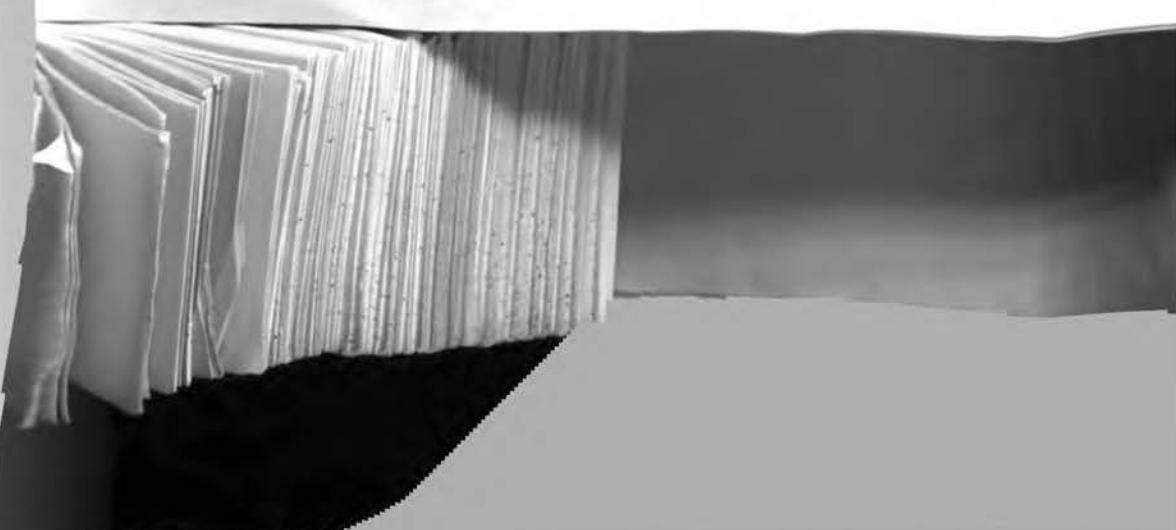
When the "grafter" and promoter who fatten upon an unsuspecting public, wear purple and fine linen and live in luxury, will be meted out the same measure of justice as the vulgar footpad receives who knocks a man down and picks his pockets.

When the "best society" will consist of men and women of brains, culture, and achievement, rather than those whose chief merit and distinction lie in the possession of unearned fortunes which they make it the business of their lives to squander.

When a man will be ashamed to harbor such an unworthy ambition as the accumulation of an unwieldy fortune, merely for the sake of being rich; when no woman will live simply to dress and waste her time in a round of idiotic and exhausting pleasures, or what she has hypnotized herself into believing are pleasures.

When the human drone who eats the bread and wears the clothes he has never earned, who consumes the products of others' struggles and triumphs, who lives in luxury by the sweat of others' brows and on others' sacrifices and ruined ambitions, will be looked upon as an enemy of the race and will be ostracized by all decent people.

THE man immersed in material things and who lives only to make money, believes he can make it; knows that he can make it. He does not say to himself every morning, "Well, I do not know whether I can make anything to-day. I will try. I may succeed and I may not." He simply and positively asserts that he can do what he desires and then starts out to put into operation plans and forces which will bring it about.



AT THE TOP

By J. A. Edgerton

THREE'S ever a crowd in the valley
And at the base of the climb;
But there are few that appear to view
At the crown of the height sublime.
The plain is filled with the turmoil,
The outward struggle and strife,
But the Spirit broods o'er the solitudes
On the higher levels of life.

YOU are jostled aside in the valley,
For the lower a soul descends,
The more it finds of the smaller minds
That seek but their selfish ends;
But there's elbow room on the mountain,
And, freed from the lower din,
There's a chance to hear with some finer ear
The call of the voice within.

THREE'S companionship in the valley;
With others your lot is thrown;
But the man who tries for the larger prize
Must travel the heights alone.
He must make for himself a pathway
Where no other foot e'er trod,
Till he grows complete in contentment sweet,
As he learns to walk with God.

THREE is glory upon the mountain.
Though the summit is cold and bleak,
Yet the radiant burst of the dawn falls first,
Like a blowing rose, on the peak.
Though tempests are in the valley,
The sunshine is on the height;
And the golden day, ere it speeds away,
There rests in its last good-night.

THEN dare the paths of the mountain,
O spirit with Godlike fire,
Whose depths are stirred by an inward Word
To struggle and to aspire.
Be not content with the sluggard
In the valleys of life to stop.
Turn with eager soul to the higher goal
And end your place at the top.

This manuscript won the prize of \$100 offered by The New Success for the best completion, in 4,000 words, of De Witt Howard Clinton's remarkable story, "The Great Decision," published in October, 1920.

The Great Decision

PART II

By ALFRED E. WINTON

EDITORS' NOTE

IN THE NEW SUCCESS for October, 1920, we published a story entitled "The Great Decision," by De Witt Howard Clinton. It was the story of a prosperous self-made man who had won the respect and confidence of his fellowmen to such an extent that they finally offered him the nomination for United States Senator.

Then this man—Samuel D. Coulton—realized that the one thing in his life that he wanted to forget—the fact that he had been sent to prison when a boy—now loomed before him like a mighty barrier. It preyed on his mind to such an extent that he realized he could not accept any office in the gift of the people and square himself with his conscience.

When the time came for him to accept the nomination, he had not divulged the awful secret of his past, but stood before his constituents not knowing what to say.

At this point Mr. Clinton left the story unfinished—nor could he finish it to his satisfaction. At our suggestion he asked our readers to complete the story for him, and we offered a prize of one hundred dollars

for the best ending. The winning manuscript, by Alfred E. Winton, of Philadelphia, is published herewith.

In the minds of the editors and Mr. Clinton, Mr. Winton's completion presents the best underlying principle presented by any of the contestants—that Mr. Coulton was absolutely right in refusing the nomination, regardless of the fact that his constituents might have overlooked his past, or that he had atoned for his crime, because the holding of a public office is greater than individual virtue, and the institutions of our nation are greater than ability and industry, and no man has the right to hold high public office unless his past is an open book.

Many hundreds of replies were received in this contest. In most of them Mr. Coulton was permitted to confess and then be elected. Naturally this conclusion is both human and possible, but Mr. Winton has presented a strong case in favor of the right man in public office. For that reason one can hardly place himself at variance with the decided stand taken by Mr. Coulton in declining the office of United States Senator.

WHILE Samuel D. Coulton's tortured soul was writhing under the ordeal he was now staring in the face, the brass band continued to blare and the hoarse voices of the audience kept on in a seemingly interminable racket.

His brain seemed stunned. As a scene fades out in a motion-picture, he shut his eyes to the throng and the red lights, deafened his ears to the cheers, and flashed to the time, thirty-five years before, when he had been released from prison.

Until the night he had told Frank Lapham, of the Meadville National Bank, of the marring incident in his life, the secret had been his own. Now he felt that he must divulge it. His conscience told him that he must not accept this nomination. He knew that he could not, under

any circumstances, accept the office tendered to him with what seemed certain possibility of election. And, worst of all, he must now confess to the wife and two children who adored him.

To disillusion them was even a greater blow than being obliged to relinquish an honor which every true American naturally craves; one which comes to but few men. And the thing that rankled was Coulton's own unaffected knowledge that this honor had come to him far more deservedly than it comes to many men.

Gradually the released picture faded from his mind and he again saw the sea of smiling and enthusiastic faces looking expectantly at him from a silence that was portentous. The great moment had come. He must make his decision public, as he had already made it in the depths of his own bleeding heart.

He became conscious of Frank Lapham standing at his side. He felt rather than saw that his wife and Tommy and Nannette were just behind him, breathlessly awaiting the words he was trying to force from his parched lips.

The Honorable Josiah Hillery and Judge Morrison, followed by a throng of reporters, were ascending the steps, and Coulton saw in Judge Morrison's hand the manuscript of a speech of notification. He knew that it would eulogize him to the skies, and he knew that every word of that speech would cut him like a knife. No matter what his later years had been, Coulton could not rub the stain of jail from his conscience.

Judge Morrison was extending his hand to Coulton and the crowd was looking on eagerly. The shrewd old jurist-politician felt very certain of himself. He did not believe that Coulton was bluffing. He knew him too well for that. But he did believe that he held the whip hand over the designated candidate for the Senate, and that Coulton stood alone in his amazing determination to decline to run for office.

COULTON, however, read that look in the judge's eyes, and, rallying himself with a tremendous effort, retained his grasp of Morrison's hand as he stepped to the veranda rail once more and faced his ordeal and his audience with God-fearing courage.

"Please let me have my own way in this meeting," he said in a tone tempered with tears. Yet it was the serious speech of a determined man. He had determined upon his stand and there would be no deviation from it. His task was not to refuse the nomination, but to make his admirers realize that he was doing that which was right and just and proper in insisting that he should refuse. He must make them agree with him, uphold him, and give him a greater vote of confidence in their acquiescence than they would have at the polls had he consented to accept.

Frank Lapham touched him on the shoulder and whispered. "Coulton, you're nervous," he said in an inaudible tone. "Let Judge Morrison make his opening address and then tell the crowd whatever you like. I still think you should go on and submit to their wishes. In fact, I am almost tempted to step forward and tell them myself what you have said to me. It's a hundred to one they wouldn't believe it, and if they did I believe—"

Coulton swung around upon his heel and faced the bank president. "Frank Lapham," he said very slowly and softly, yet firmly, "I have asked these friends of mine to let me handle this meeting as I wish. I expect you, who are an

almost lifelong friend, to give in to my whim more readily than the others!"

There was a note of pathos in his inflection of the word *almost*. Lapham, with a sigh, stepped back and spoke reassuringly to Mrs. Coulton.

"I understand him," he told her, as Tommy and Nannette looked wonderingly at the banker. "Let him do as he asks."

Someone turned the bright shaft of a calcium which had been brought up in an automobile on the worn, haggard, but still handsome features of the candidate. The broad chest of Coulton heaved and his hands twitched.

"I find it very hard to tell you what is in my heart," he said, in a clear, calm tone, which belied the seething, gnawing fires within his breast. "I find it hard to tell it to you so that you will understand and sympathize, and fully agree with me. But I believe you will—if you will listen patiently while I tell you an unknown chapter in the life of Samuel D. Coulton, the man you honor by asking him to represent you in the United States Senate."

Judge Morrison looked nervously from the speaker to Josiah Hillery. He also gave a questioning glance in the direction of Frank Lapham. Hillery was plainly as perturbed as Morrison, but the banker shook his head advising them to maintain silence and give Coulton free rein.

"You have offered me an office which ranks high in the councils of the nation. It is an office to which none but the worthiest and the ablest should be elected or even considered—"

FROM the rear of the throng, a sturdy voice interrupted him. "Three cheers for the squarest man ever nominated for Senator from this State!"

"It's yours!" Judge Morrison shouted to Coulton, as the cheers were given. "As I said—you win in a walk. Cut out the nonsense and let me read you my speech of notification. It's a whirlwind!"

Coulton sadly shook his head. It seemed as if the pain in his heart was almost physical, so great was his suffering in this moment which should have been one of the proudest in his career. It might well have been his initial step towards the Presidency itself; but he knew he would never dwell in any other mansion than the one on whose porch he now stood.

Silence was finally obtained and, once more, Coulton went on with his trial. And it was a trial, a mockery that was exquisite torture. He was being tried before the bar of his own conscience. He was paying a price for an early, youthful indiscretion, which others might for-



give—and which he himself might condone—but he would not let himself escape the penalty he believed he should exact of his ambition.

"Please do not interrupt me, my friends," he said. "What I am about to tell you is a difficult thing to phrase. But you must know it. I have never before bared my soul to any living being, except my old friend, Mr. Lapham. My wife and children do not know what I am going to say, but it hurts me more to say it to you than it does even to them. They will be more sympathetic, perhaps; but I feel that in having to give you this information I stand in the place of a man who has cheated his neighbors and—" he paused brokenly—"himself!" he managed to utter.

THIE reporters were writing furiously now, eager to get every word of what promised to be a most sensational story, and the crowd stood spellbound.

"To accept this nomination," Coulton began, "would be like obtaining a thing of precious value under false pretenses. You have known me as a hard worker, as a successful business man, and you have given me your friendship as well as your complete confidence. I cannot betray that confidence. Under the surface which you admire is a shame of which you do not know."

He paused for a moment, set his jaw firmly, and then said slowly, but very distinctly:

"I have been in jail."

The crowd gasped, and Mrs. Coulton swayed a little as her son slipped his arm firmly about her.

"It startles you, but it is true," Coulton continued, "and, because it is true, I must refuse the high honor you offer me. I do so not because my political opponents might make capital of it, but because my own conscience forbids my running for office. It is a penalty I must inflict upon myself, an example of self-chastisement and true repentance I owe to others in the unfortunate predicament in which I found myself."

THEN, as his audience listened spellbound to his dramatic, pathetic narration, Coulton told them of the hungry lad, desperate and despondent. "It was probably because of my shame that I must have impressed the police magistrate as being a degenerate criminal. I was bitter at first; but, during my term in jail, I took sober council with myself. I prayed for guidance, and it came. I stepped from prison with a fresh point of view and a fresh determination to begin again. The boy I once was had died. I will not dishonor him by telling you

the name by which he was christened. 'Let the dead past bury its dead.'

"Forget it, Coulton!" someone shouted. "We're with you any way!"

Coulton shook his head. "I have not related this painful story in order to gain your sympathy, but in order that you may know the truth about my life before I came to Meadville. Since that day, thank God, I have never had cause to feel ashamed. My life, since that day, has been an open book. I've been able to look every one of you squarely in the face; I've enjoyed the happy life of a man who lives rightly."

For a moment there was silence after he had finished. The crowd stood staring at him unbelievingly. If these words had come from the lips of another, or if they had been printed in the columns of a newspaper, they would instantly have been branded as infamous lies. Yet these hundreds of men and women had just heard Samuel D. Coulton deliberately and in detail blacken his own character.

Then the reaction set in. The crowd seemed to see the flash-back of that picture of the hungry youth, out of work, stealing fruit to keep from starving. His hearers could well-imagine that young Coulton's shame had made him seem a sullen, hardened criminal, who had deceived judge and jury. And, suddenly, there startled a ripple of good-natured laughter. It brought the flush of shame to Coulton's cheeks, for he misunderstood it.

Mrs. Coulton stepped hastily to his side and slipped her hand into that of her husband. His son and daughter drew closer in a bond of sympathy and sorrow.

But it was the president of the bank who stepped forward and took the stage.

"My friends," Mr. Lapham began. "You have heard what Mr. Coulton has said. It is but another proof of his great conscience and his absolutely flawless character. Who among us has not committed as great or greater crimes at some time in his life? We all know that our punitive system makes mistakes, and, sometimes, unjustly punishes. To-day the young filcher of fruit would have been helped by reform agents, and not penalized as was this man when he was a boy. His indiscretion was committed thirty-five years ago! Things were different then."

A great shout of approval went up. Coulton stood with bowed head and closed eyes, but Lapham did not intend to let his control of the crowd escape him now. He had that crowd in the hollow of his hand, and he knew it.

"When the news of the nomination first came

Making Use of the Hours that Go to Waste

An Interview, on the Value of Indulging in a Good, Live Hobby, with Rowland Haynes, Graduate of the Invisible University of Spare Time

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

WHAT a lot of people need is a good live hobby," declared Rowland Haynes emphatically.

"I have in mind folks of middle age who have acquired sedentary habits even in their recreations," he continued. "Both business and society have laid cramping hands on their freedom, and the very suggestion of exercise is repugnant to them. The athletic and outdoor activities of youth have given place to committee meetings, club gatherings, dinners, business and social affairs. In none of these things are they required to put forth very much mental or physical effort, and the result is that many are living in the early stages of intellectual and bodily stagnation. This sort of life eventually ends in some disease of the heart, lungs, arteries, nerves, or stomach. No man thus afflicted is able to do good work.

"A person engaged in a sedentary occupation may grub along for some time just about half alive, not really understanding what ails him, until he goes to smash, and has to be sent to a sanitarium for repairs. A few wake up before the crash comes and save themselves by going in for golf, tennis, and other forms of recreation. A much larger group dope themselves with all sorts of patent panaceas, while others try indoor gymnastics. But the mass of indoor workers do not pay much attention to such matters. If they ever get out of the ruts at all somebody will have to 'do some cranking.' Such folks need a hobby—something that will take control of them, and give a different twist to their lives."

The Value of a Hobby

ROWLAND HAYNES himself has a hobby. He is a professional promoter of recreation on a large scale, and he knows what he is talking about. He is a "regular fellow" and understands both books and men. In proof of which, I cite the fact that he attended Williams College, Union Theological Seminary, Columbia, and

Clark, and served as a professor at Chicago University and the University of Minnesota without becoming a "highbrow." Indeed, his fondness for people caused him to abandon his "professorial career," as he terms it, and invest five years of his time as field secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. For two years, he was secretary of recreation for New York City, under the Board of Estimate and Appropriation, and, later, director of war-camp activities in New York. Last March, he stopped off in Cleveland to put in a few years coordinating and developing the play facilities and play leadership for adults as well as children. It is a "whale" of an undertaking, and has already brought forth five or six books by way of getting a good start.

"What is your definition of a hobby?" I asked Mr. Haynes.

"A favorite pursuit which a man enjoys during his spare time," was the quick response. "One would hardly think of a hobby as a money-making affair, or as a rival of the main business of life, and yet, it can be made profitable. It should involve some physical effort, preferably in the open air. A mind worker can best rest himself by performing light outdoor work. The point is not so much to engage in violent exercise, as it is to get the mind entirely off the strain and demands of the regular job. Very often just 'puttering' around the house or yard, mowing the lawn, tinkering with an automobile, or making playthings for the children, will give the mind the desired relaxation."

"As you probably know, President Wilson and former Justice Charles E. Hughes rested from affairs of State by reading detective stories full of hair-raising action. Grover Cleveland, when he was President, found relaxation in fishing and in painting children's toys and odds and ends of household furniture. George Washington loved to train baby foxes. On the other hand, William

the Conqueror enjoyed a dog fight, and kept dogs for that purpose. Napoleon relieved his jaded mind by constructing puzzles, and Daniel Webster made a hobby of painting the faces of his cattle. He gave them frequent changes of color and laughed heartily at the bewilderment of his friends who did not know of his skill with a paint brush.

The Hobbies of Great Men

ADISTINGUISHED Boston preacher had a most unusual hobby. He was a man past middle age, but there were times when he wanted to be a boy again. He gratified his longing by playing with toy locomotives and trains. Two rooms on the third floor of his home were devoted to his railroad system, and when he felt in need of mental relaxation he would amuse himself by the hour with his little cars. Nobody knows how many ideas for sermons and addresses flashed into his mind while he was thus engaged. There was very little physical exercise in what this preacher did, but there was an immense amount of real rest in it.

"In New York, a former prosecuting attorney found relaxation in a basement carpenter-shop. He loved to get away from his law books, and the strife of the court room, and 'make things' with saw, plane, and hammer.

"There is a man in Cleveland who recuperates in a similar way. One Christmas, his wife, in an effort to be original, presented him with a box of tools. He did not know a brace and bit from a jack plane, but he made up his mind to learn. During the day he is employed at a brain-racking job, but he plays with his tools at night. He has designed and constructed bedroom furnishings, music cabinets, lamp stands, card tables, and other useful articles with his own hands.

"In another part of the city, is a widely known scientist who plays with a fully equipped machine-shop which he has set up in his own house. That shop is a place of joy to him, and he comes out of it greatly refreshed. In contrast, I recall a machinery manufacturer whose hobby is astronomy. At quite an outlay he has built an observatory and installed a powerful telescope, with which he takes photographs of the sun, moon, and stars. Now and then he invites in the neighbors and gives them free lectures on the heavenly bodies.

"A piano dealer, in a city of the Northwest, makes a hobby of inviting children to his Sunday school. Every Saturday he closes his store at noon, and puts in the entire afternoon calling from house to house and giving personal invitations to the people and the children to at-

tend Sunday school and church. This is not a task or matter of duty with him. It is his way of getting recreation.

Adults in Games with Children

IN connection with our playground activities, I have heard of instances where men forty years of age and upwards have been taking part in the games of children at the playgrounds, or in streets that have been roped off. Indoor baseball, with a large ball and a short bat, is very popular with these older men, who do not enjoy the strenuous exertion of the regulation ball and bat. This is the kind of hobby that I hope will spread. Those who participate will be greatly benefited thereby.

"I know a woman who just loves to 'putter around' as she calls it. Her hobbies consist of three ducks, twenty-one chickens, sixty guinea pigs, thirty cabbage plants, and three children. She gets a lot of fun out of what looks like work.

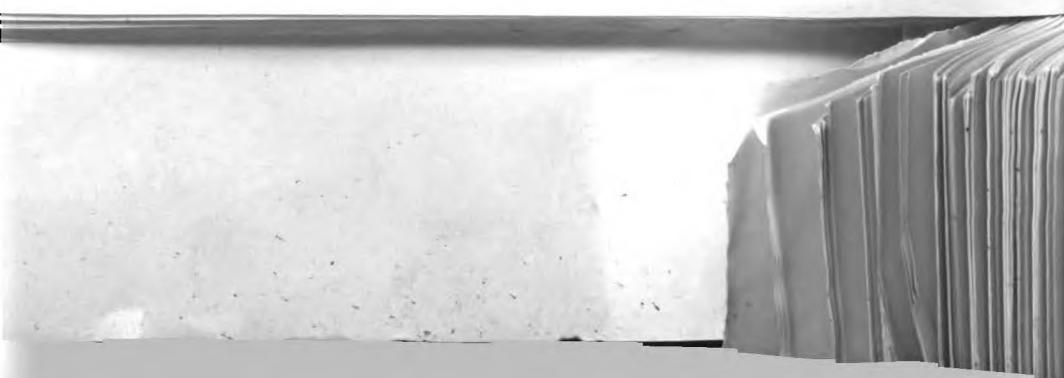
"Another instance comes to mind of a man who has made a hobby of his front yard. He had left the care of the grass and trees to his wife and children until, one day, he awakened to the fact that he needed light exercise to tone up his health, so he decided to get it by working on the lawn. His property now has a well-kept appearance, and the owner is at least twenty per cent more efficient. He is studying the care of trees, the development of grass, and how to keep a lawn-mower sharp.

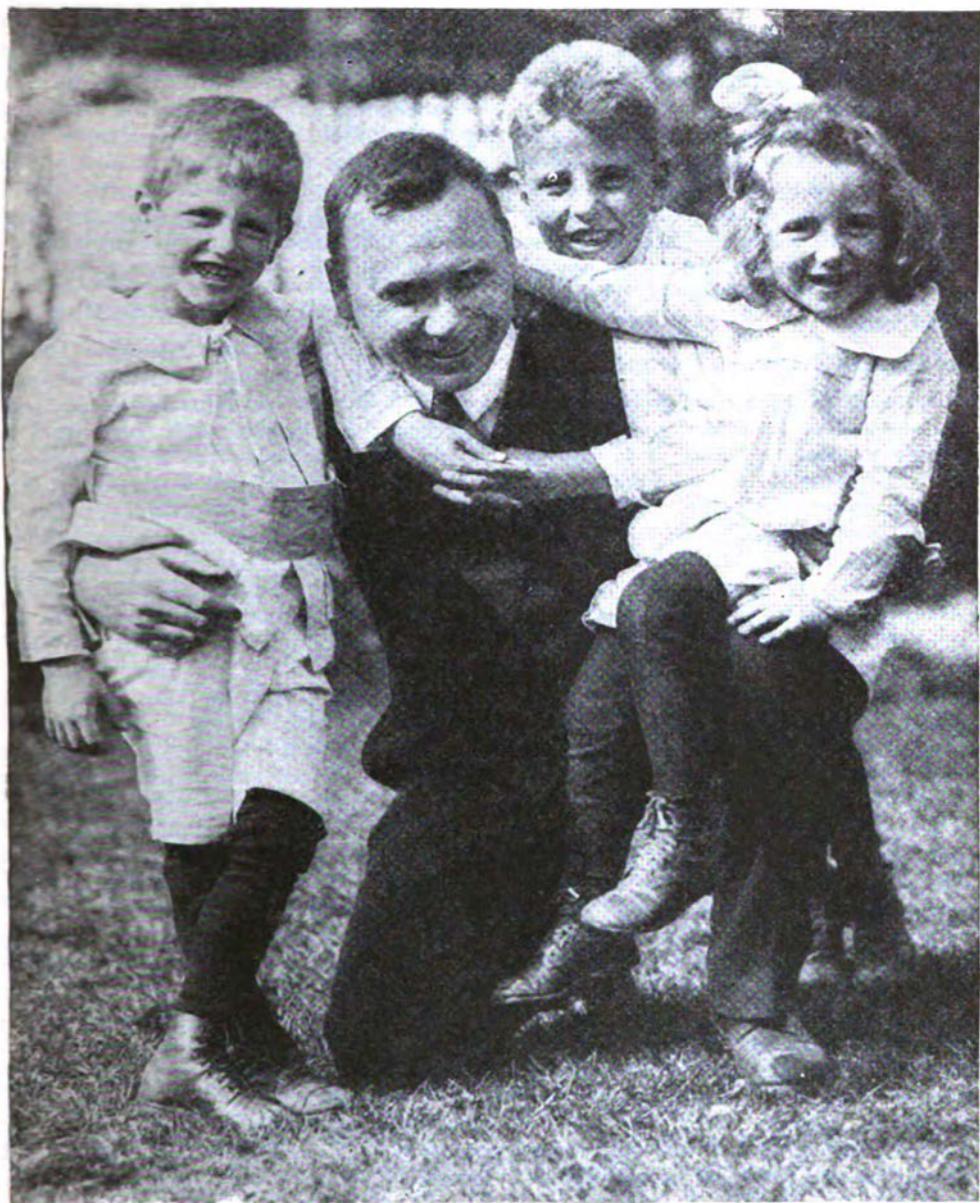
"A lot of fellows shrink from the conventional kinds of physical exercise, who could get it by playing a lone game. The simplest form of hobby I can think of is to be a 'hiker.' Get out and walk. Set an easy stride and walk for several miles right through the city or out into the country. There are a lot of men who keep themselves in fair working condition in that way. But plan to end your journey at your office or store. If you walk part way, and finish by riding in a car, you run the risk of catching cold. I have heard of a very successful insurance-man who recovered his broken health by walking three miles each morning, drinking six glasses of water daily, eating light meals, and going to bed at nine. He is now a vigorous fellow, and is pointed out as a pacemaker for much younger men in the business."

How a Hobby Affects Ambition

MR. HAYNES went on for some time developing this idea of having a hobby, and finally he struck off on a new tack by declaring:

"There is another slant to this subject that, perhaps, has never occurred to you. And that is the effect of a hobby on your courage and am-





Mr. Rowland Haynes, carrying out his theory, "Let's play," by romping with his children.

bition. The point I am about to make has been developed by experiments in a big manufacturing plant. Men are induced to take up something outside of their regular work, as a means of recreation. Quite a number have gone in for raising chickens. Some have tackled bees, while others are trying something else. The company pays half the cost of the hobby.

"Riding a hobby during your spare time ministers to your self-satisfaction. It gives a feeling of success. Defeats and failures are the

common lot. Many men are restless under the exactions of a boss. It irritates them to be obliged to take orders. Did you ever feel cramped or choked, as if you wanted to express yourself and could not quite find a way? Suppose you should go home in the evening all out of tune because of the irritations of the day? You have failed and you feel humiliated. You have a hobby which takes you into a different world. You begin making something. Your mind travels in an entirely new groove. The thoughts and feel-

ings that have been uppermost during the day vanish and you become absorbed in what you are doing. A feeling of success takes the place of your sense of humiliation, because you have actually been successful. You have made something in your own way, without taking orders from another man. All of us have a creative spirit, and our hobby becomes a means of self-expression. Some day we will understand that this very feeling, the innate demand for liberty of mind and soul, is at the bottom of a great deal of industrial unrest."

How Haynes Promotes Recreation

BY degrees, the conversation veered around to a discussion of motives, and how Mr. Haynes came to make a hobby of promoting recreation. Haynes is an original thinker. He wants to know "why." During his college days, he began to question the systems of philosophy that were being taught, and went on a still hunt for the philosophers who originated the systems. It was a daring thing for him to challenge the wise men of the books. But he did it. His attitude toward philosophers was expressed rather pungently, thus:

"This man's philosophy is his way of scratching his mental itch." Of course his professor was horrified, but that did not disturb Haynes in the least. He went right ahead and made another declaration quite as shocking: "What people want has a good deal to do with what they think is so." That was his way of saying that "a man's beliefs are shaped by his desires."

At the University of Minnesota, Mr. Haynes taught philosophy and ethics. But like all thinkers he wanted to try out something that was not on the calendar. Therefore, he originated a course on "The Psychology of Moral and Religious Experience." In spite of its mouth-filling title the course itself was very simple and practical.

Mr. Haynes's object was to find out why a certain man possessed particular characteristics. His method was to assign a specific student to a specific "case." Thus, John Jones was required to put Bill Smith under a psychological microscope, determine his dominant qualities, and how they originated. For example, Jones was found to be reticent, inaccurate, stingy, and careless about keeping his promises. His antecedents were ascertained, and all possible facts about his life assembled and studied. "What made him thus," was the question. And the conclusion was, "Habits springing from desires." In teaching this course, Haynes did not attempt more than to demonstrate his proposition that, "What a man wants has a good deal to do with what he

thinks is so." But he did more than that. He made it clear to his pupils that desire vitally affects both belief and conduct, and incidentally he furnishes a simple formula for analyzing human nature. He reached a conclusion from an academic point of view that is now the recognized foundation of business science, and which governs all successful advertising and selling—namely, that sales are made by arousing desires and not by logic.

Shows People How to Play

WHILE attending Columbia University, with the original intention of becoming a minister, Haynes had obtained some "practical experience" by dealing with boys and young people. There he caught his first glimpse of the "Invisible University" that is so potent in shaping desires and habits—the "Invisible University of Spare Time," which often has more to do with failure or success than the home or the school. So he set about studying methods for making better use of hours that go to waste. He wanted to turn them into profit instead of loss. He thought he saw a way to shape the desires of young and old by showing them how to "play." That was Haynes's "hobby." He worked at it on the side. Now it is his job. His entire system is based on trained leaders who know how to arouse the right kind of desires, and direct the activities of both young people and adults. His idea is to create play conditions that will cause the people to "want to play at his game," and thus get more fun out of living.

"While I was with the University of Minnesota," he explained, "we tried a little experiment that proves my point. Permission was obtained to use a school yard where about twenty children were playing in an aimless sort of fashion. Equipped with an outfit of bats, balls, and other games, that, all told, did not cost over ten dollars, Mrs. Haynes went into that yard one day and said to the children, 'Let's play.' They responded, and she started them going in groups. The next day, the crowd had doubled, and, in a short time, the yard was spilling over with boys and girls eager to take part. That is what I mean by leadership.

"In every city there are gangs of boys who have 'hang outs' in some alley, gully, or vacant building where they congregate and plan mischief, simply because they have nothing else to do. They steal, in order to get money for the 'movies.' Their imaginations are fired by the stories told by tramps, hoboes, and older boys who have graduated into confirmed loafers. Their leadership is bad. It is little wonder that they grow up

(Continued on page 153)

Senate Pages Who Became Famous

Observing the Ways and Manners of American Statesmen Started a Number of Boys on Successful Careers

By DAVID S. BARRY

Sergeant-at-Arms, United States Senate

THE pages of the United States Senate, as well as those of the more humble body, the House of Representatives, are much like other boys. There is open to them, however, a pathway to future life that is not approachable to other youths. But even with this great opportunity, it so happens that not all of the favored youngsters who, since the existence of this nation, have been favored with a seat on the steps of the Senate rostrum have become famous. It is gratifying for a boy to be a page in the United States Senate, but it is not altogether as gratifying as some people believe.

The opportunity for close observation of the methods and manners of American statesmen are inspiring and are sometimes turned to good account, but it does not follow that to rub elbows with the great men of our land, day by day, will graduate a boy into a similar state of greatness.

Famous Men Who Began as Pages

THE late Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, for several years the political leader of his party, began his public career as a Senate page. Another man long prominent in the public eye, who once answered to Senatorial applause, was the late Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, U. S. A., retired, formerly Chief of Engineers. Stuart Robson, the actor with the infectious laugh, was also a Senate page.

Senator Gorman, in his later life, derived satisfaction from the fact that he had been a Senate page. He seemed to be proud of it and mentions the circumstances in the biographical sketches that accompanied his prolonged career in public life.

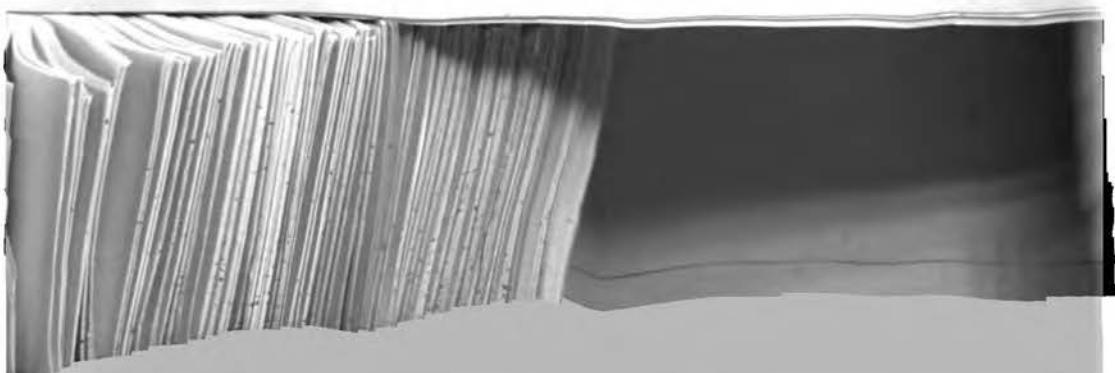
He was one of "Captain Bassett's boys," having originally been appointed a page in 1852, when he was thirteen years old. Gorman was recommended by Abraham Lincoln's rival for the

Presidency, Stephen A. Douglas, the "little giant" of Illinois. Mr. Gorman, when he was too old to serve longer as a page, occupied various subordinate positions in the service of the Senate, being promoted from time to time until he became postmaster of the body. He was then twenty-seven years of age and his office, being a political one subject to the unwritten political law, "to the victors belong the spoils," he was removed at the beginning of the political campaign of 1866, but was at once appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifth District of Maryland and held the place until the beginning of the Grant administration, in 1869.

In June of that year Mr. Gorman was appointed a director of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company which was for him a stepping stone into the political leadership he held so long. In November, 1869, he was elected to membership in the Maryland House of Delegates, then to the State Senate, and, finally, in January, 1880, to the United States Senate to succeed William Pinckney White.

Arthur Pue Gorman, while a Senate page, was a member of the baseball club made up of Capitol employees, and was a star player. Afterwards he was drafted into the more celebrated nine that brought honor and glory to the City of Washington, and died a baseball "fan" as he had lived a player.

General Wilson, when a page under the Vice-Presidency of Millard Fillmore, was a genial, bright, and popular boy—just as he was a man. He made the intimate acquaintance of Senator Gwynn, of California, who took him to the Pacific Coast after his term expired. Wilson located in Oregon. The delegate from the Territory of Washington, Columbia Lancaster, had him appointed a cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he was graduated

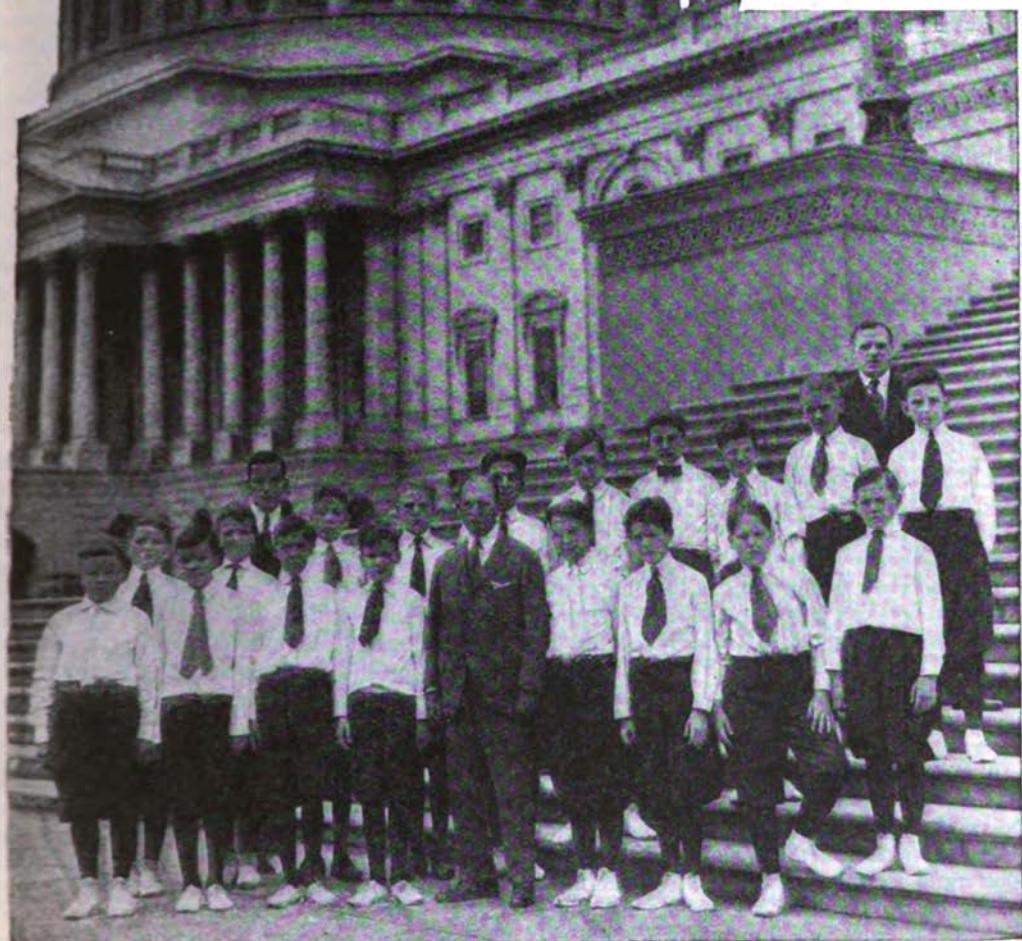


Mr. Hanson, in the closing days of his life, would become reminiscent of the time when he waited on the statesmen. Having been a page in the days of old-fashioned statesmanship, he became "an old-school gentleman"; that is, he wore a stock, top boots, carried a gold-headed cane and bowed low to every lady of his acquaintance. His remembrance of Daniel Webster was especially clear and he loved to dwell on Webster's especial fondness for him as was indicated by an affectionate pat on the head or shoulder when directing

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THE SENATE PAGES ON THE
STEPS OF THE NATIONAL
CAPITOL

Standing in the center is Mr. David S. Barry, Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate and author of this article. Standing at the rear (right) is Mr. Joseph E. O'Toole, who has charge of the pages on the Republican side. At the left is Mr. Edwin A. Halsey, who performs a similar service on the Democratic side.



Hanson to convey a message or deliver a document to "the reprobates," as he of the lofty brow and eagle eye had named "the minority."

Hanson was a page in those traditional days when the eloquence of such silver-tongued Senators as Henry Clay and Preston of South Carolina flowed so fast that the official reporters could not take down their words. Their quick brains and subtle fingers were paralyzed. The reporters who perform the parliamentary pot-hocking of the present day recognize eloquence when they hear—or see—it, but they seldom permit the flowers of oratory to interfere with their business.

One of Mr. Hanson's anecdotes of the early period, one, by the way, which illustrates how carefully such delightful specimens of Congressional wit have been preserved, was this:

A drove of mules was passing through the grounds of the Capitol one day, and Henry Clay, calling the attention of John Holmes of Maine to them, banteringly said, "Holmes, there are a lot of your constituents out there."

"I see," replied the New Englander dryly. "They are on their way to Kentucky to teach school."

How Pages Meet the High Cost of Living

PAGES in the Senate are appointed by the Sergeant-at-Arms and under the rules must be between twelve and sixteen years of age. They are paid \$2.50 a day for the session, which means every day from the beginning to the end of a session, including holidays and Sundays. In these days of the high cost of living, a bonus of \$20 a month is added.

Although there is no ruling on this point, the size of a page has as important a bearing as age on the matter of his appointment and retention. This is well illustrated by the following incident:

Thirty-five years ago a wave of so-called political reform swept over the legislatures of various States, and several "stalwart" leaders in the United States Senate were retired to private life. Among them were General Logan, of Illinois; Matthew Carpenter, of Wisconsin; and Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, all friends and supporters of President Grant. Mr. Chandler's successor was Isaac P. Christiany, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan, of

which Thomas M. Cooley was a member. It was a bench enjoying the very highest reputation.

The pages in the legislature of Michigan—"messenger boys" they were called there—were, like those of other States, eager to get promoted to Washington. One of them, seeing his chance, wrote a letter to Senator Christiany, his fellow townsman of Monroe, and it reached him in Washington in the nick of time—on the very day that a caucus was held with the object of electing a new sergeant-at-arms. But the incumbent rallied enough votes to hold on. One of his supporters was Judge Christiany, and the outcome was the arrival at Monroe of an official letter of which the following is an exact copy:

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OFFICE,
SENATE OF THE UNITED
STATES.

Washington, March 24, 1875.

To Honorable
J. P. Jones,
Chairman, Committee on
Contingent Expenses.

Sir:

I order the removal of John P. Ringgold, a page in the Senate, on account of over-age. And appoint to fill the vacancy thus made, David S. Barry of Michigan.

And, in accordance with law, respectfully submit the same for your approval.

This change to date from the sixteenth proximo.

JOHN R. FRENCH,
Sergeant-at-Arms, Senate U. S.

Approved: Jno. P. Jones,
Chairman, Com. on Contingent Expenses.

Later on, sitting together on the steps of the Senate rostrum—the pages' throne—Ringgold, who was employed temporarily in the Chamber in another capacity, and Barry, while exchanging confidences, brought out the fact that the new page was more than a year older than his predecessor removed because of "over-age." But, then, Ringgold was tall while his successor had the misfortune of being short, like Alexander, Napoleon, Andrew Carnegie and other more or less distinguished men.

Soon after that letter had been received at Monroe, Michigan, where it was duly appreciated, a full-fledged United States Senator came to town—the first time the recipient had gazed upon such a personage. The statesman was full panoplied—frock coat, silk hat—which is practically taboo now, even in the United States Senate. The embryo page, having been invited

to meet the great man at breakfast, at the private house where he was the guest of honor, was told by him that Senate pages were much favored beings, that they received five dollars a day, wore pretty blue uniforms furnished by Uncle Sam, were required to report for duty only on such days and in such hours as the Senate might be in session, and, in many other respects, were far removed from the humdrum drudgery devolving upon ordinary mortals.

Reporting for duty in December, the trusting page, not entirely a novice because of his experience with the lawmakers of the Wolverine State, learned, somewhat to his sorrow, that the Senators of that day, even those with the shiniest hats, the largest coats and the most luxuriant whiskers, were apt to be a little careless in their statements occasionally, just as those of to-day nod once in a while and overlook a point or two.

It was found, for instance, that the boys were paid one-half of the amount stated by the Senator, that no uniforms were worn, and that the hours of duty were regulated by those in charge without especial reference to whether the Senate is or is not in session. In fact, a page's duty, at that time, was similar to his duty to-day.

There Are No "Tips" for Pages

THE boys have a very good time. There is lots of fun with the work and some opportunity—not nearly so great, however, as the public may have been led to believe by fanciful publications of the reckless or uninformed—of making "tips." Senators and Representatives are not as much given to handing out small change needlessly as might be supposed. It has long been a saying of the pages that "Congressmen are 'tight wads,'" but, in one way and another, the boys manage to pick up enough money on the outside to keep them in chewing-gum.

It is proverbial that the pages of the House of Representatives get hold of more tips and outside money than those of the Senate, but in both chambers extra coin is derived more from extra work of a legitimate character than from the pockets of the members. But "tipping" is not

the rule in Congress, especially in the Senate, where the custom is rightfully frowned upon, as undignified and calculated to discourage the building up of character and manly independence. The boys, however, have a few time-honored methods for making pin-money, and, as may be supposed, they employ them to the fullest extent.

One is to sell autograph books filled with the signatures of Congressmen, which bring good prices, or to get such books filled, on commission. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, when Congressional oratory was at a higher premium than it is to-day, the custom of interchange of speeches, at individual expense, was more prevalent than now, and the pages of that period, in the sessions preceding political campaigns, reaped a bountiful harvest from the circulation of subscription lists on a commission from private printers.

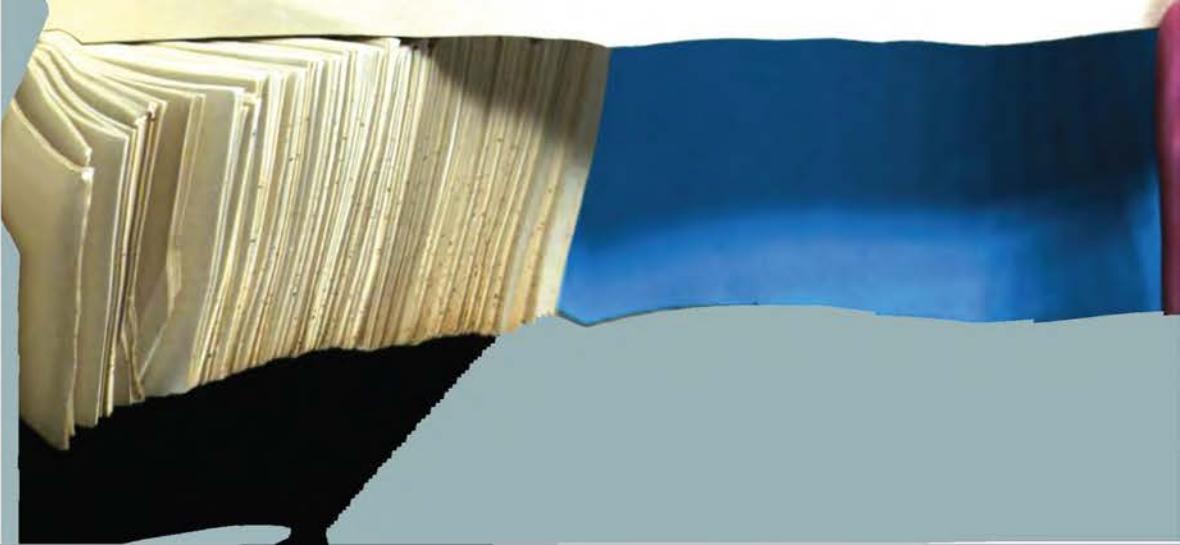
Once in a while, tradition has it, one of the older pages (for occasionally a boy not too big physically to attract suspicion, or in spite of it, manages to run over the age limit) attempts a little genuine lobbying, having been long enough in service to cut his eye teeth, but this sort of foolishness generally ends

disastrously both to the employer and employed.

One of the Senate customs of long standing is the annual Christmas dinner to the pages by the Vice-President of the United States. The Vice-President is the presiding officer of the Senate, and in the years since the genial Thomas R. Marshall—who is very fond of children, especially boys—has been the host, the dinner has been followed by a symposium of speech-making on topics assigned by Edwin A. Halsey, the official on the floor of the Senate, who acts as master of ceremonies on these interesting occasions. At the last dinner, the boys discussed such topics as "The League of Nations," "National Prohibition," "Should the Senate Pages Attend Night School," and similar subjects.

While the boys revealed in their Christmas dinner speeches a pretty clear knowledge of the matters they had heard discussed in the Senate, and a knack of expressing themselves in true oratorical style, truth compels the assertion that, although some of the boys do go to night school

(Continued on page 148)



The Editor's Chat

*Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of THE NEW SUCCESS,
Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice*

Are You Bigger Than Your Job?

THERE is a great difference between being a lawyer and being a member of the bar. President Butler of Columbia says that one of the greatest misfortunes of the country, is the fact that law is a stepping stone to political preferment. Most of the men so preferred are not really lawyers, but only members of the bar, and not at all the right type of men for leaders.

Are you bigger than your job? If not, you will never be a very big man, never be advanced very rapidly or to a very high place. The winner is always bigger than his job; it is the man behind the merchant, the man behind the lawyer, the man behind the politician that counts most.



The World's Offerings

NEVER before has the world offered such tremendous rewards for the trained intellect, the specialist, the man who knows how to do one thing superbly well; never before has the world held up such great prizes for the optimist, the man who has the right outlook upon life, the man who faces life with courage, hope, and confidence, with assurance, with a spirit of kindness and helpfulness.

Never before has the world offered such rewards for great endeavor, for a high purpose.

Never before has the world offered such splendid rewards for human integrity, for robust honesty, for the square deal, for considering the man at the other end of the bargain.

Never before has the world offered such superb rewards for right thinking and right living.



Make the Mind an Art Gallery of Beauty

WHY not determine this year to cultivate the habit of making the mind an art gallery of beauty, the habit of decorating it with bright, cheerful, hopeful, optimistic pictures, prosperity pictures, health pictures, instead of hanging up in it black sables and ugly, demoralizing pictures? This will make all the difference in the world with your happiness, and your success. Everything depends upon the way you face life, upon the models you hold up for yourself.

Most of us do not realize that our every thought and every emotion, our moods, our mental attitudes, are all creative forces, always producing that which is like themselves.

The habit of always expecting the best things to come to us, that the future holds all sorts of good things for us, instead of thinking that we are nothing but puppets unrelated to our source, tossed hither and thither by chance or a cruel destiny which is dogging our steps from the cradle to the grave, changes the aspect of our whole career.

Why shouldn't we expect the best and the grandest things in the world? We have certainly inherited all good from the All Creator. We were intended to live the life abundant, the life triumphant—not the poverty-stricken, the failure life.

The fact that we crave good things, beautiful things, glorious, sublime things; that our ambition is always looking for something better; that our very souls long for something cleaner, purer, nobler; these are indications that our very nature was planned for the things we desire, that they were intended for us and that we should have them.



Just Plain Old-Fashioned Kindness

MOST people realize, as they near the close of life, that the best thing, the most important thing in the world is plain, old-fashioned kindness. Kindness is the best sort of religion, it is practical Christianity. The man or woman who is kind to everybody has the recipe for a helpful, happy life.

No life is really happy until it is helpful, is really successful until it is radiant with joy and gladness, the gladness of good cheer, of good-will toward everybody, of the spirit of brotherhood toward all men. Only by giving ourselves can we hold what we have, can we grow. We cannot be selfish and still be kind to everybody. We cannot be greedy and grasping, we cannot bear ill-will, hatred, envy, jealousy or malice towards others and be kind to them. You can't be kind and be a fraud. If you are kind you are honest and helpful, you are charitable, you are loving.

A spirit of generosity and kindness is an indication of greatness of soul. Jealousy, envy, a disposition to keep from others the credit which belongs to them, are marks of a small nature, a pinched mentality. A kindly spirit always accompanies largeness of nature, breadth of character.

If I were asked to give in one word the *summum bonum* of life, I think it would be—*kindness*.

If there is anything we should regret it is the fact that we have been unkind to others, unkind to human beings or to dumb beasts.

The habit of saying kind things of others and about them, of always looking for the good in them, savors

of Heaven. A few words of kindly sympathy, of loving encouragement have helped many a man to recover his manhood and become a power for good in the world.

Let us open up our natures, throw wide the doors of our hearts and let in the sunshine of good will and kindness. Let us be at least generous in judging others as we are in judging ourselves, as tolerant of their weakness as of our own. Let us throw away all animosities, and try to be large enough and grand enough to see God in the meanest man.

The habit of holding the good-will, kindly attitude toward everybody lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesses; it enriches and enlarges the whole life.



The Supernatural Is Within

WE are just learning that what we have always regarded as supernatural power is right inside of us, not outside of us at all. Here within us is the thing which we have always regarded as a miracle, the power which can do the impossible, surmount the insurmountable. Here is where we touch the universal mind. Through the great cosmic intelligence we contact with divinity in the great within of us.

Make your world within gloriously beautiful, transcendently bright and cheerful and your outer world will correspond.

We make our world. Our thinking, our visualization makes our world.

All wrong impressions which you make upon yourself are made upon your creative energies and will result in like things in your life, so guard these impressions, as you do the jewel of your soul.



More Than a Thief

ICAN'T seem to get anywhere. My trouble is procrastination and indecision. I hope you will tell me how a square peg can get out of a round hole," writes a *SUCCESS* reader.

You say that you have been groping in the dark, my friend, that you feel you are not in your right niche in life. Your admission that indecision and procrastination run in your blood shows that you have diagnosed your case.

Thousands owe their failure in life to procrastination, the habit of putting aside important matters to be decided later.

"By the street of By and By one arrives at the house of Never," Cervantes tells us.

Procrastination is more than a thief of time. It steals character, ruins opportunity, robs us of freedom, makes us slaves. It is the precursor of indolence and laziness, its victim is always waiting for something to turn up, putting off deciding anything finally and userfully.

The man who has no dare in his nature, who is always after a sure thing, who is afraid to risk anything until dead sure that it is going to turn out right, never amounts to very much.

To overcome this tendency you must compel yourself to the practice of quick, firm decision. It is better to make mistakes sometimes than to be a victim of this insidious habit.

Decide quickly, firmly, finally. Let there be no going back to reconsidering, no opening up of the matter for further discussion. Be firm, positive.



Don't Dwell

DON'T dwell," said an employer to one of his men. He meant don't dilly-dally. When you finish with a thing go at once to the next.

Idling, dwelling on a thing after you have finished with it, will spoil your mind for alertness, effectiveness, dispatch.

Dispatch is everything in business. It makes the short day long and enables you to accomplish in a brief time what it requires a long time for other people to do—people who dwell over finished jobs.



The Habit of Giving Your Best

HOW much better you feel when you are conscious of giving your best, unreservedly, of flinging your life out in helpfulness, in inspiration and encouragement wherever you go. What an infinite satisfaction there is in the feeling that we are helping somebody, that we strew our ways with flowers because we know that we shall never go along the same road again, that we make everybody with whom we have come in contact feel a little better—this is the way to get the most out of life. But unfortunately, most of us do not open up ourselves to the world very much. We are too selfish to fling ourselves out, to show the best that is in us, as we go along. We envy the person who has this faculty, of flinging out his best, the aroma, the richness of his life, just as the rose flings out its sweetness, its beauty, to every passerby, without reserve. It is a wonderful art and if everybody would do it what a wonderful world this would be.

Fling out your best this year. Don't hold it in. Don't carry your best things to the grave, give them to the world.



Why His Business Increased

IN speaking of the manager of a business concern, a man says: "He has the wonderful faculty of getting all of the employees to pull together with him. The employees do not have much use for the proprietor of this concern. He is cold, selfish, and never seems to take any interest in them; but the manager seems to get hold of the hearts of the employees. They all like him and work well under him because he is human in his treatment of them. If any of the employees are sick or in trouble he is always ready with his sympathy and helpfulness. He makes everybody feel that he likes to see them get on, and wants them to make the most of themselves."

Is it surprising that under such a manager the business has multiplied remarkably?



THE NEW SUCCESS

Monthly Prize Contest

JANUARY CONTEST: *Has a Man the Right to Spend His Money as He Pleases?*

IN preparing your paper for this contest, consider carefully the following statements: Has a man the right to be inconsiderate of others just because he has made enough money to enable him to be selfish and greedy? A man has the legal right to take five thousand dollars out of his bank and burn it up—but has he the moral right? There are ties between ourselves and other human beings, even though they are not blood relations. When human beings are suffering, even starving, a man has not the moral right to waste the money which would furnish relief, comfort, even safety, and a certain degree of happiness. No man is sufficient to himself alone. We are all part of the great human family, and every man's right ceases when he can infringe on another's rights. Is spending money lavishly, flaunting wealth in the face of the less fortunate, a sin against society?

For the three best articles of not more than 700 words each, we offer the following prizes: First prize, \$25; second prize, \$15; third prize, \$10.

This competition closes January 18, 1921. The winning articles will appear in the March number. Contributions to these prize contests will NOT be returned unless postage is enclosed with the manuscripts.

Address: Prize Contest Editor, THE NEW SUCCESS, 1133 Broadway, New York.

How I Overcame My Greatest Handicap

(November Contest)

FIRST-PRIZE ARTICLE

By Dr. C. B. R., California

SIX months after my graduation from a professional school, I was taken ill. At first there were prospects of recovery within a few weeks, or months, at most; but as time went on the disease progressed, involving the joints of my neck, spine, shoulders, and, finally, my hips. In spite of my efforts to keep up, I was compelled to take to bed. For more than two years, I have been unable to sit up or even to turn over in bed. Every joint in my spine is absolutely rigid and unmovable, including the joints of my neck, so that I cannot turn my head even a fraction of an inch, while there is very little range of motion in my shoulder and hip-joints. I am compelled to lie in one position on my back twenty-four hours a day seven days a week. My case baffles the best physicians in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles. None of them offers any hope of recovery, although they say that the disease itself may not shorten my life.

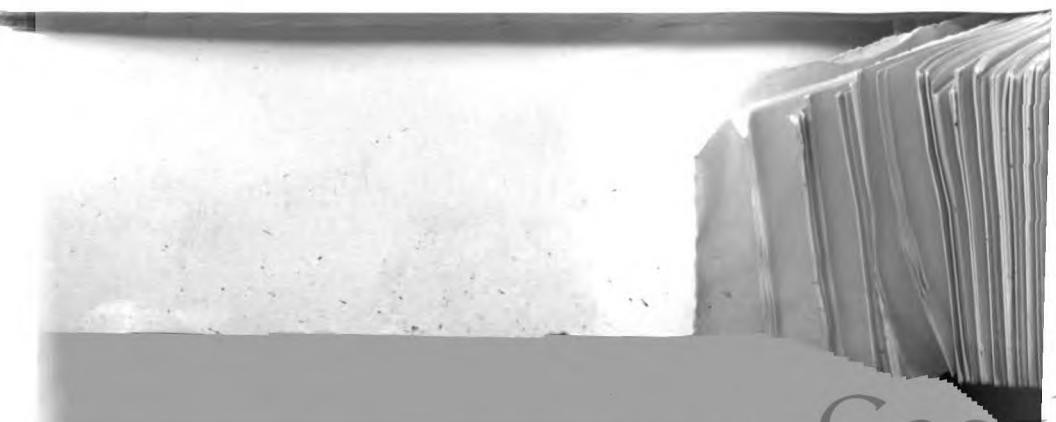
HERE is what I have done in spite of my handicap: With the help of a telephone, installed at my bedside, and also by using the mails, I have carried on a magazine-subscription business. I have written a book which has already reached its third edition. I

am the secretary-treasurer of two professional associations, one the State association of my home State, the other comprising local groups in ten States, and having a membership list which is exceeded in numbers only by the national organization of my profession.

The duties of these two offices (or, strictly speaking, four offices, since each embraces the work of both secretary and treasurer) include the collection of dues, the payment of the bills of the Associations, the planning and management of bi-monthly trips of speakers through the ten States, the coördination of the activities of various committees, much diversified correspondence, together with the usual miscellaneous duties of such offices. Of course the actual manual work as the mimeographing and mailing of circular letters, typing of individual letters, and various other things which can be done only by able-bodied persons, is done by others; but it is up to me to direct all of these activities.

To tell how (in the strict sense of the word) I have done all this is difficult. It all seems to be the natural thing for me to do under the circumstances; but I realize that not every one would have done as I

(Continued on page 120)



NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Everyday Life

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THREE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die, so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

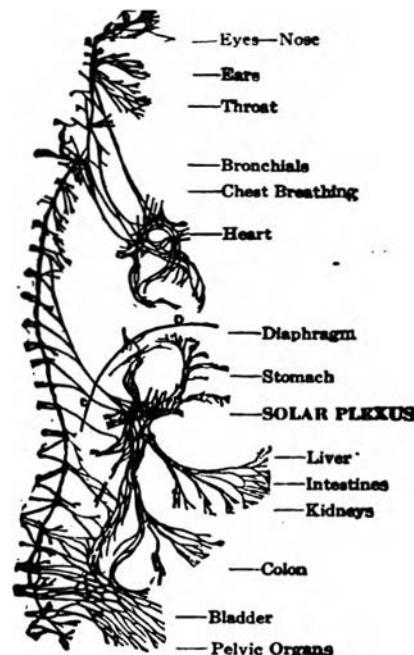
If we unduly tax the nerves through over-work, worry, excitement or grief; or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing, and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot be readily recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organ (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion, constipa-

tion, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

bodily ailment, pain and disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibers in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer of Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and I am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen page booklet entitled "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds,—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet, "Prevention of Colds."

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "FLU" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet, "Prevention of Colds," will be sent *Free* with either the 25c or 50c book, "Nerve Force." You will agree that the booklet on colds alone is worth many times the price asked for both books.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Studio 198, 110 West 40th Street, New York



Roosevelt knew 125,000 words



Lloyd George knows 100,000 words



Shakespeare knew 24,000 words

How Many Words Do YOU Know?

THE EDITOR of the New Standard Dictionary states that "the average well-educated American knows from 60,000 to 70,000 words. . . Every well-read person of fair ability and education will be able to understand, as used, 50,000 words."

Compare the estimated vocabularies of Roosevelt and Lloyd George with Shakespeare's, which was the largest of the 16th century. Milton's, the next largest, numbered 13,000 words. It is apparent how amazingly the English language has grown.

To-day in order to keep abreast of the times—to be among "*the well-read people of fair ability*"—a man must know twice as many words as did the Bard of Avon. To forge ahead—to be a "well-educated American"—he should treble the master dramatist's vocabulary.

Learn More Words and Earn More Money

CAN you put into graphic words the ideas and plans that your mind conceives? Words so clear and convincing that others can readily understand your thought and are willing to co-operate in carrying it out? Words so vivid and eloquent that you are enabled to put through big business deals, make large and numerous sales, close important contracts? Words so forceful that you carry your hearers or readers enthusiastically with you—so interesting that you hold their attention and gain your object?

Do your business letters fully accomplish their purpose? Do your advertisements carry conviction—produce adequate results—sell your goods or bring inquiries, in sufficient quantities?

Those stories that are so vivid in your mind—can you write them so that editors will accept them? Those sermons, the thought of which uplifts your own heart—can you compose them so that they will move, inspire, comfort and guide your congregation?

We think in words and images. The larger our vocabulary, the more varied and interesting our thoughts. Men climb to eminence in public life and in business on ladders of words. The man whose speech is limited and crude is limited and crude in his ideas—his aspirations. His life is drab and uninteresting. He makes no progress. He arrives nowhere.

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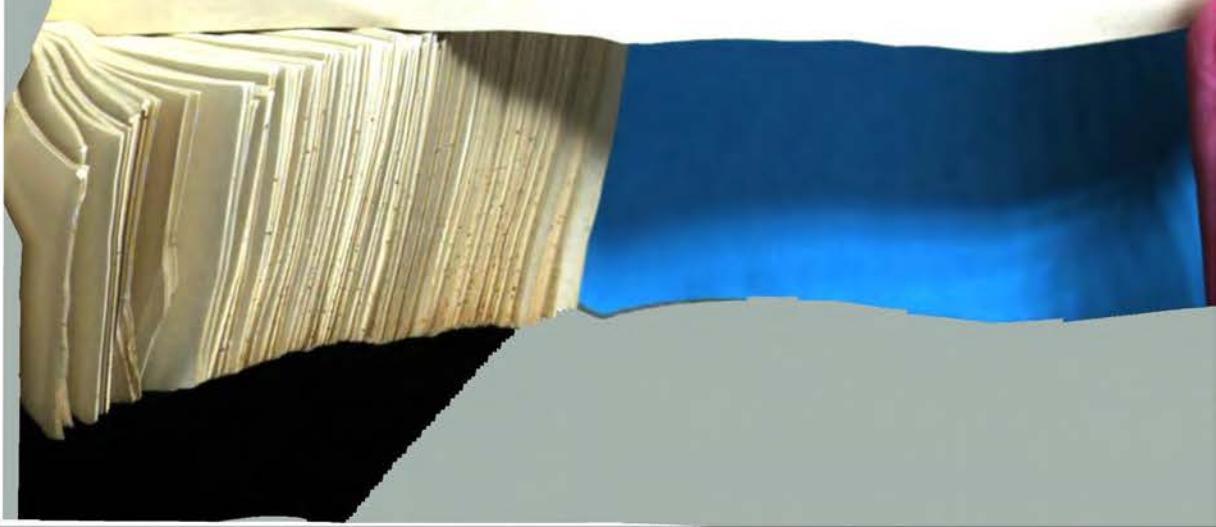
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Date..... State.....



have and for this reason and behind the screen of anonymity, I have written the foregoing. I am willing to leave the "moralizing" about my case to others. For myself I can simply say that a bit of homely philosophy has done more than anything else to keep me "in the game." It is this: complaining would do no good, but

rather would make things harder, both for me and for those of my family who have so faithfully cared for me. By maintaining my interest in my profession and in world events my mind is kept busy and there is no time for introspective thoughts, which cause havoc with the dispositions of many invalids.

SECOND-PRIZE ARTICLE

By JULIA GWIN, Atlanta, Ga.

THE greatest handicap that has ever confronted me, and I believe this is true of most of us if we would admit it, was my restless, dissatisfied, discontented spirit abetted by an ungovernable temper. My parents tell me that, as a toddling infant, I would stamp my baby foot in rage when opposed in the slightest whim. As I grew into young ladyhood this temper had not mellowed a whit. It took so little to throw me into a fit of anger or prolonged attacks of moodiness. Nothing seemed to suit me. I was eternally reaching for the things I did not have, simply because they were unattainable. No one place held any great charm for me except that place where I was not.

I am the granddaughter of a man whose whole life was spent in the ministry of love, in the service of God, a man whose life stands out snow white in comparison with my stormy, tempestuous life. Strange that his teachings should have failed to reach their mark with me! I must have been born with the soul of a gypsy, for unrest was assuredly a part of my make-up.

I am now twenty-one years old—young as the world reckons age—and have almost overcome my great-

est handicap. If you are one of those who have endured this curse of temperament and wanderlust let me tell you how to free yourself.

If you really want contentment and peace of mind, if you really desire the beautiful, unruffled calm of a tranquil spirit, bring all your will-power to the fore and conquer yourself. Make your moods subservient to your mind and strengthen that mind that the petty, every day worries may not upset the smoothly moving current of your life.

When wild thoughts enter my mind or a longing for things beyond my grasp I close my eyes tightly, for somehow that seems to help, and say over and over: "No, I don't want to do that. I am perfectly satisfied," until a deep peace envelops me.

OVER the portals of the oracle at Delphi is inscribed these words: "KNOW THYSELF!" When we have acquired this inner knowledge, this understanding human power, the rest is easy. Conquering myself has been a slow process but one well worth the mental effort expended, for it has brought me a joy of living I have never known before.

THIRD-PRIZE ARTICLE

By ELMA E. SEILER, Kansas

WE all have our follies and faults, always have had and always will have. Thus we must be constantly on the guard and lookout lest they become the victors, and we the victims of defeat.

Every one has his own battles to fight, his own handicaps to overcome. And as we overthrow and conquer them, one by one, we become stronger and better men and women.

My greatest handicap, and I feel confident that I was not its only possessor, was indulging in petty gossip in various lighter forms, and also finding fault with my friends' companions and my fellowmen. It is an easy matter to pick out your faults, and still easier matter to pick out your neighbor's faults. But it is an altogether different proposition to conquer those faults. I do not know and would not attempt to declare how often I vowed never again to say, or repeat anything evil about my friends and fellowmen. But human nature is so weak in this respect, and over and over again especially when in a crowd, I found myself guilty of the offense. It was then that I realized that I must find some other means of overcoming this handicap, for handicap it is.

WHAT would become of the world; or, rather, I should say, what would have become of the world, had it not been for personal pride and self-respect? The iron rule and fear of results may prompt some people from doing evil, but those people are but few in comparison with those prompted by personal pride and self-respect.

I took advantage of this truth as a means of overcoming my handicap. I set my standard above all such petty folly and gossip. After accomplishing this, I no longer vowed in vain never again to indulge in gossip and faultfinding, but kept myself forever conscious of the fact that I was above all such faults. I have found but little, if any, trouble to refrain from all talk that is in any way detrimental to any one's good name.

Most criminals have some personal pride, self-respect and honor, and below this level they will not fall. It is when one loses all such pride and respect, it is then and not before that all hope for his or her recovery is lost. "Set your standards sky high."

To those who do not believe they can rise above their big as well as little handicaps, I say, "Try and see."



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Flute	Composition
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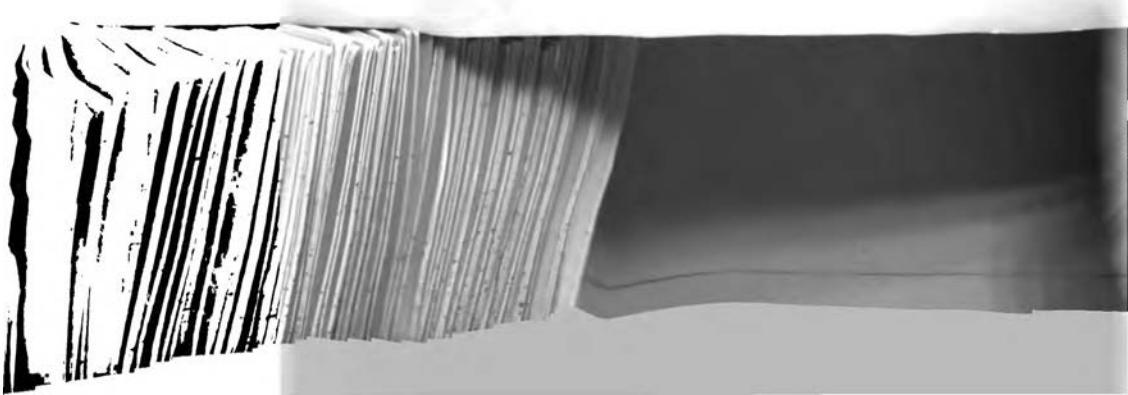
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Conversation as the Basis of Oratory

By H. BURNHAM RIGBY

SECOND ARTICLE

WHATEVER be a young man's ambition to speak well in public, the one preparation which is easiest, nearest, the most natural and in all ways the best is *conversation*, for there is no degree of oratorical excellence which may not find in this its appropriate discipline. It is governed by the same laws of art, and he who resolves to be a skilful public-speaker may thus begin his private training at once and continue it every day.

First, if one wishes to do this, he must wipe out all profanities, deformities, and useless exclamations; all meaningless repetitions such as "Don't you know?" "Don't you see?" "Don't you understand?" "Don't you think so?"—also such drawlings as "Well—a—a—a—I'll tell you—a—a—" It was this way—a—a—a—"

All such apologies for sluggish thought and deficiency of language must be eliminated. Make no sound but words, and let these be clear, clean and concise. If you cannot find the right word at once, then speak slowly; in any case, start rightly and on a basis of correctness, and keep this up at every step until it becomes a confirmed and unconscious habit. Let no one hear you talk slang because you cannot find better words.

If, on the other hand, you are already fluent, remember there must be no rhetorical bow wow, nor any attempt at a grand oratorical style, which is out of place in conversation. Whether you talk with one or with many, simplicity is the first thing to aim at and the last thing you will acquire.

"Gift of Gab" Not Oratory

DO not confound "gift of gab" with oratory or conversation, for it has nothing to do with them. The so-called "gift of gab" is not a gift at all, but an affliction—a *leakage of the brain*. Words, words, words—when you expect a pint you get a gallon. "Gift of gab" means confusion of ideas, rambling, irrelevance, no sense of proportion, no art, no sympathy. "Gift of gab" comes from mental poverty; conversation, from mental wealth.

Good conversation begins in good thinking, and seeks artistic expression. The secret of artistic expression lies in pruning. Your impulse tempts you to use, let us say, fifty words in a statement. A moment's thought shows that twenty could be thrown aside. From the thirty remaining you select twenty

which are clear, strong, and simple, and they express your meaning better than the fifty. This elimination is the process of art. One with the "gift of gab" will read a half column narrative and repeat it to you in two columns. An artistic narrator may repeat it in a paragraph. Rejection and selection must be a daily study. To say no useless thing, to utter no word that can be spared—this is the way of art which demands simplicity and brevity.

Don't Be a Word Miser

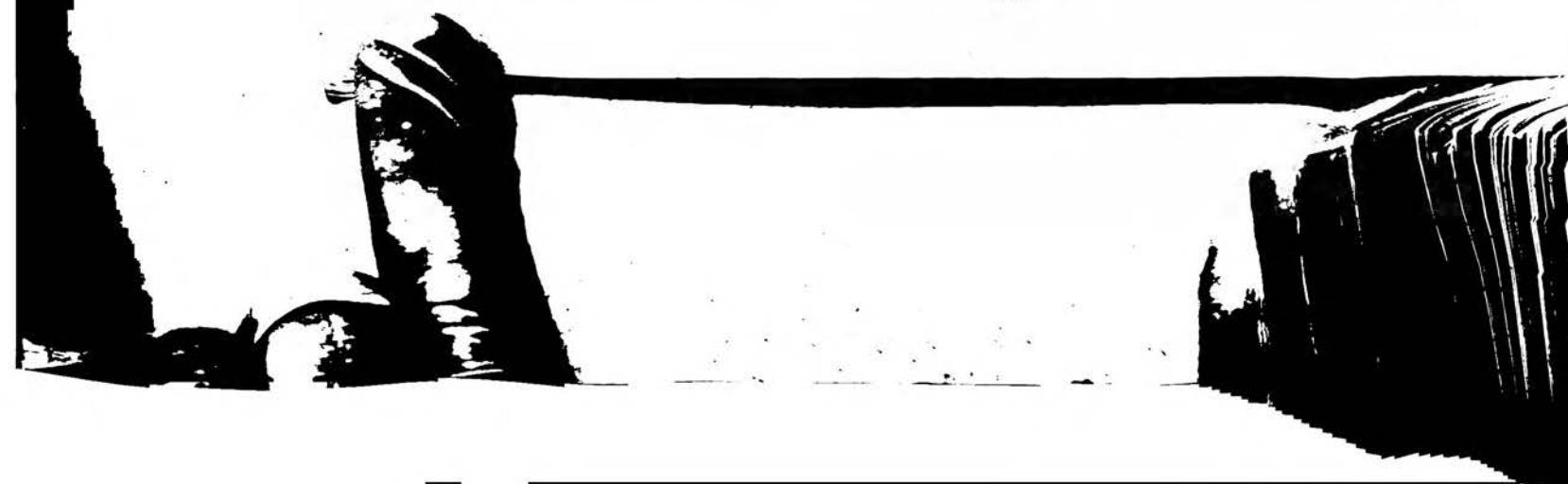
OFCOURSE we must guard against baldness. We do not like one who is grumpy and speaks in ejaculations and abbreviations, too lazy to open his mouth. A miser in words is offensive, like a miser with money. A certain fulness of expression is wanted, and the ear must be satisfied.

Shakespeare often uses a word which is not necessary to the meaning but quite necessary to the melody. A word that is needed for melody cannot be spared. This is also the politeness of language. We must not be harsh and abrupt, since sound and meaning rightly used are one. Many persons add charm to their conversation by unconscious rhythm, which may or may not have come from training.

To converse daily throughout the year gives us many opportunities to try every experiment in the use of words, and to select a word with rapidity and precision is a great acquirement. Some will say, "Never mind the words: attend to your thinking and words will take care of themselves." But if we are to think in words we must acquire the words first, and our problem is to make the thinking words our speaking words, also, and this can come only through discipline.

English Is What We Make It

WE have the finest language in the world and the best working vocabulary. On paper there are 70,000 or 80,000 words, but many of these are words in reserve, to be used but seldom. Roughly speaking, we have from 30,000 to 40,000 good workable words to choose from. Someone has taken pains to find out that of these Milton used, for himself, 8,000 words and Shakespeare 15,000—our language gives plenty of room for thought to revel in. Like the British people it is





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TWO years ago Floyd E. Brickel was a clerk in a bank in Akron, Ohio. Today he is the secretary of the million dollar United Savings and Loan Company of Cleveland.

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"One day I was doing some work which threw me in contact with the president of the bank. The knowledge I showed in handling several legal questions surprised him. He said he thought every business man ought to know law."

"A short time later the Board of Directors elected me Secretary and General Manager of the bank. Three months later I was elected Vice-President and Treasurer, and then shortly afterwards I was called to my present position at a handsome increase in salary."

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legal principle. It is natural, therefore, that law trained men should be in demand by all modern efficient business concerns who base a man's earning capacity upon the degree of responsibility he can assume.

Today — through the Blackstone Legal Training Course and Service — you can learn law at home in your spare time easily and quickly, and at very low cost, just as 40,000 others are now doing. The opportunity to be admitted to the bar is also given.

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composite, being Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Danish and French, with a new infusion of Latin and Italian by the priests, considerable Greek and contributions from every other language, blended at last into one. This is what makes it so hard to learn and so effective to use.

Of one or two languages we can say that they are *always* something: Italian *always* melodious; Spanish *always* mellifluous—a language of love. But English is not *always* anything; it is what we make of it. That is why the English-speaking writers and orators show a greater variety of style than those of any other language. Some call English clumsy. Indeed, a clumsy mind can make it seem so; but the language itself is solid as a heavy beam of steel, and flexible as a Damascus sword-blade, which could be bent double without snapping. What writer has such strength and majesty as Shakespeare, and such lightness in his tender passages, sonnets, and lyrics, or more exquisite delicacy than Shelley and Swinbourne? Some of Shelley's lines seem like language melting into music. Any individuality or thought or emotion can find in

our language expressions that fit. We have the grandest language in the world, capable of more appropriate uses than any other. For this reason, and because the people who speak it are the most powerful and aggressive, ours will some day be the prevailing tongue.

There is the language; help yourself—you can have of it what you choose, and it is your own fault if you do not select a rich and full vocabulary for your daily use. It is a very good plan to read periodically a few pages of the dictionary under different letters, marking the words that seem good to remember. You can not thus select the best words, however, for the true way to learn their value is to learn it in use from conversation, oratory, and books. Good use of words gives them a much wider meaning.

We can tell from one's conversation what kind of people he has grown up with, lived among and imitated. If one is not fortunate enough to mingle with persons whose language is pure, then nothing is left but to study the best writers and speakers.

(To be continued.)

IF YOU HAVE BOTCHED 1920

"THE mill cannot grind with the water that has passed." Nor can you do anything with the time that has gone by. The sand that has run through your life's hour-glass cannot run through again. We can do nothing with the past except to profit by its lesson. If it has been painful and bitter and hard, that is all the more reason why we should let it go; why we should not any longer allow it to mar our lives. It has certainly thwarted us, pained us enough already. Let us put it behind us now and begin again.

If you have botched 1920, if you have not succeeded in your undertakings, if you have been a failure in the past, if you have been humiliated by your mistakes, your shortcomings, the paucity of your achievement; if you have been foolish, wasting your time, your money, your life, do not drag these ghosts over the

New Year line to haunt you and mar your efficiency for another twelvemonths. Don't let the past sap any more of your energies, steal any more of your time, destroy any more of your peace and happiness.

As Kipling says, "There is for you nothing irremediable, nothing ineffaceable, nothing irrecoverable in anything you may have said or thought or done." There is no past so black or so bitter that it cannot be redeemed. Do not let it sap any more of your energies, waste any more of your time, destroy more of your peace or happiness.

Live in the here and now. Let this be the bugle call for the New Year. Live your life fully, completely, richly. Do not make this a mean, stingy, poverty-stricken year. Pack this year, not next year, with all the good things you can command.

TO-DAY'S THE DAY

DLENESS never won distinction in the world, and never will. The world does not owe us a living, but every man owes the world work. God made man for employment and we cannot dodge the issue.—*The Road to Recognition.*

MAN may fight fiercely to hold his own in business; but he does not need to fight to get ahead of someone in the elevator, or up the car steps, or at the post office window. And no matter how strong competition is, business and personal courtesy make it easier and pleasanter for everybody.—*William H. Hamby.*

Do You Speak Correct English? Or do you only *think* you do?

Correct English is the Password of Culture

Do you realize that the only means a stranger has of "placing" you, that is, of reading your early associations and present education, is by the English you speak or write?

You Cannot Afford to Speak Poor English

Correct Speech and Accurate Pronunciation are essential to progress in business and in society. Your ease among educated people depends upon your confidence in your own speech. You may tactfully conceal your ignorance in other subjects, but every time you utter a word, your education and refinement are judged by the kind of English you speak.

BUSINESS PEOPLE need Correct English for their advancement; PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE need it in their associations; SOCIETY PEOPLE need it in club and drawing-room; TEACHERS need it in the schoolroom; PARENTS need it in the home; EVERYBODY needs Correct English.

Do You Say —in'kwirry for *inquiry*; ad'dress for *address*; cu'pon for *cou'pon*, press'idence for *preced'ence*; al'lies for *al-lies*; epitome for *epit'o-me*; ac'climated for *accl'i-mated*; program for *program*; hydth for *height*; ali'as for *o'li-as*; oleomarjerine for *oleomargarine*; grimmy for *grim'y*; compar'able for *com'parable*; etc.?

Do You Say —between you and I; a raise in salary; a long ways off; a setting hen; let's you and I go somewhere; those kind of men; that coat sets good; I don't know as I can; a mutual friend; the bread raises; providing I go; one less thing; where will I meet you; he referred back to; a poor widow woman; money for the poor Belgiums; etc.?

Do You Know When To Use —sits or sets; laying or lying; farther or further; drank or drunk; who or whom; I or me; lunch or luncheon; affect or effect; council, consul or counsel; practical or practicable; etc.?

Can You Pronounce Foreign Words Like —masseuse, 'cello, bourgeois, lingerie, décolleté, faux pas, hors d'oeuvre, maraschino, Ypres, Sinn Fein, Bolshevik, Reichstag, Il Trovatore, Thais, Paderewski, Nazimova, Galli-Curci, Les Misérables, etc.?

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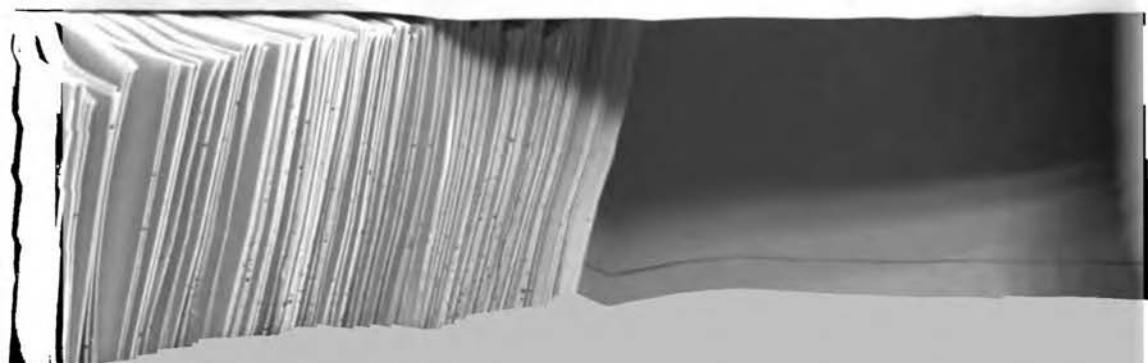
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IZZY—"They have been married about five years."
Dizzy—"Did she make him a good wife?"

Izzy—"No, but she made him a good husband."—*Williams Purple Cow.*

◆◆◆
WE have just learned of a teacher who started poor twenty years ago and has retired with the comfortable fortune of fifty thousand dollars. This was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle who left her an estate valued at \$49,999.50."—*Seneca Vocational School.*

◆◆◆
MRS. PROFITEER was very proud of the stunts they were doing at the smart private school to which she had sent her daughter.

"My dear," she said to her friend, "she's learning civics if you please."

"What's civics?" asked the friend.

"Civics? My dear, don't you know? Why, it's the science of interfering in public affairs."—*London Post.*



A YOUNG Californian often visited a leading Santa Barbara hotel because of its excellent honey.

When the young man got married the wedding trip included this hotel, so that the bride might taste this ambrosial spread.

But the first morning there was no honey on the breakfast table. The bridegroom frowned. He called the old, familiar waiter.

"Where's my honey?" he demanded.

The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, then he stammered: "Er—Mamie don't work here no more, sir."

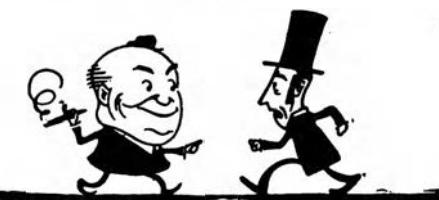
◆◆◆
BANK CLIENT—"Haloo! What's become of the old cashier?"

NEW CASHIER—"He's gone away."

CLIENT—"For a rest?"

NEW CASHIER—"No; to avoid arrest."—*London Tit-Bits.*

◆◆◆
THE Honorable Buckram J. Bogus is a candidate for Congress, is he not?"
"No. He exposed himself to the nomination, but it didn't take."—*Kansas City Star.*



◆◆◆
HAVE you heard my last joke?" asked the Pest, as he stopped the Grouch on the street.
"I hope so," replied the Grouch, as he kept on traveling."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

◆◆◆
MR. PESTER—"Ah, honey! You are still worth your weight in gold to me."

His WIFE—"I think you're perfectly horrid. You told me that years ago, and everything has gone up since then."—*Boston Globe.*

◆◆◆
CALLER—"It's a good thing to teach your boy the value of money, as you are doing."

HOST—"Well, I don't know. He used to behave for ten cents, but now he demands a quarter."—*Boston Transcript.*

◆◆◆
GEORGE—"That horse knows as much as I do."
CLARA—"Well, don't tell anybody. You might want to sell him some day."

◆◆◆
I REALLY believe I'm in luck this time. My new maid is a perfect treasure—clean, energetic, economical, easily managed and capable as can be."

"Ah! And how long have you had her?"
"She's coming to-morrow."

◆◆◆
NEW COOK—"Phwat toime do yez have breakfast?"
MISTRESS—"At 7:30."
Cook—"Well, Oi'm sorry Oi can't be wid ye."—*Boston Transcript.*

◆◆◆
MISS GREENE had been invited to be a bridesmaid at quite a smart wedding, and spent much time in planning her new frock.
At last it was ready; and when she tried it on, she

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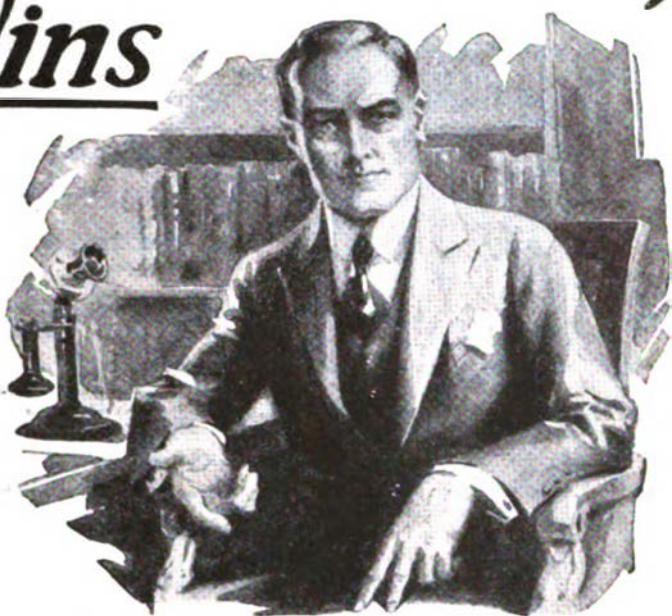
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asked Mrs. Jones, from next door, to come and see it.

"It's sweet, my dear!" said the good lady admiringly.

"And certainly you look a lady, whatever you are."

Miss Greene's face told her she had made a mistake, so she corrected herself hurriedly:

"No. I mean you are a lady, whatever you look!"



THE partners of a stock exchange house were having a dinner conference at the Chamber. One of them appeared worried during the progress of the meal and finally he was queried as to the cause of his fit of abstraction.

"I just happened to remember that I neglected to lock the safe before I left the office," he replied.

"Why worry?" said another member of the firm. "We are all here."



WITH the very best intentions, Miss Araminta Muffit obtained permission to visit the occupants of the local prison, to talk with them, and to help them to begin life anew.

One man, obviously well-educated, interested her. He always rose when she spoke to him, and bowed politely when she left. One day she screwed up her courage to put the question:

"May I ask why you are in this distressing place?"

"Certainly, madam," he replied. "I am here for robbery in a seaside hotel."

"Oh, how interesting!" stammered Miss Araminta. "Were—were you the proprietor?"



UNCLE ELIJAH, with his eight-year-old, was soliciting alms, and with poor results. He had just been refused by a well-dressed lady, who explained that she had no change.

"Don't yo' mind dat, ma'am," said Elijah, "jist give de bill to de chile heah, and she'll bring de change. She won't run away with it, lady. Pore chile, she ain't got no sense!"—*Harper's*.



I WISH now," said the lecturer, "to tax your memory."

A wail in the audience: "Has it come to that?"



ALADY well known to society dashed into the nursery and reproved her eldest born in the following manner:

"I just wish your father was at home some evening to see how you behave when he is out."



A YOUNG farmer's bride who recently undertook the management of the horticultural department of the farm, writes the agricultural editor as follows:

"What can I do to make my potatoes grow? I peeled them ever so carefully before planting them, but they haven't even come up yet."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

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The Commercial and Financial World, New York, said editorially,—"It is no more than the exact truth to say that Dr. Krebs is one of the great master minds of the age." Platt R. Lawton, Educational Director Dayton Y. M. C. A. said: "The work Dr. Krebs is doing is surely worth while, and much needed, for no man can listen to his lecture without being a bigger and a better man. We want him here again." These are but samples of hundreds of enthusiastic endorsements.

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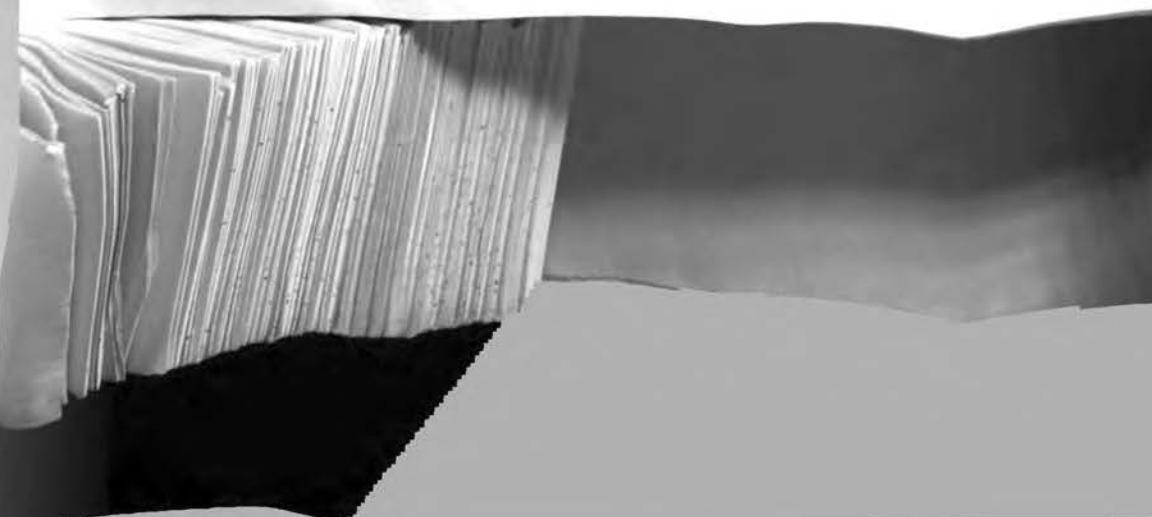
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The Voice in the Night

(Continued from page 32)

nothing. The wind tossed the tall branches over my head; the driving rain lanced down and lashed at me; the chill of wind and rain bit at my bones. But I found no one, no trace of any one, nothing.

At length, I gave up the fruitless search and turned to pick my way back to the road. As I went, I stopped, now and then, to look back. I found my horse, still hitched safely to the bridge; and, with a feeling that I had done all a man might do, and a thought that my ears must have deceived me, I set out for home . . . and reached it safely . . . and slept . . . and next day delivered the will as I had been directed.

My patient died a few weeks later, as I said before. James Norman disappeared. The incident slumbered in my memory, all but forgotten, until my visit to the prison a few days ago.

THE old doctor's pipe had long since been smoked to the end. He paused in his narrative, and filled it again, and looked across at the young man with a smile.

"Are you—interested?" he asked.

"Surely," the young fellow responded. "But—I'm not sure I see your point just yet—the secret-service guards idea—"

"That comes now," the old physician interrupted. "That comes now. The thing that convinced me I was meant to live, meant to go about my life, guarded for destiny."

"Go on," said the young man; and the old doctor set a match to his pipe and again began.

DOCTOR NEWELL is the prison physician, as you may know, the old doctor continued. He is a very able practitioner; and he has taken advantage of his opportunities to study with some care the manifestations of criminology in the men who come to him. He wrote to me, inviting me to come to the prison to see a patient of his—a life convict sentenced six months ago for some crime in the city, who showed peculiar effects of degeneracy over a period of many years. That is beside the point, however. I accepted his invitation; and he met me in the prison office and conducted me to his little hospital, and left me with the man while he himself answered a sudden call from the workshops where a prisoner had injured himself on the machines.

When Doctor Newell had gone, I turned to the man on the bed—he was not so very ill, but Doctor Newell was endeavoring to correct his

condition by complete rest—and began to question him and seek his confidence. I saw curiosity creep into his eyes; and of a sudden he asked me sharply: "Are you not Doctor Price?"

"Yes," I said. "I am Doctor Price? Have I known you?"

"I am James Norman," said the man.

For a moment, the name suggested nothing to me. I had not thought of James Norman or of the old woman, my patient, for a dozen years or more. I cast back through the years to find some memory of the name; and the man prompted me by naming the woman who had been in my care. Then I remembered him.

"James Norman," I repeated, a little shaken to see to what things the man had come. "I remember you now."

"I got what was coming to me in the end," he said. "I'm here for keeps."

There was no word in me to give the man; for I was shaken with memories. After the instant in which I did not speak, he cast up his hand to me as though with sudden decision.

"Look here, Doctor Price," he said, "did you know I planned to kill you, once, many years ago?"

I thought him delirious; and he saw my thought and laughed. "No—I'm not crazy," he said. "Don't you remember?"

"No," I told him. "Tell me."

He chuckled a little. There was no repentance in him: there was only a grim amusement at his own plight. "No harm in telling now," he agreed. "You remember the night my aunt sent for you and gave you that will in which she cut me off, and told you to take it back to town with you? Rainy night, it was. In March, I think."

Instantly the whole picture flashed into my mind, as I have related it to you. I remembered the drive through the dreadful wind and rain, and the words of the old woman, and the sounds of this man's feet in the upper room.

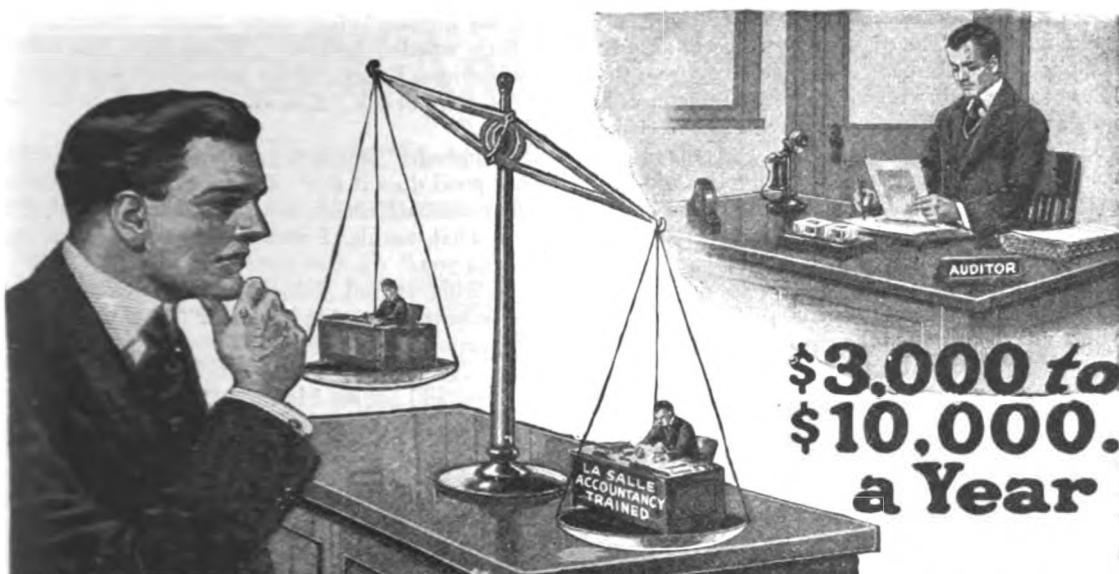
"I remember the night," I said.

He grinned. "Well—I wasn't as drunk as my aunt thought. I heard you come in. You remember there was a big stove in the room where she received you, as well as the open fire. And there was a register in the ceiling, leading to the room above. I crept into that room to listen through the register to what she said to you."

I was beginning to see a little.

"When I knew she had given you the will," he said, "I determined to kill you, and destroy it,





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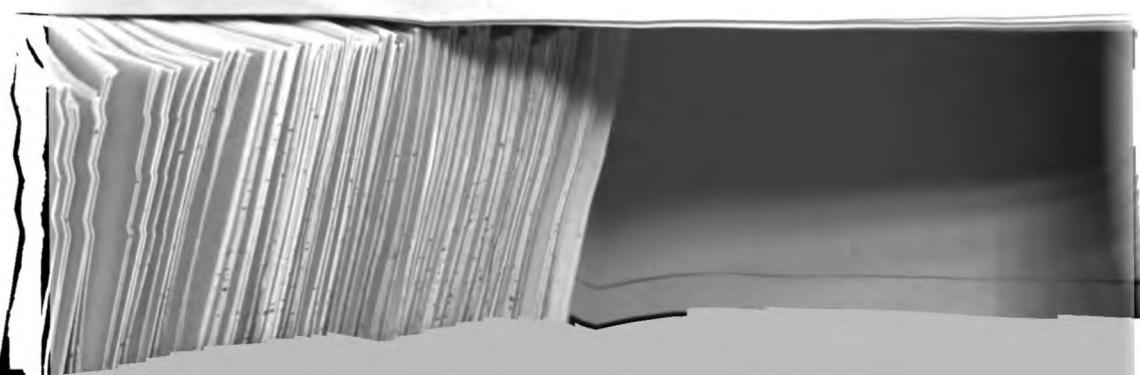
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Address



and trust to my aunt's dying before she could make another. The plan came to me in a flash. I slipped down the back stairs and away from the house to the little wooded hollow, a quarter of a mile away. And I took a cane with me, to strike you down. My aunt thought I was still in my room and I planned to re-enter by the window and come out from the door so that she could swear I had not left the house. Do you see?"

"You called for help?" I asked quickly. "It was you who called?"

He nodded with a touch of pride. "I knew you were so full of notions about duty and the like, that you would come to a summons of that kind. And you did."

"You saw me?" I prompted him.

"Sure," he boasted. "I was behind a big oak, just beside the little path, with my cane lifted to bring it down upon your head as you passed. You came within two feet of me, and passed me, and went and stood in the middle of the little open glade there, flashing your puny lamp around and calling; and I slipped away on the hotfoot when I saw."

"When you saw?" I repeated, mystified. "I passed your hiding place in your power, and you did not strike me down? Why did you not kill me as you planned?"

The man chuckled. "Oh, I didn't repent," he said, malignantly. "Don't imagine that. I'd come to kill you—and I would have done it—if you had been alone."

Now, as I have told you, there was no human being with me that night, no human being on the

road, no human being save James Norman in the little wooded hollow. Therefore, his words surprised me. I thought he must be mistaken.

"You were drunk," I said. "There was no one with me."

He laughed. "Don't try to fool me," he said. "What good does it do? I had had one glass of whiskey that afternoon, and my aunt smelled it on me. That was all. I was not drunk. I saw the man with you."

Something stirred faintly, deep within me. "The man who was with me?" I repeated. "Tell me—what was he like?"

James Norman frowned a little. "I could not see him—could not see his face," he said. "When you came down the path, past me, he was right on your heels; and when you stood in the middle of the little open patch, looking around, he stood shoulder to shoulder with you. I thought once he had seen me; and it was then I quietly slipped away."

Then Dr. Newell returned and we talked of other things.

THE old doctor fell silent; and the young man, eyes filmed with wonder, stared at the kind old physician whose whole life had meant so much of good to so many. "But," he said, after a moment; "but—you are sure there was no one with you?"

And the old doctor, infinite faith and joy in his eyes, nodded smilingly to the youth. "There was no human being with me in the woods," he said.

The Man Who Said "I Will"

(Continued from page 42)

Of course, Lumb is strong for an education for every man.

"A man should never be ashamed to dig for knowledge," he exclaimed decisively. "There are night schools in nearly every city and town, now, and a man with a limited education has absolutely no excuse for not making up for lost time by night study. There are thousands of men in middle life, holding down small jobs with poor pay, just because they 'cut' school when they were young. What a man puts into his head shows up, sooner or later, in his pay envelope. If the average pool-room loafer would

utilize the time he wastes every night in some kind of study he would soon have a paying job. For the man in a rut, for the man in a blind alley, the way out is through mental training, which is so cheap that it is almost being given away to those who will take it.

"Study awakens additional brain cells and generates mental power. There is no force on earth that can help a man develop mentally if he is not willing to help himself. His destiny is within. Fortune never disappoints those who are willing to pay the price for success in concentration and self-denial."

Faith is an invisible and invincible magnet, and attracts to itself whatever it fervently desires and calmly and persistently expects.—*Ralph Waldo Trine*.

The curiosity of him who wishes to see fully for himself how the dark side of life looks, is like that of the man who took a torch into a powder mill to see whether it would really blow up or not.

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Every Trade, Profession and Calling Represented In the Growing Army of Pelmanists

WHY is that young man getting ahead so fast? He looks pretty much like the rest of us. He's not particularly brilliant. He didn't use to stand out by himself, but you've got to admit he is getting ahead now. Why is it?"

You are likely to hear that sort of talk any day, anywhere. The answer is: The man is a Pelmanist. For the Pelmanist is a marked man in any organization. Success singles him out.

If you have not come face to face with Pelmanism, you will. Whether or not you become a Pelmanist, you cannot escape it. The point for you to consider is whether it helps you to success, or helps the other fellow. Because the Pelmanist must be reckoned with now everywhere. Every business and profession, every trade and every calling is to-day feeling its force. On the rolls of Pelmanism are famous executives, day laborers, housewives, doctors, lawyers, artisans, actors, jurists, clerks, writers, soldiers, sailors, and statesmen. They represent both sexes, many races, and every creed and circumstance of life. That has been accomplished by Pelmanism in the short space of a year.

Read of Pelmanism and Its Success

The success of Pelmanism is shown in definite experiences widespread among all sorts of people. Men and women, through it, have regenerated themselves mentally. They know it by results in greater profits and larger wages. Read what those who have enrolled as Pelmanists say of its training:

ASSISTANT BOOKKEEPER—I have studied the first Pelman lesson very seriously, and I feel certain that Pelmanism is going to help me to find myself.

DOCTOR (M. D.)—I like the course and am improving wonderfully in application to my profession and in results to my practice, largely due to getting a grip on myself—thanks to your course.

U. S. ARMY OFFICER—Since reading lesson No. 1, have put in the first real day's work in eight months.

As the training carries the growing Pelmanist along, he feels his power and capabilities wax strong. Here is what Pelmanists say after a few weeks:

OIL WORKER—Memory! My greatest fault I think, and am sure that it is improving every day. I am confident that I will find the best results for myself here.

ASSISTANT PURCHASING AGENT—A number of changes in the manner of handling my business, I did not think possible a few months ago. I have been able to decrease the detail of my work.

ACCOUNTANT—I act more quickly after a decision. I find I can do more work with less effort.

At the halfway point, the Pelmanist has complete faith in his work. Read what the Pelmanist, when but half through the course, has to say:

HOUSEKEEPER—In housekeeping I have formed new conceptions in a number of different ways, which have surprised my husband and others.

STUDENT—I passed the oral examination in a mining course with 97%, and the written with 91%, and I attribute my success in great part to Pelman principles applied in learning the course.

COPPER COMPANY PRESIDENT—I believe that these lessons have helped me tremendously in looking on the cheerful side of life.

The Real Results

The complete Pelmanist, one who has finished his training, feels his power and ability in his very finger-tips. He never doubts what he can do. He stands ready to put himself against anyone, in any business he has chosen. He will go up against any kind of work. He has no misgiving about future success. Already he has probably begun to cash in on his increased power.



GEORGE CREEEL

Read what Pelmanists through their training have to say:

FOREMAN CABINET MAKER—At pay time, April 10, I was handed a cheque representing a raise of \$2.00 per diem, and when I asked the reason, was told I was worth it and more. The direct cause of this incident was that I had assisted an architect to carry out an elaborate stairway. I could have done this same job years ago, but lacked pluck.

PRIVATE SECRETARY—I have accepted a position with the Dollars Savings and Trust Company as Teller in the foreign exchange department. It would have been very hard to decide, but for the Pelman Course. I also feel that had I not taken it I would probably not have gotten this position that means fifty per cent more money to me than the last.

BOOKKEEPER AND STENOGRAPHER—Since taking the course I have an entirely new viewpoint in life from that which I had last year. One of my reasons for enrolling in the course was to increase my salary, and you will be glad to know that I have already done so. When I began the course in Pelmanism I liked my work and was doing it to the best of my ability, but I know I have improved, and also that my self-confidence has increased by its teachings, as formerly I should never have had the courage to go to see the President of the other concern to find out what he thought I was worth, and my present employer.

TREASURER—Am going at Pelmanism proved to my own satisfaction that it is worth while. My immediate aim in this direction is for an increase of two thousand dollars this next year. My salary was increased six hundred dollars per year within a few months after taking up the study of Pelmanism.

Pelmanism Can Help You

What Pelmanism is doing for these men and women, it can do for you; for Pelmanism is a real and genuine thing. You can see its results, and put your hands on them. It is a Science, the Science of Applied Psychology—the Science of Self-Realization.

Are you driving or are you drifting? A year from to-day will you have stopped back? You will be where you are.

Take stock of yourself and your ambitions now. The year ahead of you is full of possibilities. Opportunity sits on your doorstep. You can succeed if you will think and use your opportunities. Mind is the greatest money-making machine in the world. If your mind is not working for you now, Pelmanism will make it.

How to Become a Pelmanist

Pelmanism does not ask you for fixed hours of attendance and set time for study. It fits your time, instead of demanding that your time fit into it.

The Pelman Course is arranged in a series of well-planned lessons for correspondence instruction based upon over twenty years' experience with all classes of men and women in different parts of the world. A special system helps the Examiner in personal touch with the students throughout the Course, and insures the individual attention which is so essential to the success of a study of this character.

All postage and other expenses on the outgoing lessons are paid by the Pelman Institute, and the student is at no further expense beyond that of postage on communications.

Send for the famous book of Pelmanism—"Mind and Memory"—which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it.

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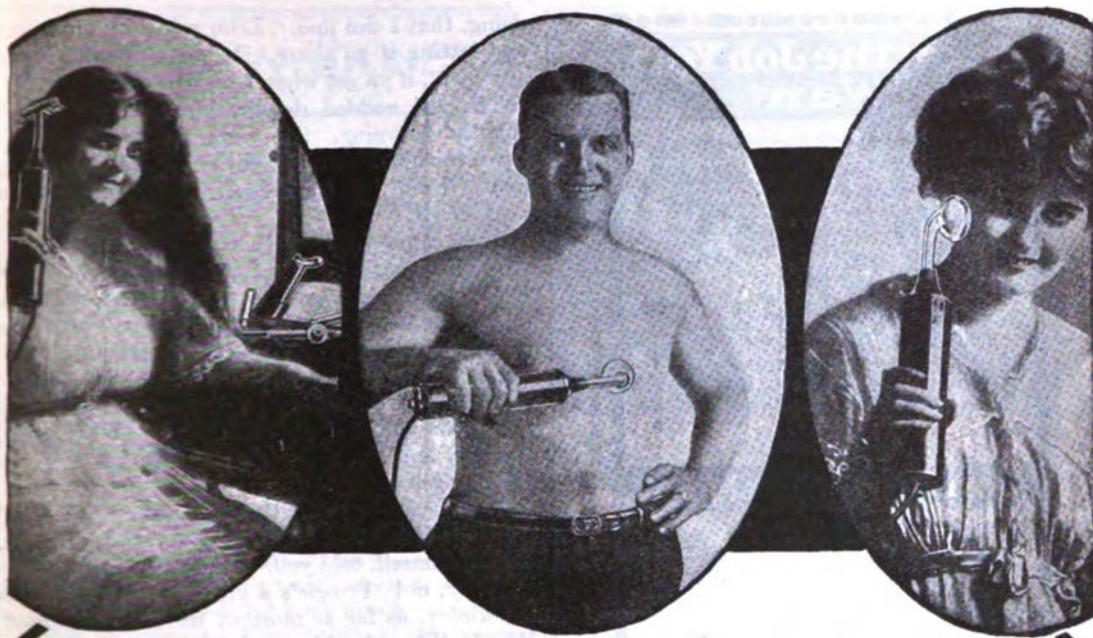
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SERMONS IN STONES

ALARGE audience sat listening breathlessly to a great actor portraying *Othello's* mingled grief and remorse at the bedside of the dead *Desdemona*. At the very climax of the scene, just as he was about to plunge a dagger into his breast, a man rushed toward the footlights with a paper in his hand, shouting, "Ladies and gentlemen, Lee has surrendered!"

What cared the people then for *Desdemona* or for *Othello*? In their wild joy and excitement at the climax of a great national drama, they forgot the play, they forgot where they were, forgot everything but the happy ending of our terrible Civil War and the preservation of the Union.



BABE" RUTH, the baseball idol, is paid \$150,000 a year salary just because he can do something different from, something difficult for, others. Many baseball players are making terrific efforts to emulate him, to make the wonderful home runs for which he has become so famous. Even if they do not succeed in becoming "Babe" Ruths, they certainly will be better players for taking him as their model. There is nothing more stimulating to ambition than a high-class model. It lifts our visions to greater heights and spurs us to renewed efforts to make our dreams come true.



TIN the New York State Prison, Sing Sing, 147 out of the 897 inmates are there on their second visit. It is said that a lot of these "repeaters" commit crimes which they abhor, and that they are largely the victims of their old habits, which constantly suggests new crimes.



AMASSACHUSETTS minister, not only preaches in three pulpits every Sunday—New Marlboro and Southfield, and North Norfolk—but works weekdays in a factory at Southfield. The preacher is trying to keep up with the high cost of living.



IN one month in New York, plans were filed for one dwelling, one apartment house, five theaters, one hundred and fifteen garages, and three loft structures. This doesn't look much like solving the "housing problem"—except for automobiles.



"Keep sweet and keep movin'."



"He who wins by wrongdoing is still a loser."



"Everyone ought to be happier than the happiest of us are now."



"We shall find nothing in the world which we do not find in ourselves."



Mae Murray and David Powell in George Fitzmaurice's Paramount Picture, "Idols of Clay."

The most fascinating thing in the world!

—learning to write for the Movies! Millions are yearning to do it! Thousands are learning how! Movie lovers everywhere are taking it up! It's a wonderful new idea—exciting, magnetic, full of a thousand glowing new possibilities for everyone—LEARNING HOW TO WRITE PHOTPLAYS AND STORIES BY A SIMPLE NEW SYSTEM OF GOING TO THE MOVIES TO GET IDEAS!

The wonder, the thrill, the joy, the deep personal gratification of seeing your own thoughts, your own ideas, your own dreams, the scenes you pictured in your fancy, the situations sketched in your imagination, the characters you whimsically portrayed—all gloriously come to life right there on the screen before your very eyes, while you sit in the audience with that flushed, proud smile of success! Yours! Yours at last. And you never dreamed it could be! You doubted yourself,—thought you needed a fancy education or "gift of writing."

To think of thousands now writing plays and stories who used to imagine they NEVER COULD! Not geniuses, but just average, everyday, plain men and women kind of people. Men and women in many businesses and professions—the modest workers, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeeper, salesman, motorman, truckman, barber, hairdresser, baker, doctor, lawyer, salesgirl, nurse, manicurist, model—people of all trades and temperaments deeply immersed in "manufacturing movie ideas," of planning scenarios of adapting ideas from photoplays they see, of re-building plots, of transforming situations, or re-making characters seen on the films—all devoting every moment of their spare time to this absorbing, happy work! Turning leisure hours into golden possibilities!

And the big secret of their boundless enthusiasm, now catching on like wild-fire among all classes of people, is that many of them, by reading some article just as you are reading this, have discovered the wonders of a New System of Story and Play Writing, published at Auburn, New York, which enables them to make such rapid progress that they are soon transfixed with amazement at the simplicity and ease with which plays and stories are put together for the magazines and moving picture studios.

For the world's supply of photoplays is constantly absorbed in the huge, hungry maw of public demand. Nearly anybody may turn to playwriting with profit. It is the most fascinating thing in the world! And also most lucrative. Skilled writers live in luxury and have princely incomes. They dictate their own terms and never are dictated to. They live and work and do as they please. They are free, independent, prosperous and popular.

You need not stay outside of this Paradise, unless you WANT to! You have as much right to Success as they. They, too, had to begin—they, too, were once uncertain of themselves. But they made a start, they took a chance, they gave themselves the benefit of the doubt, they simply BELIEVE IT TUGY COULD—AND THEY DID! Your experience may be the very same, so why not have a try at it? The way is wide open and the start easier than ever you dreamed.

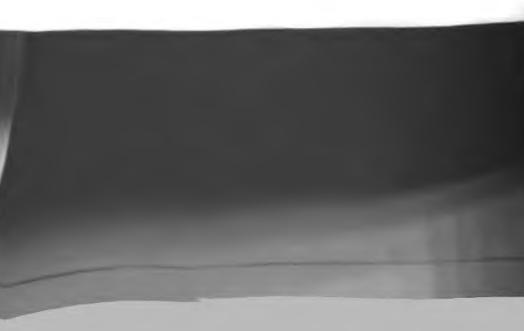
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The Magic Story

By Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey

An extraordinary narrative about a document that brought happiness, wealth, fame or fortune to every one who read it

I WAS sitting alone in the café, and had just reached for the sugar preparatory to putting it into my coffee. Outside, the weather was hideous. Snow and sleet came swirling down, and the wind howled frightfully. Every time the outer door opened, a draft of unwelcome air penetrated the uttermost corners of the room. Still I was comfortable. The snow and sleet and wind conveyed nothing to me except an abstract thanksgiving that I was where it could not affect me. While I dreamed and sipped my coffee, the door opened and closed, and admitted—Sturtevant.

Sturtevant was an undeniable failure, but, withal, an artist of more than ordinary talent. He had, however, fallen into the rut traveled by ne'er-do-wells, and was out at the elbows as well as insolvent.

As I raised my eyes to Sturtevant's, I was conscious of mild surprise at the change in his appearance. Yet he was not dressed differently. He wore the same threadbare coat in which he always appeared, and the old brown hat was the same. And yet there was something new and strange in his appearance. As he swished his hat around to relieve it of the burden of snow deposited by the howling nor'wester, there was something new in the gesticulation. I could not remember when I had invited Sturtevant to dine with me, but involuntarily I beckoned to him. He nodded, and presently seated himself opposite to me. I asked him what he would have, and he, after scanning the bill of fare carelessly, ordered from it leisurely, and invited me to join him in coffee for two. I watched him in stupid wonder, but, as I had invited the obligation, I was prepared to pay for it, although I knew I hadn't sufficient cash to settle the bill.

"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked.
"No," he replied calmly, "but I have found my mascot."

"Brindle bull, or terrier?" I inquired.
"Currier," said Sturtevant, at length, pausing with his coffee cup half way to his lips, "I see that I have surprised you. It is not strange, for I am a surprise to myself. I am a new man, a different man, and the alteration has taken place in the last few hours. You have seen me come into this place 'broke' many a time, when you have turned away, so that I would think you did not see me. I knew why you did that. It was not because you did not want to pay for a dinner, but because you did not have the money to do it. Is that your check? Let me have it. Thank you. I haven't any money with me tonight, but I—well, this is my treat."

"Do you know an artist who possesses more talent than I?" he asked, presently. "No. Do you happen to know anything in the line of my profession that I could not accomplish, if I applied myself to it? No. You have been a reporter on the dailies for—how many?—seven or eight years. Do you remember when I ever had any credit until tonight? No. Was I refused just now? You have seen for yourself. Tomorrow, my new career begins. Within a month I shall have a bank account. Why? Because I have discovered the secret of success."

"Yes," he continued, when I did not reply, "my fortune is made. I have been reading a strange story, and, since reading it, I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune, too. All you have to do is to read it. You have no idea what it will do for you. Nothing is impossible after you know that story. It makes everything as plain as A, B, C. The very instant you grasp its true meaning, success is certain. This morning I was a hopeless, aimless bit of garbage in the metropolitan ash can; tonight I wouldn't change places with a millionaire."

"You amaze me." I said wondering if he had been drinking absinthe.
"Would you tell me the story? I

should like to hear it."

"Certainly. I mean to tell the whole world. It is really remarkable that it should have been written and should remain in print so long, with never a soul to appreciate it until now. This morning I was starving. I hadn't any credit, nor a place to get a meal. I was seriously meditating suicide. Then I found the story and read it. You can hardly imagine the transformation. Why, my dear boy, everything changed at once—and there you are."

"But what is the story, Sturtevant?"
The waiter interrupted us at that moment. He informed Sturtevant that he was wanted at the telephone, and, with a word of apology, the artist left the table. Five minutes later I saw him rush out into the sleet and wind and disappear.

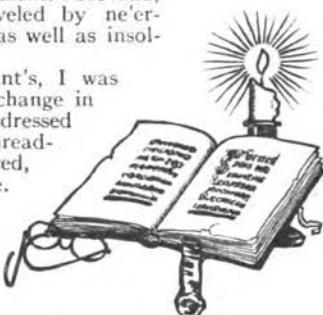
* * *

One night, on the street, I encountered Avery, a former college chum, then a reporter on one of the evening papers. It was about a month after my memorable interview with Sturtevant, which, by that time, was almost forgotten.

"Hello, old chap," he said; "how's the world using you? Still on space?"

"Yes," I replied bitterly, "with prospects of being on the town, shortly. But you look as if things were coming your way. Tell me all about it."

"Things have been coming my way, for a fact, and it



"It's all remarkable, when all is said. You know Sturtevant, don't you? It's all due to him. I was plumb down on my luck—thinking of the morgue and all that—looking for you, in fact, with the idea that you would lend me enough to pay my room rent, when I met Sturtevant. He told me a story, and really, old man, it is the most remarkable story you ever heard; it made a new man of me. Within twenty-four hours I was on my feet, and I've hardly known a care or a trouble since."

Avery's statement, uttered calmly, and with the air of one who had merely pronounced an axiom, recalled to my mind the conversation with Sturtevant in the café that stormy night, nearly a month before.

"Do you know the story?" I asked. "Will you try its effect on me?"

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure in the world. I would like to have it printed in big black type, and printed on the elevated stations throughout New York. Excuse me a minute, will you? I see Danforth over there. Back in a minute, old chap."

He nodded and smiled—and was gone. I saw him join the man whom he had designated as Danforth. My attention was distracted for a moment, and, when I looked again, both had disappeared.

* * *

The certainty that the wonderful story—I began to regard it as magic—was in the air possessed me. As I started to walk homeward, fingering the solitary nickel in my pocket and contemplating the certainty of riding down town in the morning, I experienced the sensation of something stealthily pursuing me, as if Fate were treading along behind me yet never overtaking, and I was conscious that I was possessed with or by the story. When I reached Union Square, I examined my address book for the home of Sturtevant. It was not recorded there. Then I remembered the café in University Place, and, although the hour was late, it occurred to me that he might be there.

He was! In a far corner of the room, surrounded by a group of acquaintances, I saw him. He discovered me at the same instant, and motioned me to join them at the table. There was no chance for the story, however. There were half a dozen around the table and I was the farthest removed from Sturtevant. But I kept my eyes upon him, and bided my time, determined that, when he rose to depart, I would go with him. A silence, suggestive of respectful awe, had fallen upon the party when I took my seat. Every one seemed to be thinking, and the attention of all was fixed upon Sturtevant. The cause was apparent. He had been telling the story. I had entered the café just too late to hear it. On my right, when I took my seat, was a doctor; on my left a lawyer. Facing me on the other side was a novelist with whom I had some acquaintance. The others were artists and newspaper men.

At length, I left my chair, and passing around the table, seized Sturtevant by one arm, and succeeded in drawing him away from the party.

"If you have any consideration for an old friend who is rapidly being driven mad by the existence of that confounded story, which Fate seems determined that I shall never hear, you will relate it to me now," I said, savagely.

Sturtevant stared at me in mild surprise. "All right," he said. "The others will excuse me for a few moments, I think. Sit down here, and you shall have it. I found it pasted in an old scrapbook I purchased in Ann Street, for 3 cents; and there isn't a thing about it by which one can get any idea in what publication it originally appeared, or who wrote it. When I discovered it, I began casually to read it, and in a moment I was interested. Before I left it, I had read it through many times, so that I could repeat it almost word for word. It affected me strangely—as if I had come in contact with some strong personality. There seems to be in the story a personal element that applies to every one who reads it. Well, after I had read it several times, I began to think it over. I couldn't stay in the house, so I seized my coat and hat and went out. I must have walked several miles, buoyantly, without



"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked

realizing that I was the same man who, only a short time before, had been in the depths of despondency. That was the day I met you here—you remember?"

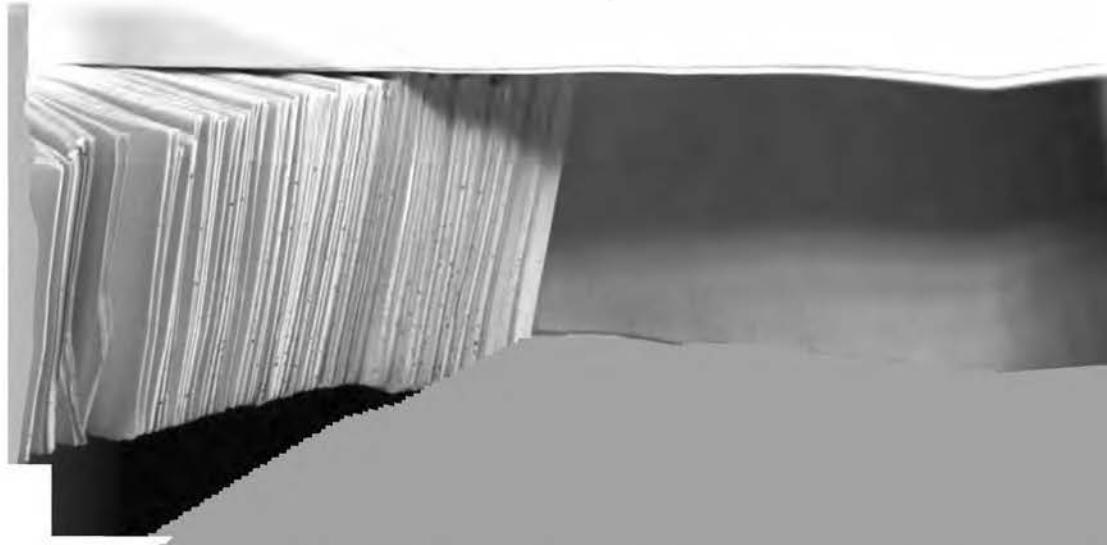
We were interrupted at that instant by a uniformed messenger, who handed Sturtevant a telegram. It was from his chief, and demanded his instant attendance at the office.

"Too bad!" said Sturtevant, rising and extending his hand. "Tell you what I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be gone any more than an hour or two. You take my key and wait for me in my room. In the escrioire near the window you will find an old scrapbook, bound in rawhide."

I found the book, without difficulty. It was a quaint, home-made affair, covered with rawhide and bound in leather thongs. The pages formed an odd combination of yellow paper, vellum and home-made parchment. I found the story, curiously printed on the last named material.

* * *

The book which Currier found in Sturtevant's room contained an extraordinary narrative. You can secure this wonderful story complete in the library (cloth) edition for \$2.00, or the de luxe edition printed in two colors and bound in ooz leather for \$3.00. Your money will be cheerfully refunded if for any reason you are dissatisfied. Thousands of people have read this story with pleasure and profit. Send for your copy today to: The Lowrey-Marden Corporation, Dept. 12, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



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Gentlemen: Please tell me about your plan for helping young men and women to earn their way through college.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State,
College.....

The Meanest Man In the World

(Continued from page 71)

everybody. Walk in something like this. (*Strutting boldly.*) Then say, "Where's the proprietor of this establishment?" Don't just say it—shout it. Get their attention right away. Throw a scare into them right off the reel; and if anybody starts smiling at you and happens to say "Good morning," don't you say, "Good morning."

CLARK: No?

CHILDS: No! Don't you say "Good morning." You say, "I'm not here to discuss the weather." Understand?

CLARK: Yes, I understand. "I'm not here to discuss the weather."

CHILDS: Yes, but say it, don't mutter it! Be tough. Be tougher than the turnkey at The Tombs. The history of every corporation, trust, or multi-millionaire in this country shows that they had to go out after the money and get it. No time for sympathy or sentiment. You've got to go out in the back yard and dig a pit and bury your heart. You've got to tear down and destroy everybody and everything that gets in your way.

CLARK: I don't believe that. No, sir; that's too strong. You would not do that, Childs?

CHILDS: I wouldn't? Listen, if all the widows and orphans in the world were standing in a row all crying for bread, I'd first see that my own larder was full. For that's the kind of a world we live in.

CLARK: I'll collect the bill.

C LARK arrives in Hudsonville the next day, and goes to the store of J. Hudson & Co., to collect the bill. He has sent a telegram ahead warning them that he expects to collect the money or close the store. J. Hudson turns out to be a charming young girl, Jane Hudson, who has been conducting the store since the death of her father. In her desperation she has invited Hiram Leeds to the store, explained her situation and asked for a personal loan. Leeds, a crafty old skinflint known to his fellow townsmen as "the meanest man in the world," offers to clear the mortgage he holds on her home and to negotiate the loan in exchange for the thirty acres of marshy land which lie between her home and a forest.

Michael O'Brien, who conducts a shoe-repair department in the back office of the store, where the conference is staged, has warned Jane that he will hammer the shoe he is repairing with two

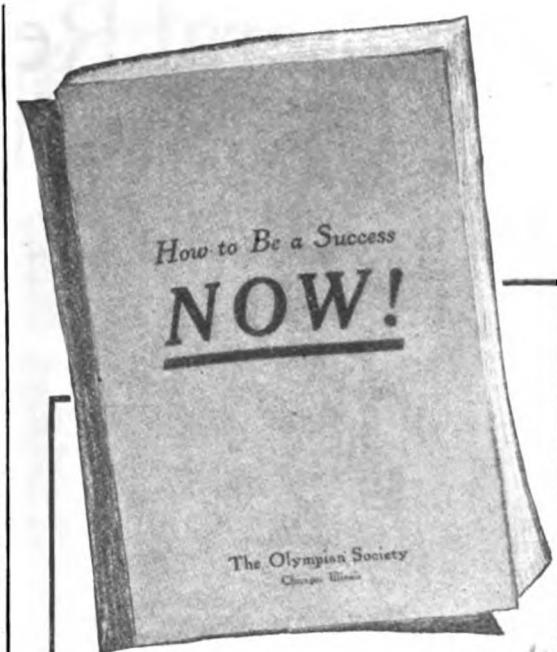


loud knocks to warn her in case Hiram tries to cheat. The interview is repeatedly punctuated with Mike's two knocks, and Jane tells Hiram that she will have to have time to think over his proposition. Leeds has brought along a pair of shoes for Mike to mend, and Mike recognizes them as having been on his bench three times previously for repairs.

Richard Clark breezes into the back office and with difficulty assumes the attitude of the hard-hearted collector. Repeating Childs's philosophy as his own, much to the amazement of Mike O'Brien who continues to stare fixedly on the strange young man while he speaks to Jane Hudson. Jane discloses her identity at last, and at once Richard's sympathy is awakened. He is called to the phone by Leggett and discharged from his obligation, for Leggett has decided to investigate the oil lands himself and he has followed Richard and Ned post haste. Jane is called outside to wait on a customer and Mike looks at Clark humorously and tells him he knew all along that he wasn't as mean as he pretended to be. Richard questions Mike regarding Leeds and is shown the old man's shoes. He immediately becomes interested in examining the soil clinging to the soles and rubs a bit between his fingers.

He then realizes why Leeds is so eager to get control of Jane's property and determines to protect her. He concocts a story and phones Ned to borrow \$850 on the strength of it from his uncle. Then he persuades Jane to permit him to settle her debt and act as her lawyer. He questions her concerning her mother's estate, of which Leeds, as the former partner of her father, has been made executor. He discovers that Leeds has cheated her out of \$20,000. Leggett and Leeds arrive, and begin frantically bidding with Jane for possession of her property. Richard pays Leggett the \$850 he has borrowed from Ned—who has borrowed it from Leggett. He informs the men that henceforth they are to deal with him, as he is Jane's legal adviser, and he further demands that Leeds produce the \$20,000 of which he has defrauded Jane, and with which he intends to immediately drill for oil.

SEVEN weeks elapse and the town has grown from "a bum town to a boom town." Richard has exercised his organizing genius, pooled all the property interests and formed a gigantic corporation. Leggett and Childs arrive in Hudsonville in order to bribe Clark to betray his trust and turn the finances of the corporation over to them for management. They suspect that Richard intends to make a clean-up and a getaway. A social function is in progress at the



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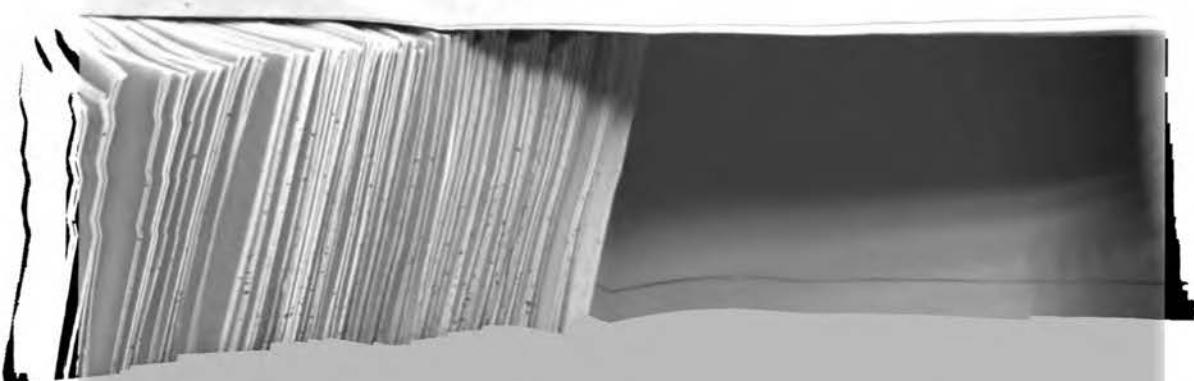
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Hudson home and the guests are leaving one by one.

Jane's store helper comes out first. He has taken a tip from Richard and made a tidy fortune, and his clothes and demeanor radiate the fact. He sings Clark's praises and is joined by O'Brien and Leeds, who also has adopted Richard's philosophy of life and for the first time is really enjoying it. Then Bart and Kitty, newly married, come out on their way home. Bart is now general manager of the Hudson Development Company. Ned and Nellie have also married and at last Clark comes out with a Mr. Fielding, a New York financier, with whom he has just closed a seven-million-dollar deal, netting himself ten per cent. He greets his former friends, but tells them that he will not retain a penny of this commission; that he intends to divide it among the stockholders. Leggett goes off in disgust and the others follow, but Clark asks Childs to stay a moment. The latter intimates that he thinks Richard a very apt pupil and that he knows that he intends to make a big clean up. Richard Clark tells Childs that he is all wrong; that his philosophy of ruthlessness and dishonesty will not work. Clark says:

YES, and there's a big difference between honesty and dishonesty. You know the day you talked to me in my office in New York, you had me dizzy for a while. I started out to be just the sort of fellow you advised me to be, but it wouldn't work. And do you know why? Because it wasn't true. No really successful man in this country or any other, ever got anywhere except by clean-cut, honest, straightforward methods. Friendship is the most essential thing in the business world, or any other walk of life. And you can't make friends by browbeating and tearing down and destroying everybody and everything you come in contact with.

"I listened to your advice and found it was wrong. Now you listen to my advice and you'll find it's right. You think you're a success in us, don't you? All right, we'll say you are. But let me ask you this. What's the use of success in the sort of world you're living in? Why, every time you sit back and take a bird's-eye view of things, all you see is a mob—a wild mob, rushing up and down hunting and fighting for the almighty dollar! Is that a pretty picture to have to look at every time you close your eyes and think?

"You've got the whole thing tabbed wrong. This isn't a tough world. It's a beautiful world, peach of a world, if you think right and live right and find out what is the most important thing in life—and that is happiness—and the



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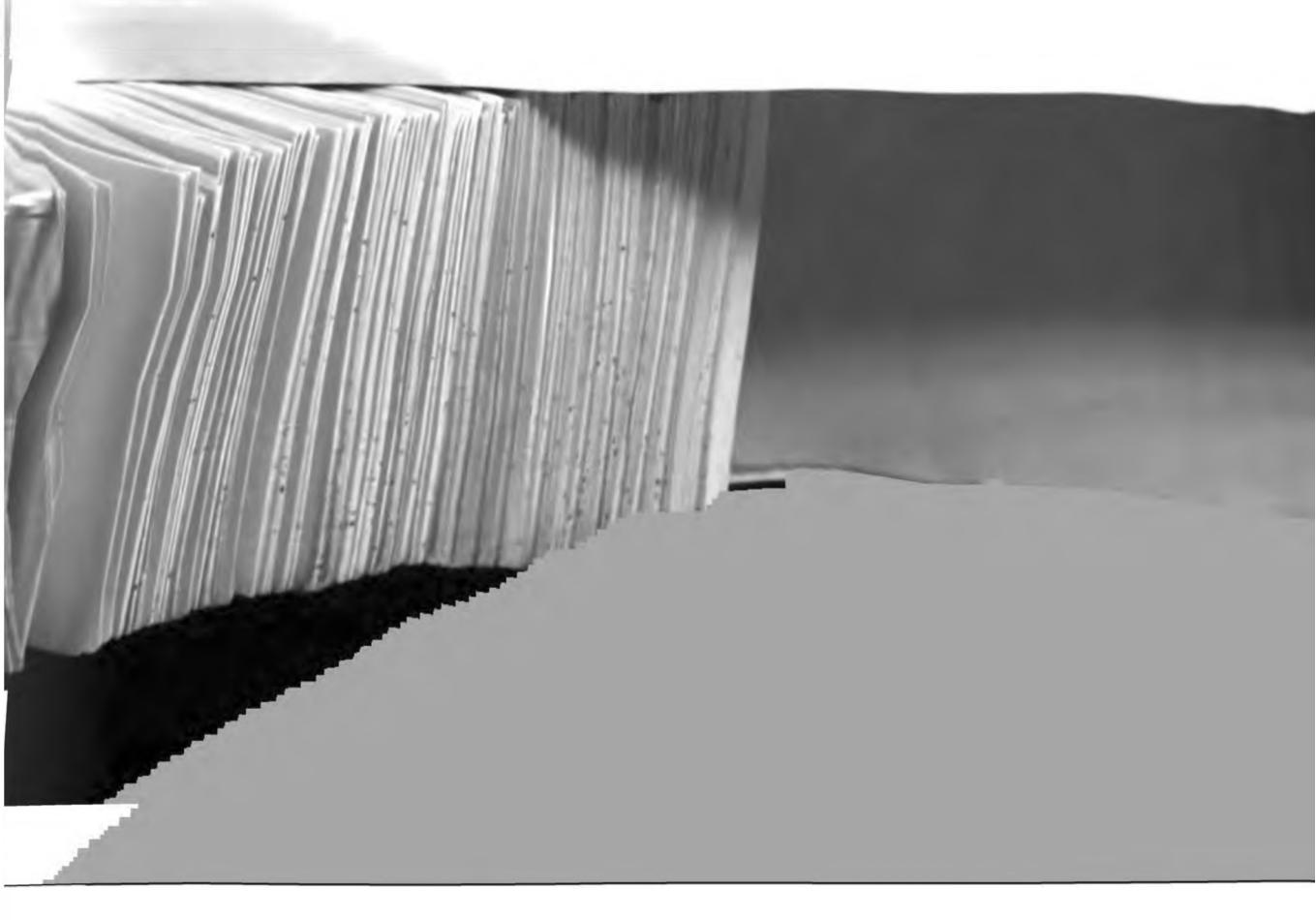
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.....Automobile Repairman.	\$2,500 to \$4,000Employment Manager.	\$4,000 to \$10,000
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High Blood Pressure —Hardened Arteries



R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.
Founder and Director
THE ALSAKER WAY

—How to Remedy

An Educational Lecture

By R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

(Specialist in Health Conservation)

Dear Doctor Alsafer:

Last week I had two severe shocks. One of my friends had a stroke of apoplexy and is now in a very serious condition; another one dropped dead. Both of them are a little past fifty, and both of them have suffered from high blood pressure for some time. I am anxious because I too am past fifty, and my blood pressure runs from 190 to over 200. From time to time I have discomfort in the region of the heart and pains in the head.

A third friend tells me that he followed your directions and recovered. He is active and looks healthy, but I can hardly believe this, for my physicians—and they are good ones—have informed me that high blood pressure cannot be reduced. Please write me frankly by return mail. I want to linger here a while longer.

F. R. M.

The condition mentioned in this letter is very common among men past the age of forty-five. This is a case of hardening of the arteries (arteriosclerosis) with high blood pressure. An examination nearly always shows more or less Bright's disease, and this is generally caused by the excessive pressure, which forces the albumin through the kidneys.

The pain in the region of the heart is due to the over-worked condition of the heart, which is often aggravated by gas in the stomach and the bowels. The pain in the head is caused partly by the excessive pressure of the blood, and partly by accumulations of waste in the body.

Many physicians give nitro-glycerine to lower the excessive blood pressure, but this is useless, for though the pressure is temporarily reduced, it returns again.

The condition described is dangerous because if allowed to continue the patient will usually expire from apoplexy of the brain, or heart failure; sometimes death comes through Bright's disease, with its accompanying uremia.

Is the condition curable? It is in the majority of cases. Nearly everybody believes that hardened arteries with high blood pressure is a fatal affliction. And it is, if it is treated in the old way. If it is treated correctly, that is, in accordance with the laws of nature, at least four out of five will recover so completely that they can live to be old—far older than three score years and ten—and they can be so healthy that they can't feel anything wrong. And what more can they ask?

In most of these cases correct treatment will reduce the blood pressure from twenty to thirty points the first month. After that the reduction is slower.

If this is true, why don't most doctors and many laymen know it? Because both physicians and lay individuals are looking for cures from pills, powders and potions, aided by serums and operations. And these

means will not work in cases of high blood pressure.

The correct way, which is Nature's way, is so simple and reasonable that very few have discovered it to date. It consists of living so that the hardening process stops immediately, and then the blood pressure begins to decrease. Usually the patient is out of danger in a few weeks.

There are exceptions who can not recover. This is because they have abused themselves so long that either the kidneys have failed beyond recovery; or the heart valves or heart walls have been too much injured; or the walls of the arteries themselves have become brittle as chalk in spots. But the vast majority—at least four out of five on the average—can get into such good condition that they can truly say that they are enjoying good health.

I have had patrons who were continually dizzy; who had surging of the blood to the head; who had daily headaches; who had oppression in the region of the heart (precordial pain); who were so short of breath that they could not walk upstairs, nor could they walk as much as a block without resting—yes, individuals with as bad symptoms as that have recovered very good health, after they had been told by competent physicians that nothing could be done for their hardened arteries and high blood pressure.

* * * * *

R. L. Alsafer, M. D., is a new type of physician. He specializes in health and teaches those who come to him for advice, how to live so that disease disappears. He has written a course of instruction that explains the cause of disease and shows the afflicted how to recover. This course of instructions on the correct home treatment of Heart Disease, Hardened Arteries, High Blood Pressure and Apoplexy gives specific advice to effect a cure. All forms of heart disease are discussed and a correct treatment prescribed. Send \$3.00 to the Lowrey-Marden Corporation, Dept. 300, 1133 Broadway, N. Y., Publishers of "The Alsafer Way," for "Curing Diseases of the Heart and Arteries." Follow the doctor's advice for 30 days. If you are fully satisfied with the good results obtained, keep the book; otherwise return it and we will refund your money. G. C. Porter, prominent business man of Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Measured by the usual fees of physicians for a single prescription or consultation, Dr. Alsafer's health-building hand-books are worth \$50 to \$100 each." Mr. Porter has purchased and given away to sick people more than 200 copies of The Alsafer Health-building Hand-books.



way to get it is to create it—and the only way to keep it is to spread it around. Now you take my tip and don't go about preaching that hard-fisted doctrine you handed out to me, because you're only going to lead some young fellow astray. Go out in the yard and dig that pit again and find your heart and put it back where it belongs, because you're only cheating yourself, old boy, you're cheating yourself out of the only thing worth while; and that's being able to walk bang up to your mirror, look yourself straight in the eye and say: 'You're all right.' That's what I do every night before I hop into bed; and, believe me, when I hit the pillow, I sleep like a newborn babe, and I wake up in the morning hungry for my breakfast."

"But what have you got to show for your happiness?" ask Childs incredulously, and a sweet voice calls from the house: "Dick, oh, Dick! and Jane comes out to join him.

"Let me introduce you to my wife," says Richard. "We were married this morning."

Carlton Childs departs, a wiser man, leaving the lovers looking off in the distance where the twinkling lights of Hudsonville announce the birth of a thriving, happy community, built on human principles of right, square dealing, and giving the other fellow a chance.

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5.—Do not be afraid of criticism—criticize yourself often.

6.—Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods.

7.—Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest fabrics.

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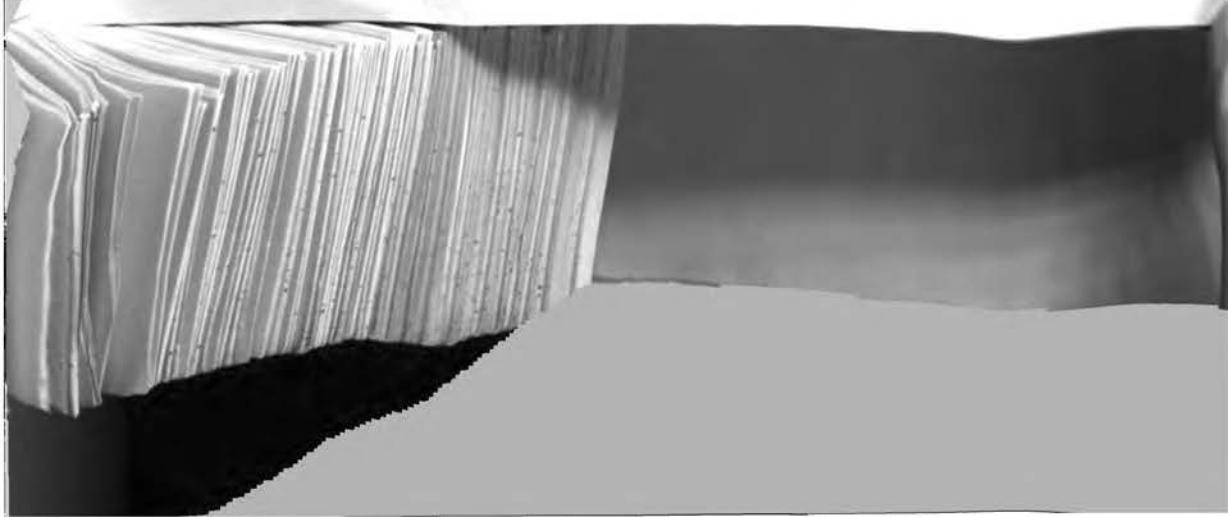
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Why Some Men Are Rich And Others Are Poor?

You Can Learn the Secret of Making Money and Apply It to Your Affairs so as to Escape Poverty and Attract Affluence

FOR there is a law of life that controls your financial affairs just as surely, just as positively, as the law of Gravitation holds the world steadfast in its course through the heavens.

Grasp the secret of this law and apply it intelligently to a definite plan of action and all good things of life are opened to you. It is no longer necessary for you to put up with poverty and uncongenial surroundings, when by the application of this law you can enjoy abundance, plenty, affluence.

Rich Man? Poor Man?

The only difference between the poor man and the rich man, between the pauper and the well-to-do, between the miserable failure and the man who is financially independent, is an understanding of this fundamental law of life; and, the degree of your understanding of it determines the degree of your possession.

Few successful men, few men who have attained position and wealth and power, are conscious of the workings of this law, although their actions are in complete harmony with it. This explains the cause of sudden failure. Not knowing the real reasons for previous success, many a man by some action out of harmony with the Law of Financial Independence has experienced a speedy downfall, sudden ruin and disgrace. Others stumble upon good fortune unconsciously by following a line of action in complete harmony with this law of life, although they do not know definitely the reason for their success.

No Chance—No Luck

But, when you know the basic principles of this law, when you understand exactly how to place yourself in complete harmony with it, there will be no longer any luck, chance or circumstance about your undertakings. You will be able to plan your

actions intelligently so that you may reach a definite goal—a goal that may be as modest or as pretentious as your own desires and wishes. There is nothing difficult or mysterious about placing yourself in complete harmony with the Law of Financial Independence. All you need is a firm resolve to follow a definite line of action that will cost you no self-denial, no unpleasantness, no inconvenience.

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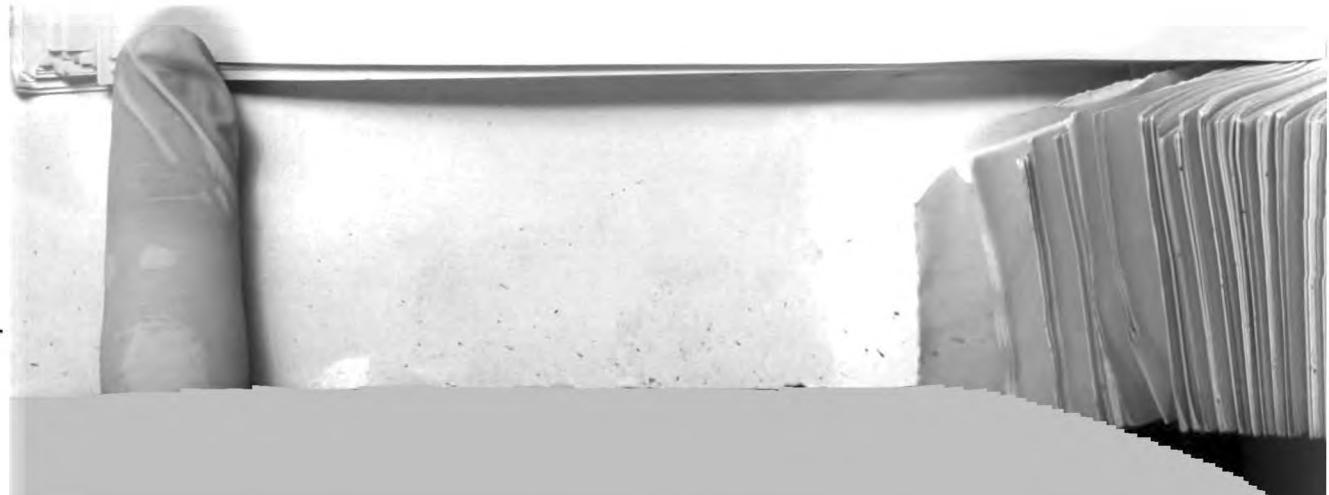
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Surely, you also can profit greatly by this same philosophy and you can secure Dr. Marden's booklet, "The Law of Financial Independence" *free of cost* by subscribing to the NEW SUCCESS for a year, either for yourself or for a friend, at the regular price of \$2.50 (Foreign price \$3.50). If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended for a year if you mention that your order is a renewal. This booklet cannot be secured at any price except in combination with a subscription to this magazine. You may secure two copies by sending \$5.00 for 2 years' subscription, or three copies by sending \$7.50 for 3 years' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. Therefore, fill out and mail the coupon below before this special offer is withdrawn, or write a letter if you do not wish to cut your copy of the magazine.

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How the Future Looked to Me When I Was Twenty-one

(Continued from page 56)

ing night of a production without rest. When we love what we are doing the doing of it is like God's sunlight to the flowers. It keeps them alive and makes them beautiful.

"If I were to choose my own epitaph I should want it to be, 'A simple artist who loved his art.'"

"I am glad that what I have done I have done without help from any one. No man, woman or child has ever given me a dollar. Always my help and endorsement have come from the public.

"One lesson I have drawn from the little I have done is—be kind. When unknown young men or women come to me, no matter how busy I am, I cannot turn them away without an encouraging word. In my first days in New York City a kind word to me would have been like a glass of cold water to a man dying of fever. I did not get it; but, remembering those days, I have never withheld it.

"I have learned the luxury of forgiving. It was my joy to give an engagement to John Woodward, the man who 'fired' me from 'The Lion of Nubia,' because of the racket my school fellows made, and place him in a company that was going on the road with one of my plays. He died the next year. Circumstances have forced me into bitter warfare, but I have joyed in making peace. All my grudges are outworn. One may not carry long the heavy burden of hatred. Its weight hinders and destroys us.

"If a boy came to me as I went to the Mallorys, a boy scarcely past twenty, eager, ambitious, loving his work better than all else in the world, I would deduce for him from my experience, this advice: 'Live up to your ideals. In the end they will pay.'



The memories of such heroines of gentle charity who spend their days hanging sweet pictures in the silent galleries of sunless lives shall never perish from the earth.



And "genius," properly defined, so sages all declare, Means being at the proper "when" just at the proper "where."



Resourcefulness is the star accomplishment. It is the master-key that fits all the locks of business requirements.



The impulse to do our best,—ah, here lies the secret of all living!

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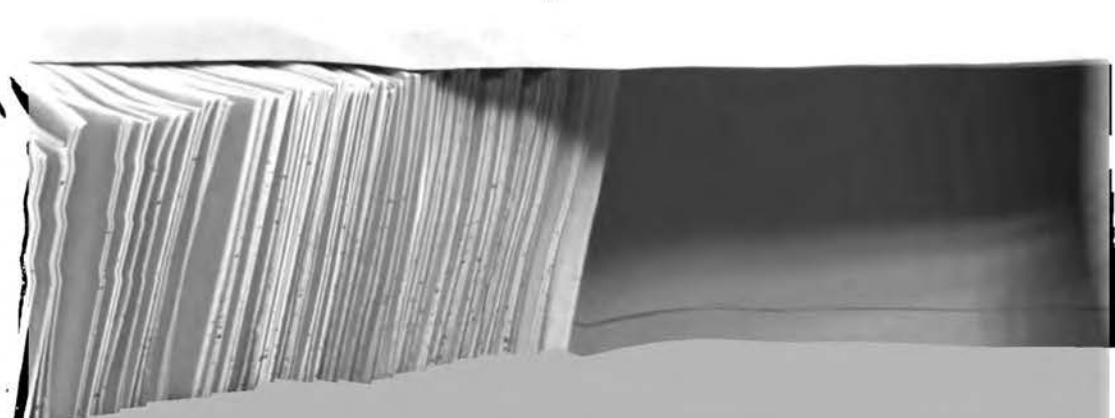


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Senate Pages Who Became Famous

(Continued from page 113)

and others are trying to master the science of "pothooks," the movies are popular.

The sessions of the Senate begin at twelve o'clock, noon, ordinarily, but the pages are required to report for duty at nine. They are kept busy arranging the papers on the Senator's desks, filing the daily *Record*, distributing the bills, petitions, and reports that have been printed overnight, guarding the doors, that no visitors may enter after the floor has been cleared preparatory to the convening of the body, and performing similar services preliminary to the opening of the session.

On the days when the Senate does not sit, although nominally in session, the pages are on duty in alternate groups. At all times a record of merits and demerits is kept so that they are obliged continually to toe the mark and be on their good behavior, or run the risk of dismissal in the midst of their four-year term. This fate, however, rarely befalls any member of the corps.

How the Boys are Called for Service

WHEN the Senate is called to order by the Vice-President of the United States, and the chaplain offers the opening prayer, the pages stand at the foot of the steps encircling the rostrum, one half on the Republican and one half on the Democratic side. At the conclusion of the invocation, they seat themselves on the steps, and keep their eyes on the Senators, ready to respond with alacrity to a summons which comes in the shape of a clapping of senatorial hands.

This has been the mode of senatorial page-calling from time immemorial and probably never will be entirely abolished—neither will the sand wells and quill pens on some Senator's desks, or the snuff boxes on the walls. In the House of Representatives, the pages are summoned by electric bells; but, in the Senate, hand clapping has been retained along with other senatorial customs.



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Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eyestrain or other eye weakness? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right

from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes intime.

Bon-Opto Strengthens Eyesight

NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturer guarantees it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold everywhere by all good druggists.

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How Jim Downes Paid Up

(Continued from page 85)

read. He crumpled the sheet as a frown crossed his features.

"No bad news, I hope?" Jim questioned solicitously. Caleb shook his head. "No, it's all right," he lied. "When are you going back to West Rockland."

"By the night train, to-morrow, if I can get away in time," Jimmy answered. "Where's Thurston."

"Gone," said Caleb.

"You told him?" Caleb nodded. "And he didn't wait for his money?" Jim went on.

"No," Waters said, "He was furious—also broken-hearted. He said that now he would stand no chance with Mary."

"I hope not—if he is guilty," Jim said. "I'm sorry Mary never wrote me anything about him. But there is no use writing her now. I'll see her within two days and learn the whole story."

CHAPTER XX

THEY went inside and Jim began preparing for his journey. Tonetah, silent and seemingly without interest in the conversation going on about him, grunted that supper was ready as he spread it on the table. In silence the three ate. When the meal was finished, Jim arose and stretched himself with satisfaction.

"Come and help me pack up the nuggets," he suggested, and he and Waters began bagging the shining metal they had mined. As they worked, Caleb's eyes widened and his imagination ran riot. "There must be a fortune here!" he exclaimed as they tied up the last of the small sacks.

"Far more than I had hoped for," said Jim happily. "This little bag will pay off the mortgage on the farmhouse and make mother happy. These bags are for Mary; and when I come back, what's left in the vein will be mine. Meanwhile, you work it, and while I'm gone, what you mine is yours—allowing for Tonetah's share of course."

But temptation was rife in Caleb Water's brain. If he could make way with these bags he would be serving Humphreys as well as his own interests. There must be at least twenty or thirty thousand dollars in that pile! To Caleb that meant untold riches. Of course, if Thurston succeeded in securing Jim's arrest, the interests of Humphreys would be served, for the mortgage would then fall due before he could be brought to trial. Even if he were to be acquitted, in all likelihood he could not make

West Rockland in time. But—if Caleb could make way with the gold—then it would make no difference whether Jim got back or not for he could not hope to pry enough from the earth to settle the debt in time.

The two were working in the little outer shack where the gold was brought each night, and Tonetah, inside the cabin, seemed oblivious to their actions. Once, he walked off to the woods to bury the remains of the evening meal, then strode back silently to his seat near the now empty fireplace.

Nine o'clock, bedtime hour at the cabin was drawing near. There came a rap at the door and Tonetah looked up sleepily. The two in the shack where the nuggets were, strolled leisurely into the room. Jim Downes responded to the summons.

"Come in," he said good-naturedly surprised. The door opened and Raoul Laclede stamped into the room. His gun was drawn and he cocked it over his arm as he covered both Downes and Caleb, giving a hasty glance in the direction of Tonetah, who paid not the slightest attention to him and continued his lazy doze.

"I'm sorry, Jim," the sheriff said, "but you'll have to come to the village with me."

"What's wrong?" Downes asked, and then, looking over the sheriff's shoulder, saw Thurston in the doorway.

"It doesn't seem likely, Jim," Laclede told him in a regretful tone, "but this man Thurston accuses you of taking twenty thousand dollars worth of bonds from him. He's sworn out a warrant for your arrest.

CHAPTER XXI

JIM DOWNES paled, then an angry flush came over his face. "Why the man's a thief himself!" Jim exclaimed. "This is spite work. I turned him out of the camp, to-day. I suppose it's all my fault. I should have told you about him—but I understand the skunk wants to marry my sister—and that—"

"Sheriff, I won't stand for that!" protested Thurston, stepping forward. "Mr. Waters here knows I had the bonds—and now they're gone. Either Jim Downes took them, and I have reason to know that they were in his possession, or else that sneaking Indian over there got away with them. The chances are, they're accomplices."

"That'll do!" cautioned the sheriff. "It seems to me that you are all making accusations you may have a chance to prove in court. I

don't know much about you two; but I know Jim Downes, and I'm going to see that he gets a square deal. Now, just to satisfy myself and to settle the argument, I'm going to search all of you—and turn this shack inside out."

There was a moment of silence. Caleb and Thurston exchanged smiling glances. Tonetah laid aside his pipe and showed a sudden interest.

"Come over here!" the sheriff said to the Indian, who ambled lazily forward. While the others looked on, the officer deftly searched him, then bade him produce his pack which he also searched.

Downes was next searched. Then not a nook or cranny of the cabin escaped the sheriff.

"Undoubtedly they've hidden them somewhere!" Thurston said impatiently.

"That'll be about enough!" the sheriff interrupted with some heat." Step up yourself, and I'll give you the once over."

Thurston did so with a bored air which plainly showed that he felt the officer was wasting time; but he gladly submitted because the absence of the bonds among his effects would substantiate his charge in a measure. He smiled, too, when Laclede turned his attention to Caleb Waters, who was standing with folded arms and a twinkle in his eyes.

Laclede began to search him. Suddenly, as his hands slipped into the tops of Caleb's Dutch stockings, he gave an exclamation of surprise. "Did you think you could get away with that—by taking a chance that I wouldn't look into your boots?" The sheriff laughed as he held the bonds up to the light of the oil lamp. The most amazed man in the group was Caleb Waters himself.

But before he could recover his speech, Laclede had him handcuffed, and Thurston, an angry gleam in his eyes, advanced threateningly upon the trembling Waters. "So it was you, was it?" he demanded. "You made me doubt Jim Downes when all the while you were the thief!"

"Thief yourself!" shouted the terrified Waters. "I didn't take them and you know it. You put them there to clear yourself!"

"That will do," announced the sheriff. "I guess the court will sift this matter out. I'll have to trouble you to come along with me, Waters."

Stolidly, Tonetah watched the sheriff lead his prisoner away, then with an inward chuckle and an outward calm, he proceeded to roll himself in his blanket and soon began to snore from his bunk in the corner. "White man heap blamed fool!" he murmured as he dropped off into the land of dreams.

(To be continued.)

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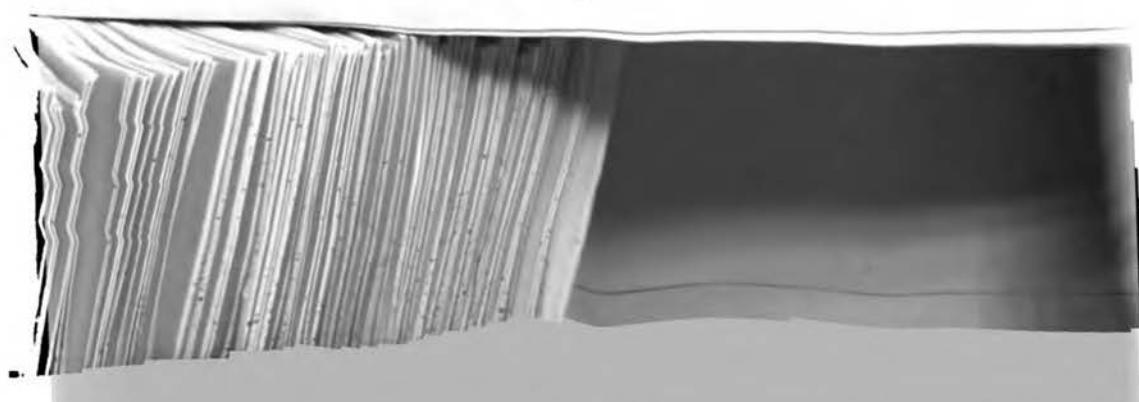
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Making Use of the Hours that Go to Waste

(Continued from page 108)

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Why Worry?

(Continued from page 97)

Worry is merely a mild form of insanity that we invite to park awhile in our brain pans and give off clouds of blue smoke. When a man worries he is not at his greatest efficiency; he is least efficient. Fore-sight is a form of thought, keen pointed and vitalized, ready to push forward and split the difficulties ahead; worry is also a form of thought; but it is blunt at both ends, dormant and dead as a piece of punk wood, and it lies heavy in the brain and oozes miasma.

AS an expert and almost continuous worrier, I feel qualified to utter the final word on the subject. Worrying does not pay and it results in a marked loss of efficiency. I ask you to consider the horse. I ask you, frankly, whether a horse would ever get anywhere with its load if it had the worrying habit. Concentrate your mind for a moment on a large horse, the color of a tan shoe, and imagine it suddenly becoming cognizant of the fact that a hill was—or might be—on the road ahead of it somewhere. If that horse sat down in the road and crossed one foreleg over the other and let its lower lip hang down and simply fretted about the hill, would it, I ask, ever get anywhere? It would not. No amount of fretful thought would get that horse a mile on its way. It might sit there and worry about the height of the hill, the condition of its hoofs, or the weight of the load, and when the sun went down the horse would be in the same spot, unless an automobile truck hit it.

Again, if the horse did not sit down, but continued on the way, no amount of worry, large or small, would help it in the least if there was, indeed, a hill ahead. The hill would not diminish to any perceptible extent. The only difference would be that the horse would reach the hill in a disheartened state of mind and less able to put its full muscular and mental ability into the job. But the chances are that the horse would have had all its worry for nothing; there would be no hill, or if there was one, it would not be a Pike's Peak, after all.

Worry, as I take it, begins as a rational symptom of a possible difficulty to come, but we let the symptom become greater than the difficulty. I think "coal." Any one with a furnace like mine can't help thinking "coal" now and then. To think "coal" becomes an involuntary reflex, as the psychologists say—if they say it. They would say it if they had a mine-eating furnace with a coal-bin that looks like an undecorated National Convention Hall after everyone has gone home and the lights are out. One of my greatest worries is that some day my house may fall down one of my furnace pipes and get lost in a corner of my coal-bin.

SO it is quite natural that I should think "coal" sometime along in June or July. Almost anything can remind me of coal—last year's coal bill (edition No. 76) or a mosquito, or even my wife. I have known my bank statement to remind me of coal.

So into my mind creeps the thought "coal." Instantly I become nervous, irritable, blue and begin to worry. Is there any coal? Can I get any coal? If I get any coal can I pay for it? Can I get enough to last all winter? Oh, me; oh, my! Jane, pass the onions, I want to weep!

Now, to think of coal is an honest, reasonable symptom of efficiency. I must have coal. I need coal. I need, as a matter of fact, a whole lot of coal. When my mind flips over the dingus in my brain that does flip over, and shows the word "coal" it is doing me a good turn. It is warning my foresight to prepare for zero weather next winter. Like a little Napoleon, I go to the telephone and call my coal man and say with the voice with the smile, "Ah, my coal-bin, you know; will you please fill it? Yes, anytime now; it is all manicured and everything." Then I ring off. Hastily.

I have now done my best. If I am a wise man, I forget the coal—make a memorandum to call up the coal man in two weeks, and then put the matter out of my mind. I have other work to do—stories to write, novels to plan. I need my best, unincumbered mind for the jobs ahead of me. In two weeks, if the coal has not come, I can call the coal man again, or go to see him, or see another coal man, or write a letter to some newspaper condemning the government or the coal administration, or do any one of a number of things to hurry my next winter's coal supply to my bin.

If I am a worrier, I do nothing of the kind. I do not kick the symptom out of my mind after it has done its work; but I let it stick there and decay and give off fumes of gloom that poison my whole system and clog up my thinking apparatus. Half-baked thoughts of coal shortages, car shortages, strikes and a thousand things over which you and I have no control—or even less than that—come and roost in the blue fumes and cackle and mourn and "tut-tut" like a lot of Job's comforters, and dull and gloomy coal thoughts take the edge off my bright and sparkling brain work; and, bingo! another bunch of my few remaining hairs turn white.

And along about August 6th, a coal wagon backs up to my cellar window, and then another and another and—

"Bill!" says my brain, and I begin to worry over how I shall pay for my coal.

I would like to make these things clear. I have always had coal. I have always had money to pay for my coal. The world has never been hit by a comet and utterly destroyed, since I can remember. Nothing about which I have worried has ever happened.

Every worry a man allows to attach itself to him is an iron ball padlocked to the legs that have to carry him on the road to success.



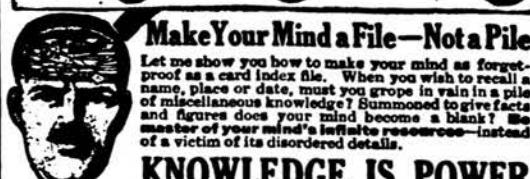
The fellow who bears his burden cheerfully, finds his burden lighter.



Most people spend so much time in getting a living that they have no time to live.

Stop Forgetting

Make Your Mind a File—Not a Pile



Let me show you how to make your mind as forget-proof as a card index file. When you wish to recall a name, place or date, must you grope in vain in a pile of miscellaneous knowledge? Summoned to give facts and figures does your mind become a blank? The master of your mind's infinite resources—instead of a victim of its disordered details.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

and Memory Is the Basis of All Knowledge

I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS

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Send name and address and I will send you free, my interesting booklet, "How to Remember," and unique, copyrighted Memory Test; also tell you how to secure free of charge my \$3.00 book, "How to Speak in Public."

Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal
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A Small-Town Clerk at Twenty-One—

At Forty President of a Big Corporation

The True Life Story of a Young Man of Ordinary Talents who Rose from a \$12.00-A-Week Clerkship to the Presidency of a \$20,000,000 Concern.

A WELL-SET-UP, prosperous-looking man walked into a certain office in New York and asked to see the principal. After satisfying an efficient secretary that his business was really important, he was shown in. Then, without lengthy preamble he plunged into an amazing true-life story that held his auditor spellbound from start to finish.

The story he told is substantially as follows; * * * *

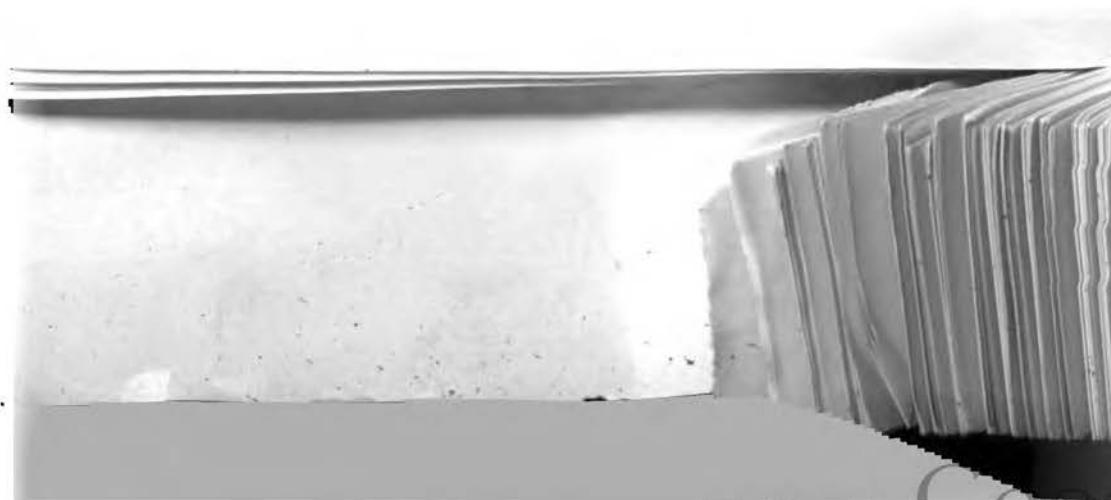
At twenty-three years of age I was working in a far western state at the hum-drum life of clerking in a dry-goods store. I had felt the angry sting of poverty since the day I started to work. I knew what it was to skimp on my meals; to walk to and from work to save car-fare; to refuse invitations out because I hadn't the proper clothes to wear; to practice rigid economies which cramped my very soul. My paltry salary of \$12.00 a week bought me only the barest necessities of life. Yet from this unpromising start I have become the owner of a \$20,000,-000 business. No one left me any money, or backed me in any way. I did not amass wealth from speculation. Nor did I change my line of business. I won my success wholly by my efforts in everyday business.

But to get back to my story. One day things didn't go at all well

at the store. I was despondent. What use was I anyway? What chance had I of ever becoming anything but a miserable, underpaid wage-slave all my life? Depressing thoughts such as these ran through my mind and plunged me deeper than ever into the black pit of despair. Truly the world had nothing to offer me.

Then, one evening, heart-sick, I slowly climbed the stairs that led to my tiny bed-room to while away the hours in reading, for I was broke, as usual, and *had* to stay home. The hours slipped by. I read till well past midnight a wonderful inspirational book. Then suddenly a feeling came over me which I cannot well describe. The room seemed to be filled with a bright light. I could not *feel* the chair I was sitting on nor *see* the wall of the room. I felt as though I was suspended in air. Inspiring thoughts flashed through my mind; delightful feelings thrilled my whole being. The air seemed charged with electricity.

The best way I can explain it is to say that I had a "vision." Some power within me seemed to have taken control of my mind. I saw—actually *felt*—myself the proprietor of a chain of thriving money-making retail stores spread all over the country. Something told me they numbered one hundred. There was my name on each store. I saw myself in a beautiful home, surrounded by all the luxuries that money can buy. I was a success—a great success. And, strangest of all, I *actually felt and lived the part.*



Then slowly, as though I was awaking from sleep, my eyes began to make out the old familiar pictures on the wall of my room. I heard the wobbly chair squeak, street noises became audible, and . . . my vision was blotted out as quickly as it had come. I was back to earth again—and broke.

Of course, the whole thing was ridiculous, the result of indigestion, no doubt. Fancy me, a \$12.00-a-week clerk, even to suppose that I could run, much less own, a chain of stores. . . .

Then came the thought, "Why not?". . . Why not, indeed? Other men had done it, and so could I. Right then and there I determined to make that dream come true.

From the day of that vision I have known nothing but success. Every single thing I saw in my vision has come true. I am proud to say that today I own and operate 197 retail stores scattered throughout 25 states. Last year I did a business of \$21,000,000. *And for it all I have to thank you, for your writings inspired my vision—it was one of your books I was reading when I had my inspiration.* It was you who gave me my start toward success. It was you who buoyed me up in my darkest hours. Frankly, I feel that I owe all of my success to you.

* * * *

The man who spoke was Mr. J. C. Penney, whose name is today a household word in the middle-western states. He operates the largest chain of retail dry-goods and clothing stores in the world today numbering nearly 300.

And the man to whom he attributed his success, who is he? He is Dr. Orison Swett Marden, famed as the greatest writer of inspirational literature in the world to-day.

Mr. Penney says, "From Dr. Marden's books I got not only the idea that I could succeed, but also the great truth that any man—yes, every man, has in himself the capacity for success, if he will only use it."

"What I have done, anyone can do. I do not consider myself an unusual man in any way. I am simply an average American citizen, without any exceptional powers at all. There are thousands of men all through the country with much greater talents,

more education and a much better equipment for success than I possess. But despite this I am making a success of my chosen line of work."

Mr. Penney continues, "As regards the Marden books, 'Heading for Victory' is the greatest and the best book that Dr. Marden has ever written. I am telling all my friends to read this great book. I myself find continual help in reading and re-reading it. I wish that 'Heading for Victory' could be placed in the hands of every ambitious man in America. I know that it will make any man who will read it a better, a more efficient and a more successful man."

* * * *

What Dr. Marden has done for J. C. Penney he has also done for hundreds of other famous men. Theodore Roosevelt, Charles M. Schwab, Luther Burbank, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Hudson Maxim, John Wanamaker—these men and scores of others have written to Dr. Marden in personal appreciation of his great work. What this wonderful book "Heading for Victory" has done for them it will do for you—if you will let it.

"Heading for Victory"—maker of millionaires and leaders of men—is yours together with a year's subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS—Marden's Magazine—for only \$5.00. You needn't risk a single penny. Merely fill in and mail the coupon. "Heading for Victory" goes to you immediately with the understanding that you may read it and keep it for five days. Then if for any reason it fails to delight you, send it back and your \$5.00 will be refunded instantly without argument.

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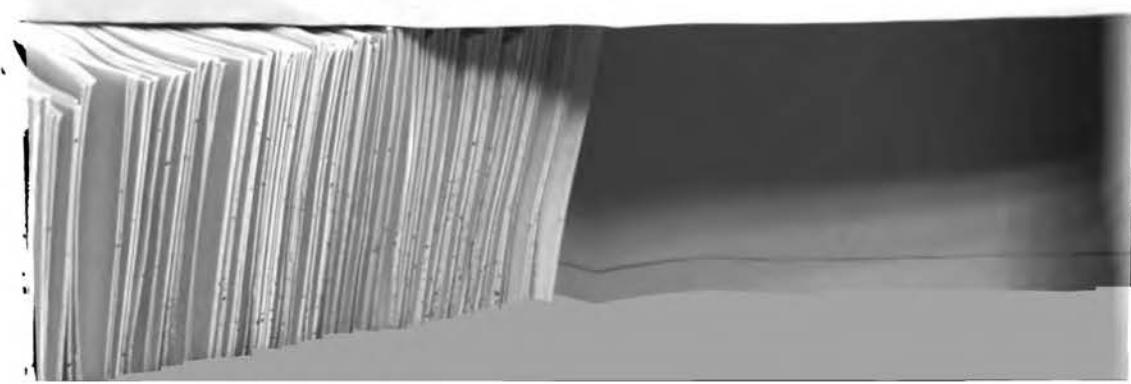
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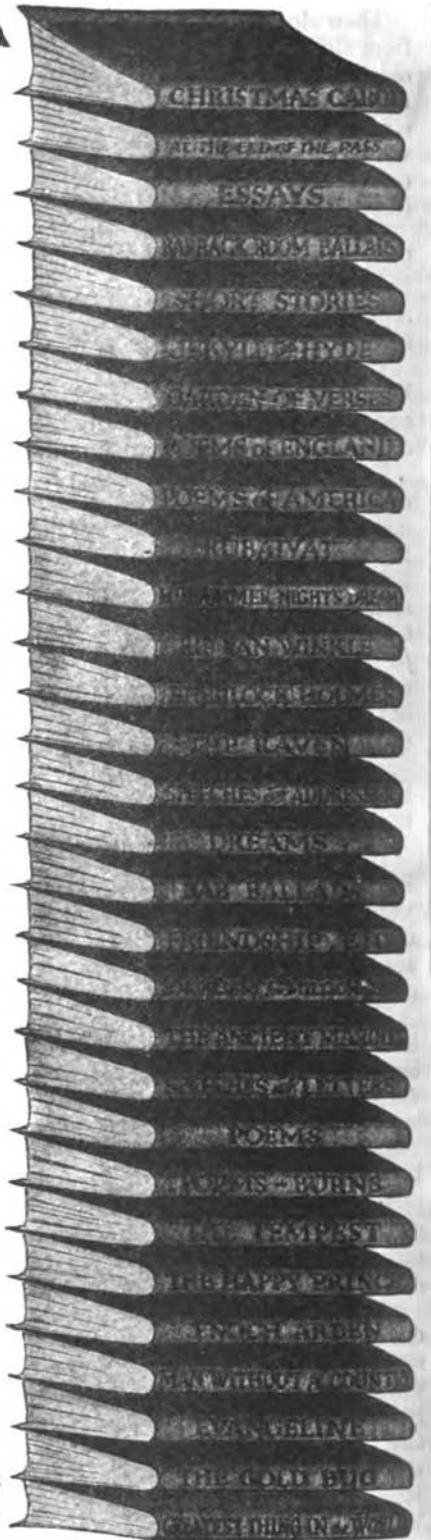
Send no money now. Mail coupon and we will send the entire 30 volumes at once. Simply pay postman \$2.98 plus postage, and examine the books for 30 days. The publisher of this magazine guarantees REFUND if you are not more than pleased. This low price made possible by purchase of paper at pre-war prices. At this price of \$2.98 they will be cleaned out quickly. No more will be printed, until paper again comes down from present high prices. Mail coupon at once.

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Astounding Ignorance of Schoolboys

WE often hear slurring comments on the defects and incompleteness of modern education. But usually these criticisms are general rather than specific. But here is a case that is specific, in which a number of boys in their final year at twelve public schools in New York, were invited to a newspaper office and underwent a test examination.

A dozen silver watches were offered as prizes and the questions asked were taken from the text books which the boys used in school. In announcing the result of the examination, the newspaper said: "So glaring is the ignorance, even of the most ordinary subjects, shown by the pupils examined by the newspaper that even the most skeptical will pause and doubt whether the present system should not be abolished root and branch."

THE boys were examined in spelling, arithmetic, geography, and history; they read and wrote from dictation. Their grades ran from 6-B to 8-B. There were seventeen words given for spelling, all of them common everyday words. Not one pupil even among those who were to graduate in a few months spelled all the words correctly. One boy in class 8-A-2 spelled one word correctly. Several boys had only two words spelled correctly, and the newspaper conducting the competition said, "The general average is so low as to be almost unbelievable."

In the arithmetic test four boys failed to add up a column of four figures correctly. Many of them could

convert fractions into decimals but not one could convert decimals into fractions. Only one boy attempted to solve this simple problem in proportion. *If four men eat sixty-four pounds in two weeks, how many pounds will sixteen men eat in seven weeks?*

The answers in history and geography were hazy and incorrect. Only one boy could read properly. A boy in class 8-B, about to graduate soon, was painful to listen to. Many pupils did not know the meaning of common words though they could read them.

This is only a brief statement of some of the facts developed in this examination. But even this is enough to make one of "the most skeptical pause and doubt whether the present system should not be abolished root and branch."

WE venture to say that the boys in country schools could make an infinitely better showing than did these city boys. The country boy is apt to think enviously of the scholastic possibilities of a great city. But he should remember that success does not lie in the scholarship obtainable but in the acquisitiveness of the scholar. The foundation of the highest attainments in all human pursuits has been had by teachers of the country common schools. Only let the scholar apply himself and master the books at his disposal and he will find himself standing level with and often far above those whose much larger opportunities for learning were neglected or shirked in their day of opportunity.

Speeches That Made Men Famous

I.—Burke's Impeachment of Hastings

THE story of the crimes of Hastings," says Macaulay, "made the blood of Burke to boil in his veins. He had a native abhorrence of cruelty, of injustice, of disorder, of oppression, of tyranny, and all these things, in all their degrees, marked the course of Hastings in India. They were, moreover, concentrated in individual cases, which exercised Burke's passionate imagination to its profoundest depths, and raised it to such a glow of fiery intensity as has never been rivaled in our history."

"The energy and pathos of the great orator," in his final speech, as Macaulay puts it, "extorted expressions of unwonted admiration, even from the stern and hostile chancellor; and for a moment seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant." At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, he said:—

Therefore hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert.

Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all.



Say, "Hello!"

STOP a minute and say "Hello"
As down Life's Road you go;
For a kindly word and a cheery smile
Will shorten the way by many a mile
For some poor fellow who's moving slow.
Stop a minute—and say "Hello."—*Moonbeams.*



Houses Without Nails

IN Alberta, Canada, there exists a village where no nails have been used in the construction of the houses. These were built by Ruthenian immigrants, and are of the typical Ruthenian style—long, pitch-roofed, thatched, and wide in the eaves. Even the door, an affair of slender twigs, woven and laced together, swings on home-made hinges, and is latched with a wooden hasp. The floor is of hewn logs unnailed. The roof is a wonderful fabric of poles and cross-woven wheat straw ten inches thick, packed tightly and solidly, and laid with such care that it will endure any weather for twenty years.



He Tore Off the Sham Draperies of Virtue!

The world gasped in amazement! Society was shocked at his merciless exposures. The guilty, branded with their infamy, hung their heads in dishonor! They cried out to stop him—they invoked the powers of earth to silence him. Alone he defied the world! Was he master of the passions of men that he could craze with hatred and hypnotize with love? What was his strange magic that held hundreds of thousands spellbound? Why did one man give his own life to take the life of Brann the Iconoclast.



**Brann, The Iconoclast
Of Whom Hubbard Said**
"He saw through the low mockeries of society and religion. He was an Iconoclast—an I-must-Breaker. He unloosed his tongue and pen, pronouncing of all that appeared to stand between the light and his ideals, was the Wizard of Words—the Master of the English language. He took the English language by the head and snapped its bonds for his own delectations, the joy of the onlookers."

BRANN The Iconoclast!

A Few Chapters

A Pilgrimage to Perdition
Mankind's Mock-Modesty
Is Civilization a Sham?
Speaking of Gull
A Sacred Leg Show
Satan Loosed for a Season
The Wickedness of Woman
A Voice from the Grave
The Mouth of Hell
The American Middle Man
A Disgrace to Civilization
Some Cheerful Liars
From the Gods to the Gutter
The Children of Poverty
Balsam's Ass
The Woman Thou Gavest Me
Evolution or Revolution
The Cat
Driven to the Devil
The Seven Vials of Wrath
Adam and Eve
The Professional Reformer
Her Beautiful Eyes
The Locomotive Engineer
A Sister's Shame
Fake Journalism
Rainbow Chasers
The Social Swim
"The Perfumes of Passion"
The Law of Love
A Pissed Idiot of the Earth
"The Typical American Town"
Glory of the New Garter
Coining Blood Into Boodle
The Footlights Favorites
Hunting for a Husband
The Deadly Parallel
Thou Shalt Not
The Old Maid's Auction
Potiphar's Wife

HE tore off the sham draperies of Virtue—he snatched away the purple cloak of Hypocrisy—threw aside the mock mantle of Modesty—laid bare the blinding nakedness of Truth!

With the fury of an avenging angel he hurled himself upon every fake and fraud in Christendom. With a boldness that outraged convention, struck terror to the hearts of the timid, blasted the lives of the guilty, he revealed the shame of the great and mighty, the rich, the titled, the powerful,

He Made The World BLUSH FOR SHAME

No money, no influence, no human agency was strong enough to encompass his downfall. For Brann wielded the power of words! He wove a pattern of words and it breathed with life, shone with beauty, scintillated with satire. At his touch cold type kindled into fire, glowed with the red heat of wrath, blinded with the white flare of passion. With the genius of his pen he ruled the emotions of men, played upon the heartstrings of humanity. Under his inspiration his pen became an instrument of destruction that wrought the crashing havoc of a cyclone—again it became as a scourge of scorpions that fayed to the raw—or again it was a gleaming rapier that pierced swiftly, cleanly, fatally.

12 VOLUMES SHIPPED FREE

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